







THE  
BOOK OF  
CATHOLIC AUTHORS

(Second Series)

*Informal self-portraits of famous  
modern Catholic writers, edited  
with preface and notes*

by

WALTER ROMIG

*fully illustrated by portraits*

WALTER ROMIG & COMPANY

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**To**

**SISTER MARY JOSEPH, S.L.**

**Founder and Director**

**of**

**The Gallery of Living Catholic Authors**

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## PREFACE

TO BRING CATHOLIC WRITERS before their audience—informally, genially, conversationally, in as much like a personal visit as possible—such is the purpose of this series of literary autobiographies.

Each of the fifty-eight chapters in this second series of *The Book of Catholic Authors*, even those written in the third person, was written by the author himself. The one exception is the chapter on the late Father O'Donnell, C.S.C.

The writers in this volume vary in the amount and the preciseness of the factual autobiographical detail they give. Readers who desire more are referred to the current edition of *The American Catholic Who's Who*. And those who wish for more material on each of the author's books are referred to *The Guide to Catholic Literature*, 1888–1940, and, when it shall be ready, its first permanent supplement, *The Guide*, 1940–1943.

The third series of *The Book of Catholic Authors* is nearly ready for press.

To all who have shared in the making of these volumes, and particularly my wife, I express my thanks.

W. R.



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## PETER FREDERICK ANSON

MR. ANSON is the son of a British admiral and collaterally descended from Admiral George Anson, the famous 18th century navigator, often known as the Father of the British Navy. Mr. Anson's mother, Evelyn Ross, granddaughter of Horatio Ross of Rossie Castle, Angus, passed on to him the love of her native Scotland, not to mention her love of the sea and ships. For, as Peter Anson will tell you, his father, though a sailor by profession, took no interest in nautical life, except so far as it was his "job" for over forty years. It was from his mother and grandfather (a pupil of Landseer) that he must have inherited his talent as a painter and draughtsman, for it is related that this celebrated 19th century artist once remarked that if Horatio Ross had chosen to become a professional painter of animals, Landseer might have remained unknown. Peter Anson's literary bent may have been handed down from his father's maternal grandfather, Lord Vernon of Sudbury, Derbyshire, for if one consults the catalogue of the British Museum Library the list of authors will reveal very few references to Ansons. Lord Vernon was one



of the greatest authorities on Dante and was given the honor (rare for a foreigner) of being made a member of the celebrated Florentine Accademia della Crusca.

Born within the sight and sound of the sea at Portsmouth, England, on August 22, 1889, Anson's boyhood was spent almost entirely in dockyard towns. He began to draw ships long before he could read or write. His parents had planned that he should enter the Diplomatic Service, because he had shown a somewhat unusual gift for languages when he was at school. But this career made no appeal to the lad, and at the age of eighteen he was allowed to take up the study of architecture which he found much more congenial. Yet his love for the sea was stronger, and during those two years in London he spent most of his spare time with a sketch book on the reaches of the Lower Thames or in the docks.

The Anson family were very devout adherents of the Church of England. Bishops, deans, and canons could be numbered among Peter's near relations (incidentally, one of his first cousins married William Temple, the present Archbishop of Canterbury); so it must have given them rather a shock when he announced that he had decided to abandon an architectural career and was going to enter the novitiate of the Anglican Benedictine community on Caldey Island, South Wales. It was as a member of this community that he was received into the Catholic Church in 1913. He remained on as an Oblate Brother until 1924, when he was obliged to return to the world owing to a bad breakdown in health. It was during his last years as a Benedictine Oblate that he helped to found the now world-wide organization of the Apostleship of the Sea for the spiritual welfare of Catholic seafarers, being organizing secretary from 1920 to 1924.

It is not easy to start life afresh at the age of thirty-five, especially when one has been a member of a religious community. For the next ten years Peter Anson had no permanent home. Much of that period was spent in foreign travel, especially in France and Italy, also at sea with fishermen and other classes of seafarers, British and foreign. He got to understand the life of French as well as of Scottish fishermen. He made a long voyage

from Venice to Vancouver in an Italian freighter. For eighteen months he traveled about England and Scotland in a horse-drawn caravan. In another year he spent some months sketching in Palestine. There were also tours in Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, and Ireland. Then he collected first-hand information about the lives of deep sea fishermen by making several trips on the North Sea in steam trawlers.

It was during the time that Mr. Anson lived in Italy that he joined the Third Order of St. Francis. He was clothed as a novice in the chapel of the Portiuncula, Assisi, and professed the following year in St. Clare's choir in the little church of San Damiano. He found his true spiritual background as a Franciscan Tertiary, and likes to remember that he is descended through his Vernon ancestors from such illustrious members of the Third Order as St. Louis of France and St. Elizabeth of Portugal.

As an artist he held his first exhibition of drawings and water colours of shipping in London, 1922. He followed this up with other exhibitions, mostly of Italian subjects. During the past twenty years he has been a fairly regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, London. He is a founder member of the Society of Marine Artists. But he has not lost his interest in architecture, and has supervised the decoration of several Catholic churches in England and Scotland.

In dealing with Peter Anson's writings, it must be remembered that he is definitely an artist rather than an author. Most of his books and articles have been built up around his own drawings. He much prefers drawing and painting to writing. It will be noticed that all his published books deal with seafaring life in various countries or with ecclesiastical history, especially monasticism and church architecture. In temperament as well as in tastes, he has a good deal in common with the famous architect of the Gothic revival—Augustus Welby Pugin—who used to say that the sea and Christian architecture were the only things in life worth living for.

After ten years of roving, Mr. Anson decided to make his home in the northeast of Scotland. Since 1936 he has lived in the midst of fisherfolk beside the busy harbour of Macduff.

Strangers to the town generally take him for a retired sea captain rather than an author-artist.

Mr. Anson became an author rather through necessity of earning a living than from choice. He found that it paid him better to write books and articles; that there was a more certain market for them than for pictures and drawings. In recent years he has done very little painting, most of his artistic work being black and white drawings for illustrations of his own books and those of other authors. His most successful book is his latest effort, *How to Draw Ships*, the first edition of 20,000 copies being sold out within two months of publication. In addition to his books mentioned in the bibliography below, Mr. Anson has been a frequent contributor to many magazines: *Pax*, *Franciscan Annals*, *The Month*, *The Sign*, *The Geographical Magazine*, *The Scots Magazine*, *The Fishing News*, *The Church and the People*, *L'Artisan Liturgique*; etc. His weekly feature, *The Pilgrim's Sketch Book*, has appeared in *The Universe* (London), since 1928. He is the Scottish correspondent of *The Catholic Herald* (London), and contributes many reviews of books to this weekly.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Anson wrote the text and illustrated *The Pilgrim's Guide to Franciscan Italy*, 1927, Sands, *Fishing Boats and Fisher Folk on the East Coast of Scotland*, 1930, Dent; *Mariners of Brittany*, 1931, Dent; *Fishermen and Fishing Ways*, 1931, Harrap; *A Pilgrim Artist in Palestine*, 1931, Ouseley, *The Quest of Solitude*, 1932, Dent; *Six Pilgrim's Sketch Books*, 1934, Burns, Oates; *The Story of the Apostleship of the Sea*, 1938; *The Caravan Pilgrim*, 1938, Heath, Cranton; *The Scottish Fisheries: Are They Doomed?*, 1938, Oliver & Boyd; *The Benedictines of Caldey*, 1940, Burns, Oates; *How to Draw Ships*, 1941, The Studio, Ltd. Mr. Anson also illustrated Abbot Hunter-Blair's *A Medley of Memories* (1919) and *A Last Medley of Memories* (1935), G. P. Shaw's *The Old Story of a Highland Parish* (1925), and Anthony Rowe's *The Brown Caravan* (1935). Mr. Anson has two books in manuscript: *Churches: Their Plan and Furnishing*, and, *Fishermen of Britain*, a work on British sea fisheries, past and present.

## DONALD ATTWATER



DONALD ATTWATER was born on Christmas Eve, 1892, in the county of Essex, England. His ancestors on his father's side had been mariners for generations, and through his paternal grandmother he is related to the Cabots, well-known in the Isle of Jersey. His father, Walter, did not follow the sea but became a lawyer, and married into a family of country shopkeepers in his native county of Kent.

Walter Attwater and his wife were devoted social workers, moved thereto by their Christian faith, first as members of the Wesleyan Methodist body and then of the Church of England. Together with the predominantly rural background of his upbringing, these influences were decisively formative for their son. (He always remembers an unusual pair of portraits, on the walls of a room in his parents' house, of the Nonconformist preacher Dr. Parker and of Cardinal Manning, who settled a famous dockers' strike.) In addition, he was from early years an omnivorous reader, with the encouragement of his father. His special interests were history and drama.

From private school Donald Attwater went to a public school (in the English sense of an institution which is anything but public!), he being the first member of his family to enjoy this questionable advantage. He stayed there only two years, leaving to be apprenticed in his father's office at the age of sixteen. Mr. Attwater therefore is what many people would regard as practically uneducated.

He studied law for four years, during which time he played the fool—but not entirely. Just as Walter Attwater moved on from Methodism to the fuller Christianity of Anglicanism, so his son took the next and final step, and came into visible communion with the Catholic Church at the age of nineteen. Soon after, he joined the staff of a publisher's office, where he began to learn the art of editing and to write an occasional article on elementary historical and literary topics.

During the first World War, Donald Attwater served with the artillery and his duties took him to Egypt and Palestine. There he first came into contact with the Catholic churches of Eastern rite, with the great Orthodox communion, and the other oriental churches. These deeply impressed him; for they introduced the answer to the almost exclusively European *ethos* of the Universal Church as he had hitherto known it. This experience bore fruit over fifteen years later in books on *The Catholic Eastern Churches* and *The Dissident Eastern Churches*, on St. John Chrysostom, and other Eastern saints. These books were published in the United States (by the Bruce Company of Milwaukee, on the recommendation of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Husslein, S.J.): there were not sufficient people in Great Britain intelligent enough to justify their publication in that country—or so English publishers said.

After the war, Mr. Attwater lived with his wife and family for a time on Caldey Island, off South Wales, where the abbot of the Benedictine monastery there asked him to edit its quarterly review, *Pax*, temporarily for a few months. He did it, in fact, for six years, at the same time writing increasingly in the Catholic press of England and America. Under monastic influence he began to get a better idea of the significance of cor-

porate worship in Christian life and to appreciate the necessity of the liturgical movement. He wrote a good deal on this subject and edited a popular liturgical monthly for the Caldey monks alongside of *Pax*. When St. John's Abbey in Minnesota began its *Oratre Fratres* about 1925, he was honoured by an invitation from the late Dom Virgil Michel to be its associate editor for England, and he has been a frequent contributor thereto ever since.

The enterprise of a firm of general publishers (Cassell's) in London conceived the project of a *Catholic Encyclopedic Dictionary* (called *A Catholic Dictionary* and published by Macmillan in America). A wartime friendship with the editor of Cassell's religious books department (who had been a Wesleyan military chaplain) led to its being entrusted to Mr. Attwater. He finished this big undertaking in 1931, and in the same year appeared his first full-length original work, a biography of the eccentric Anglican monk, *Father Ignatius of Llanthony*. The subject sounds unpromising, but the London *Observer* boosted it as "the raciest book of the season." However, its sales were a flop, and Mr. Attwater was glad he had sold it outright.

His second book did not follow for another three years. It was an account of *The Catholic Church in Modern Wales*. Both these books were prompted by personal local knowledge and contacts, and the first was helped by access to intimate documents in private hands. In between these two books Mr. Attwater had been completing a work begun by the learned Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., viz., editing, rewriting and bringing up to date the twelve stout volumes of the standard *Lives of the Saints* written by Dr. Alban Butler in the eighteenth century. Mr. Attwater had no special qualifications for this task: it was offered to him because everyone else was frightened to take it on; and he accepted simply because he was hard up for money. However, he found it an exceedingly interesting and worthwhile job, and delivered his first (July) volume so quickly that the publisher's editor was astonished. "You could have knocked me down with a bishop-and-martyr when I saw the manuscript on my desk!" he said. It also led to some useful work "on the

side"—a number of cognate articles, a *Dictionary of Saints* in 1939, and a little book on Christian-names and patron-saints (*Names and Name-Days*) in the same year.

In 1922 Mr. Attwater first met the late Eric Gill, the beginning of a close friendship that greatly widened and deepened Mr. Attwater's interests. He began to concern himself with the "social question," from the angle of religion and of human work rather than of politics. This, combined with his early upbringing and his modest studies of Eastern Christianity and liturgies of worship, increasingly impressed on him the tragedy of disunity among Christians. He was no optimistic reunionist, but used pen and tongue to urge better understanding among Christians of different denominations through a spirit of friendly enquiry and by cooperation in social good works and study. He also undertook a "translation" into modern English of Langland's *Vision Concerning Piers the Plowman*, one of the best religious and social tracts ever written. This he would liked to have seen put out in a cheap edition for a large circulation; but the publisher decreed otherwise, and it appeared only in a handsome but expensive volume and a limited number of copies.

Mr. Attwater has done a number of translations in the ordinary sense, notably (from the French) several of Berdyaev's works—the first to appear in English (for example, *The End of Our Time*, *Dostoevsky*, *Christianity and Class War*). He is very glad to be the man whom Sheed & Ward chose to introduce Berdyaev to the English-speaking public. Translation is generally poorly paid, but it is fascinating work and calls for a sensitive knowledge of the English language: the average level of translation of Catholic books (and many others) is deplorably low.

When in 1934 new proprietors acquired *The Catholic Herald*, they began an experiment new in English journalism, viz., a general newspaper with a Catholic background. Mr. Attwater was invited to collaborate and he worked on the paper during its first critical years, being for a time its editor-in-chief. Later he was commissioned to bring the *Herald's* associate papers in Scotland, notably *The Glasgow Observer*, more into line with

the parent paper. This undertaking was interrupted by the outbreak of the war in 1939.

Two years earlier, Mr. Attwater had visited the United States, an experience which he regards as one of the half-dozen that have permanently affected his life and ideas. It gave a new edge to his criticism of the particularism of so many European Catholics, and confirmed his opinion that the main hope for a civilization that respects human freedom and dignity lies in North America rather than Europe—and for this purpose he regards the British Isles as part of America.

This was the time when *The Commonwealth* was changing hands, and the new directors honoured Mr. Attwater by making him its only contributing editor in Great Britain.

Donald Attwater never deliberately adopted writing as a profession—he just drifted into it, and he has no pop-eyed veneration for this activity. It seems to him that it is a trade like any other; a means to an end. Just as carpentry is the means to the production of chairs and tables, so writing is the means to the recording and spreading of facts, ideas and so forth, which the writer flatters himself, may be of interest and use to his fellow human beings. He urges aspirants to writing first of all to be sure that they have something which they think is worth saying; then to say it, as shortly, as simply, as plainly as they can. To worry about “self-expression” is to court failure. The writer’s business is to express not self, but ideas, a story, or what you will. In the measure that he does this well, something of his own personality will shine through his writing. As Eric Gill used to say: “Look after truth and goodness, and beauty will look after herself.”

EDITOR’S NOTE: Mr. Attwater’s books include *The Catholic Church in Modern Wales*, 1935, Burns, Oates; *Catholic Eastern Churches*, 1935, Bruce; *Dictionary of the Saints*, 1938, Kenedy; *Dictionary of the Popes*, 1939, Burns, Oates; *Dissident Eastern Churches*, 1937, Bruce; *Golden Book of Eastern Saints*, 1938, Bruce; *St. John Chrysostom*, 1939, Bruce; *The White Fathers in Africa*, 1937, Burns, Oates.





## SIMON A. BALDUS

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THIS INVITATION to write an autobiographical sketch, with the emphasis on how I became a writer, intrigued me more than the larger request for information about the books I have written and my experiences as an author. To find the answers to the questions proposed made it necessary for me to transport myself back to my boyhood years; indeed, I was surprised at how far back I had to go for the starting point.

By the time I was ten years old I had developed a great interest in (shall I say "literature"?)—anything that was printed: newspapers, magazines (mostly religious), and books. I was an insatiable reader. Naturally, I liked stories best, but other printed things interested me, too. In my father's "library"—a collection of about a hundred miscellaneous books—there was an old, one-volume Cyclopedia, the general content of which I perused with casual interest; most of it was too deep for me and, besides, many articles dealt with subjects in which I wasn't much interested. But there was one section that completely captivated me: the section dealing with American literature, giving short sketches

of the lives and works, and pictures, of some of the prominent American authors. I particularly remember Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allan Poe, and James Fennimore Cooper. I read and re-read those sketches. It awakened in me a new interest—an interest in authors, in the writers of literature. It must be wonderful to be a great and learned man! To be able to write books—literature that people will read with interest, profit and pleasure! I resolved that I would be an author.

I was in my thirteenth year when I made my first Holy Communion. In those days you had to be at least twelve years old before you were permitted to become a First Communicant. It was a great event in the life of a Catholic boy or girl. After the church services there was always a home celebration to which relations, friends and neighbors were invited. Now, there were two young ladies, choir singers in a city parish church, who occasionally called on my mother. I wanted them at my First Communion celebration. I think, being nearly thirteen and romantically inclined, that I was in love with both of them. Well, my mother liked them, too; and she was well pleased that I told her that I was going to invite Miss Emma and Miss Ida for my First Communion celebration.

There was no convenient telephone in those days, and they lived too far away for me to call on them; so I decided that I would send them an invitation by mail. I had seen formal invitations to weddings. I didn't like them. They were too cold and stiff; they all sounded alike, as if one had copied from the other. Everyone said the same thing in the same way. Had they no originality, no imagination? My invitation would be different from any other invitation: it would be strictly original and have a character of its own. I would put some warmth into it, some thought and feeling. Yes, sir!

I put in several hours composing that invitation: I wrote and rewrote. I told them how much I thought of them; that I wanted them to come not only to my house party, but also to the church celebration; that it would be the greatest day in my life and the greatest event; that their presence would mean, oh, so much to me, and to my mother, and to everyone, etc., etc. I chose the

biggest and most extravagant words I could dig out of my vocabulary—words remembered from my reading, and shaped them into flowery sentences. I can truly say that, when finished, it was an elaborate piece of work; and I was quite proud of it. Fortunately, Miss Emma and Miss Ida lived at the same address, and in the same house. So it was necessary to write only one invitation.

That was my first attempt at literary composition; and it was effective; for they came to the church and to my party. And, with a merry twinkle in their eyes, they thanked me for my "grand and beautiful invitation," telling me how much they enjoyed it. It was not until some years later that I learned that others had enjoyed it, too; they had passed it around among their friends. All said, it was a scream. Well, anyhow—that was the beginning of my writing career.

I lived in a German community. In the parish church sermons, and confessions, and prayers were in German; in the parochial school—catechism, bible history and daily reading—all in German. English was considered of secondary importance. An hour a day devoted to spelling, or grammar, or reading, or writing, was about the extent of the English course. On account of this neglect, I began college in the fall of that year with a decided handicap. All the boys in my class were much farther advanced in English than I was. True, I had one advantage over them in the extent of my reading, but I soon discovered that didn't count for much in classwork.

After a week or so, we were told to write a literary composition. I didn't know what a composition was, but I asked the boy sitting nearest to me, and he explained with a broad grin on his face. Also, he made it his business to tell all of the fifty-five boys in the class how dumb I was, that I didn't even know what a composition was. Some—but not all—of them laughed. But I didn't care. I would show them. I went home, and that night I wrote my first composition in English. I worked hard on it.

The next day I proudly handed in what I had written. The following day the teacher—as became his custom—without revealing the names of the writers, read two or three of the best

compositions, and two or three of the poorest. Mine was read. It wasn't one of the best, nor yet the worst. The teacher, after he had read it aloud, said, with mirth in his eyes, that it was unique. "There is originality here," he said, "but the style is involved and wordy, and a trifle outlandish." He did not invite surmise as to who wrote it; but the boys guessed and shouted my name in unison; and there was much laughter. I was hurt; stung to the quick. And in that hour—smarting under the ridicule, I took an oath—a boyish oath, that I would someday beat them all in English. At least I would work hard to learn to write good English prose. For one thing, I increased the volume of my reading. I read and studied the works of the classic and standard English writers—poets and essayists. I read with avidity and increasing interest the books of contemporary authors as they came from the press, spending much time in the public and college libraries.

We can pass over the seven years at St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, with the comment that, while I made fair progress, I accomplished nothing out of the ordinary in the writing line. I held my own; that was all. My essays compared favorably with those written by other boys in the class. But there was nothing remarkable about them. The best that I can say for myself is that, by dint of hard work and much studious reading, I learned, or shall I say taught, myself to write and express myself with fair fluency and clarity.

After I graduated I became a space writer for one of the city's morning papers, at \$5.00 a column; and later, a cub reporter. But I couldn't make much money out of that; so I gave it up and got a regular job. But the urge to write was strong. So I began to write book reviews for the *Catholic Telegraph* (Cincinnati), three or four columns a week which the then editor, Dr. Thomas P. Hart, was glad to get. It helped to fill space in his paper; and, besides, it didn't cost him anything. But I was glad to write them; it was good practice and I enjoyed doing them. And those interested in books and literature—a very small percentage, I discovered—seemed to like them. I remember one review in particular—of Canon Sheehan's *My New Curate*—which brought

me a two-page letter of praise and appreciation from the publishers, Marlier & Callahan, of Boston. I felt compensated.

The years moved on and nothing was accomplished. I had made no progress; was at a standstill. But something was happening—something revolutionary in current literature. Up to that time there were only a few magazines: *The North American Review*, *Harper's*, *The Century*, *Scribner's*, and a few others; all of them high priced (25 to 50 cents a copy), and quite literary—over the heads of most people. None of them had a large circulation. In the '90's Frank A. Munsey began to publish a 10 cent magazine. It was an instantaneous and popular success. This stimulated other publishers, and a number of magazines of similar type and character came into existence shortly afterwards; and were favorably received by the general public. Up to that time the established women's magazines, such as *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Woman's Home Companion*, had no rivals in the popular-priced field; now there are a score or more of cheap publications. The result was that millions of people who had never before bought a magazine now began to buy and read these popular-priced periodicals. A new era had begun.

I watched the phenomenal growth and development in the secular magazine field with deep interest. It set me thinking. Why not a popular-priced monthly magazine for Catholics? There were only a few Catholic magazines at that time: *The Catholic World*, for the educated, and *Donahoe's Magazine*, of interest chiefly to the Irish, and two or three devotional publications. But there was nothing that appealed to the rank and file of Catholics, nothing that would interest the average Catholic man and woman, and our youth. There ought to be such a publication, I said to myself; and I wondered why no one had ever thought of publishing one; not an excessively religious periodical, but of general interest. Even non-Catholics, I persuaded myself, would be willing to read that kind of a magazine, if brought to their attention. The more I pondered the subject, the more convinced I became that the time was ripe for the launching of a popular Catholic magazine. Why not start one? I thought about it for several years.

Finally, in the summer of 1902, I took the bull by the horns. I organized a stock company to publish a Catholic home journal. The first number came out the latter part of October; I dated it December, 1902, so as to give me plenty of time to work with it. I called it *Men and Women*. Of course, I was the editor.

In this little sketch I am confining myself to the points that have to do with my writing career, for that is what you are interested in; not my publishing experiences. And when I say that I was the editor—getting up the entire magazine—I want to stress particularly that I also wrote the editorials. To make a long story short: after three and a half years, the magazine *Men and Women* came to grief, in spite of the fact that it was a popular success, having attained a circulation of 150,000, which was remarkable for the times. Its demise could have been prevented; but that is another story. I can only say, quoting Robert Louis Stevenson: "I put my heart into the building and it still lies among the ruins."

During the three and a half years of my editorship of a national Catholic magazine I got to know, and came into contact with, many interesting and worth-while people all over the country. One of these was a young priest in Lapeer, Michigan, the Reverend Francis C. Kelley. He called on me one day and told me of his plan and intention to start a much needed Home Mission Society. I became deeply interested, and gave him what little encouragement I could. He was a man of action, and in 1905 he founded The Catholic Church Extension Society. It gives me special pleasure to say that I attended the first organization meeting which was held in Chicago, October 18, 1905, thus becoming one of its founders. I recall that I wrote an editorial highly commending "this zealous young priest" from Lapeer for having laid the ax to the tree, for stirring up interest in the much neglected corners of the Lord's vineyards—the home missions. To further the cause of Church Extension, Father Kelley published a little quarterly magazine; but after a year or so he changed it into a monthly magazine, *Extension*; and invited me, being free at the time (May, 1907), to become its managing editor. I accepted.

Father Kelley, as editor-in-chief, wrote the editorials; and this he did excellently, for he had a great gift for writing. Collecting, selecting, and editing the material for the various issues kept me busy; but even so, I was itching to write again. And after a year I started a monthly page which I called "Ten Minutes with the Managing Editor," a chatty, columnist style of writing; and continued it for many years. In 1915, Pope Benedict XV, in recognition of the great work Father Kelley was doing, made him a Protonotary Apostolic, which conferred on him the title Right Reverend Monsignor. In 1924, Msgr. Kelley was appointed Bishop of Oklahoma; he was consecrated in October, 1924. After his departure for his new field of labor, the editorials in *Extension Magazine* for the next few years were written by various associates, including myself, and special writers. It was an experiment. But in the fall of 1928, the writing of the editorials was assigned to me, and I have been writing them ever since. Writing editorials has never been a drudgery to me, but always a labor of love.

Now to summarize my literary career: editorial writing has been my chief literary performance. In addition to that I have written scores of articles, and half a dozen pamphlets and monographs,—all of which have been published. In point of quantity I have written many hundreds of thousands of words. If everything I have produced were collected and published in book form, it would make at least 25 volumes. The question arises: can one producing the sort of things I have written be called an author? Is he a producer of literature? What's the answer?

But this I will say: that which I have written has been read for the reason that I have always dealt with timely topics—questions of the day. Take the editorials, for example. My estimate is that at least a third of the readers of a magazine—women as well as men—read editorials, and faithfully follow an editor's current writings. The thousands of letters I have received through the years persuade me to make this claim. For example, here is an extract from a letter (dated May 12, 1942) from a Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals in a western state: "May I now express to you my very great pleasure at having received

your letter and for the opportunity it affords me to say again that, for the many years I have been a subscriber for *Extension Magazine*, the feature that I enjoyed most was your editorials, which were always forceful and timely, and many of which I have filed away for references."

For a magazine of the circulation of *Extension*, I do not think it boastful to say that a hundred thousand men and women read the editorials—more or less—regularly, month after month. Cut it in half, if you think the claim is too high. The point I want to make is that, generally speaking, an editorial writer has more readers than an author of books. I ought to know, for I am also the author of a book, *The New Capitalism*, published in 1923. I doubt whether five thousand people have read it; although I put two years into the writing of it; and consider it my very best work. Well, life is like that!

At any rate, out of the class of fifty-five boys who began college with me, I am the only one who subsequently made his living out of the English language. Not much of an achievement, but at least a distinction!

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**REVEREND PAUL-HENRI  
BARABÉ, O.M.I.**

*Historian*

**FATHER BARABÉ** is Principal of the School of Sacred Eloquence at Cap-de-la-Madeleine, Canada, member of the Oblate Missionary Band, and speaker on the Catholic Hour from station Radio-Canada, Ottawa.

Born in 1904 at Parisville, county of Lotbinière, Quebec, Father Barabé pursued his studies at Levis College. After taking his degree of licentiate in philosophy at Laval University in Québec, he entered Ottawa University where he earned the degrees of licentiate in Divinity and bachelor in Canon Law.

For ten years he taught sacred eloquence to his younger brothers in religion at St. Joseph's Scholasticate as well as to the students at Ottawa University. In 1940, his superiors appointed him Principal of the School of Sacred Eloquence of the Oblate Order at Cap-de-la-Madeleine where is to be also found the National Shrine of Our Lady of the Cape, Queen of the Holy Rosary, where flock annually some 300,000 pilgrims from all parts of Canada and the United States.

Under Father Barabé's direction young Oblates learn the art

of preaching missions and retreats under the jurisdiction of the Provincial of the French Oblate Province. He supervises their work, helps them in the composition of their sermons and very often accompanies them in their initial try-outs as missionaries. As a member of the Missionary Band, Father Barabé himself preaches various missions and retreats.

As a student his literary tastes were discovered by his professors among whom were such scholars as Cardinal Villeneuve, O.M.I., Primate of the Canadian Hierarchy, Father Raoul Leblanc, O.M.I., editor of the *Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa*, Dr. Séraphin Marion, professor at Ottawa University and a distinguished author, and Father Georges Simard, O.M.I., well known educationalist and writer. It was Father Simard who taught his pupil to drink deep at the well of learning of that great theologian of the early Church, St. Augustine.

*The Annals of Our Lady of the Cape*, the *Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa*, *Le Bulletin de l'Union Missionnaire du Clergé*, and other periodicals have published articles by Father Barabé.

In 1940, he began a series of lectures on the Catholic Hour of Radio-Canada on the history of the Church in Canada. Later these talks were published in two volumes entitled *Quelques Figures de Notre Histoire*, and, *Autour de Mgr. Bourget*.

The initial chapter of his first book deals with "Marie de l'Incarnation, éducatrice." This study was suggested by the celebrations of the tercentenary of the arrival of the Ursulines in America in 1639. Around this well known historical personage are grouped such religious pioneers of Canada as Bishop Laval, spiritual Father of Canada; Marguerite Bourgeoys, missionary; Marie Catherine de St. Augustine, apostle and mystic; Madame D'Youville, mother; Bishop Taché, O.M.I., hero of the Canadian West; Bishop Grandin, O.M.I., Saint of the Prairies; and Bishop Langevin, O.M.I., missionary born in Canada in 1841.

Of this volume, Father Leo Deschâtelets, O.M.I., Superior of St. Joseph's Scholasticate in Ottawa wrote: "The author considers the noble deeds of these historical Canadian figures in their historical environments. Hence, he penetrates their personal ideas, their characters and their physiognomy. Unlike the

French author Bremond he does not analyze their lives. He hasn't time. But like the pen of Louis Veuillot, he designs the principal features of his heroes, he draws from their lives all that might interest his readers."

Father Barabé's second book was suggested by the recent ter-centenary celebration of the foundation of Ville Marie, today known as Montreal. In it he recounts the life, the deeds and the glories of Mgr. Ignace Bourget, second bishop of Montreal. It was this prelate who answered the needs of his vast young diocese by founding religious Orders which have now flourishingly reached the century mark of their existence: Sisters of Providence, Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Ste. Anne.

Father Barabé's third and most recent book, also written in French, is entitled *Les Secrets de la Messe* (The Secrets of the Mass).

Next year Father Barabé will again take his place on the Catholic Hour over the Radio-Canada's network. And once again his pen will portray for us other notable characters from Canadian Catholic history.



**ROBB AND CATHERINE BEEBE**

"ANGELA, JOSEPHINE, ALMA, ELEANOR . . . ," Sister Beatrice of the Ursuline Academy in Cleveland read from a list of names, "Your compositions are really very good. You deserve great credit for writing them, Catherine!"

Catherine Herman, the only non-Catholic in the class, blushed and hung her head. The other girls giggled sheepishly. Who ever fooled Sister Beatrice! Catherine wrote as naturally as a bird flies and when there was a composition assignment she wrote not only one but several. The other girls who found writing tedious would sometimes turn these compositions in as their own. It was inevitable that Catherine would go on to major in English Literature and become an author.

Previous to this, Robb Beebe's high school principal in Ash-tabula, Ohio, had been often disturbed by teachers' complaints that young Beebe was drawing pictures instead of doing his more academic work. His grades were satisfactory, but he found too much time in which to lampoon the students and teachers with

his pencil. The students may have missed him, but his teachers were glad when he concluded his senior year and went to Cleveland, to Western Reserve University and the Art School.

At the time they met, Catherine Herman was writing successful plays, articles, short stories and advertising copy, always with children as her subject. Robb Beebe was equally busy with advertising illustration, specializing in youth subjects. Together they worked out novel costumes and stage effects for the annual dance plays she was writing and producing. Their compatibility soon caused a transition from friendship to love, and as they worked they planned their life ahead. "Someday we'll do children's books together," they told each other. The first World War postponed their dreams for a time while Robb served in the United States Marines. They were married in Cleveland the June following the Armistice.

They moved to New York, where Robb did magazine illustration, and took a studio apartment in Grammercy Park. They had long been attracted by the authority and beauty of the Catholic Church. She was a Unitarian and he an Episcopalian. This attraction to the Church, coupled with the good example of their many Catholic friends, began to bear fruit. They took instruction from the late Father Alfred Pauzé of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, Church of St. Jean Baptiste, and were received and their marriage blessed.

With the coming of their babies they moved to Westchester. "Someday we'll do children's books together," they had promised each other. Their laboratory was certainly growing. Mary, Joebie, and Bobbie, together with their numerous playmates and friends were excellent writing and picture material. Copious notes and sketches were made but the Great Venture had to be put aside temporarily. Parenthood, particularly motherhood, came first. Robb had a studio in New York and continued with his magazine illustration. Evenings and week ends found the Beebes working and playing with the children. The joy of seeing them grow sturdily in spirit, mind and body!

Sometime later, the Beebes built a house in Ridgewood, New Jersey. Their studio overlooks the garden. There in that gar-

den the Someday for a book together at last arrived. They wrote and illustrated the book and the young Beebes gave of their opinion and criticism. "Will any publisher like it well enough to buy it?" the Beebes asked each other. After all these years the First Book—and the frightening thought that it would not prove acceptable.

To their surprise and delight the first publisher to whom it was shown accepted and published it. There are now thirteen Beebe Books—Story by Catherine Beebe, Pictures by Robb Beebe. Seven of these are especially done for Catholic children. The well of Holy Mother Church is deep and the waters sweet. There are many stories to tell and many pictures to draw of God's goodness to His children.

The young Beebes and their parents are vitally interested in the C.Y.O. and the spread of good reading as exemplified by the Crusade for Decent Literature, as well as in parish and civic activities. Robb and Catherine Beebe continue to write and draw for and about children. Not only do they produce their books together but Catherine writes and Robb illustrates for school readers published by well known text book houses.

THE BEEBE BOOKS: Published by Thomas Nelson & Sons—*Do You Like to Open Packages?*, and *Happily Ever After*; published by Oxford University Press—*A Wish for Timothy*, *Just Around the Corner*, *The Calender*, and *Bob's Bike*; published by Longmans—*Little Patron of Gardeners* and *ABCs for Catholic Boys & Girls*; published by St. Anthony Guild Press—*We Know the Mass*, *The Children's Saint Anthony*, *The Children's Saint Francis*, *The Christmas Story*, and *Our Baby's Memory Book*.

## J. L. BENVENISTI

THE THING THAT started me off as a Catholic writer was a highly personal business experience. My father was the chairman of a company which got into difficulties during the slump. We owed the bank a lot of money and had given them a debenture. The company was made bankrupt and a business rival got all its assets by simply paying out the bank. No other creditor got a penny.

The injustice of that rankled. I felt instinctively that here was a case where the law had been used to defeat common fairness and common justice. I made up my mind to find out what the Church had got to say about it. I got my teeth into the whole Catholic doctrine of usury and I think I found that the Church was on my side. This was the origin of my book, *The Iniquitous Contract*, in which I sought to prove that the debenture was a usurious instrument.

*The Iniquitous Contract* caused quite a stir for a book of that kind,—at any rate among the Catholic public. It was both highly praised and violently attacked, and at least I had the satis-

faction of knowing that I had forced that question into the forefront of Catholic discussion.

Had I written the book today I should have said many things which I left unsaid at the time and left unsaid much that I said. Nevertheless I believe that the direction in which I was moving then is the same as that in which I have moved ever since, for I was attacking the dead hand of mere money power over human values and human creativeness.

Since that time the world has gone a long way along the road that I was trying to travel—I speak now not only of the question of usury but of the whole motivation of business. Indeed I should not liken myself in those days to a voice crying in the wilderness so much as to a rather objectionable small boy at the zoo whose elders are not moving rapidly enough towards the particular exhibit he wants to contemplate, but are nevertheless definitely going that way. I now, however, sometimes wonder whether they have not actually been going too rapidly, for I am beginning to realise with growing maturity that the great world of affairs is not that simple pattern of black and white (pardon the change of metaphor) as I saw it in the thirties.

Since I started to write and chose the particular field that I did choose, namely that of financial and business practice, I have revised many views that I once held. I have come increasingly into contact with the world of Big Business and seen at close range, amongst other things, the operation of that highly complex thing, the profit motive, which was another of those matters about which I suffered in my early period from critical inadequacy. The skill and sagacity of the great business leader is exercising upon me, I freely confess, a growing fascination; and year by year I grow more sensible to the enormous social gain that we derive from the man who backs his own judgment and takes his own risks and must ultimately justify his action before the inexorable tribunal of the ultimate consumer as compared with the official who need only justify himself in a minute to his departmental chief.

The present demand for economic security, which carries with it an implicit criticism of our whole existing economic practice



and its underlying motives, is, of course, an eminently justifiable one and it is the legitimate function of the State to satisfy it,—as it is technically quite possible for it to do. But I want to preserve at all costs within that framework the factors of private risk and private enterprise to the greatest practicable extent. The measure of their loss will to my mind be the measure of our future physical impoverishment.

All this has led me to enjoin one lesson upon my fellow Catholics, and I have done this with the persistent monotony of a braying ass. It is that they should not decry the business world as something intrinsically evil and that they will never become worthy exponents of Catholic social principles until they have intimate first hand knowledge of the detailed workings of that world. I have urged them, and I am still urging them, to study every issue of the specialist publications on finance and economics, which in this country are of a very high order, and I suppose that it is the strong current of my personal interest in these matters that has led me more and more to drift into this type of journalism. I find it altogether delightful. Indeed, the intellectual atmosphere in the editorial offices of such papers as *The Financial News* and *The Economist* seems to me keener than in those of any other publication that I know.

That is only to be expected, for the economist is truly at the centre of all the science. His final concern must be with the concept of value, ethics, politics, biology, yes, and even theology, he must touch them all. His business is, after all, to determine why man chooses one thing rather than another.

These discursive remarks are the best method I can find of painting the kind of self-portrait that the editor of this book seems to want. As to grosser material details, I am married, untidy, physically very lazy and passionately fond of gangster films. I take no exercise of any kind, smoke all day long, never walk if I can ride, am very fond of dogs, and hate gardening like poison. I can claim only one virtue to justify my misspent life—it is that I have never been bored.

Despite these embarrassments I learnt last year to be a centre lathe turner and spent the greater part of the year working in an

aircraft factory. I once earned six dollars bonus in one week and I am enormously proud of that.

I have only one word of advice to give to the Catholic literary aspirant. Read all the papers you can. Ring up the most interesting personality you find referred to in them, murmur something vague about doing some article in some paper or other and get an interview with him. You will be surprised how easy it is. You may, or may not, be able to sell the story, but that interview will put you on the track of half a dozen others. But I must make this a reservation. You will never be a writer if you are just interested in writing. You must be interested in life. Whether you can cultivate that interest if you haven't got it, I don't know. If you honestly feel you haven't got it, take up some good moral profession like boot-repairing or selling insurance. But if you have got it you will find your own way and don't need any advice from me.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Mr. Benvenisti, a resident of London, England, is a prolific contributor to Catholic and other periodicals in Great Britain and America. His published books are *The Iniquitous Contract*, 1937, Burns, Oates; *The Absent-Minded Revolution*, 1937, Sands; *What Is Profit?*, 1942.



## KATHERINE BRÉGY

KATHERINE MARIE CORNELIA BRÉGY was born in Philadelphia, the daughter of a distinguished judge of that city, who was a descendant of the old French family of the Counts of Brégy. Her paternal grandfather, the first to settle in this country, had been professor at Girard College and the University of Pennsylvania, but unhappily lost the ancestral Faith in his new surroundings. So young Katherine was brought up in the Episcopalian religion of her parents and had to find her own way back to Catholicism as a convert—or as she prefers to say, a revert. Even in childhood, when enrolled at a fashionable secular seminary in her native city (she delighted in school-going from first to last!) she was fascinated by Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* and Mark Twain's life of *Joan of Arc*. Later on she fell under the sway of St. Francis of Assisi and the great Cardinal Newman, and while herself a student at the University of Pennsylvania she was quietly received into the Church. About the same time she began her literary career by publishing in the *Catholic World* an

article on the Jesuit poet, Robert Southwell which she had written as a college assignment.

An autobiographical sketch published in the February, March, and April, 1939 issues of the same magazine paints an attractive picture of the old Philadelphia home and shows that the young writer realized very early that her life-work was to be an appreciation of the immemorial gift of Catholic culture, particularly poetry, as the *beauty of holiness*. She began doing critical and personal studies of great Catholic poets—Francis Thompson, Coventry Patmore, Gerard Hopkins—long before she had any thought of writing verse herself. In this work she was inspired by the advice of a brilliant and sympathetic priest-friend, the late Monsignor Kirlin, and encouraged by correspondence with Louise Imogen Guiney, the American poet then living at Oxford.

Katherine Brégy was brought up to love literature, the theatre and pets—to all of which she soon added a love of travel. An early tour of Europe took her from Italy to England, bringing an unforgettable meeting in London with the exquisite Alice Meynell, who was always to remain for her the ideal symbol of the "Lady Poetry." Friendship with the famous and fastidious Meynell family became, indeed, a potent influence upon her life and literary tastes; and a few years later it was Wilfrid Meynell who arranged for the publication of her first volume of essays, *The Poets' Chantry*, in London.

About 1916 Katherine Brégy became one of the circle made vivid by her friend Joyce Kilmer, a circle eager to spread the Catholic Literary Revival through the United States. Illness in her family brought the distraction of many home duties; but as she had early learned that woman must be the "General Practitioner of the Universe"—even when she wants to be a specialist—she continued at intervals to write both prose and verse for our magazines, and even began the literary conferences or lecture-recitals which have since become popular throughout the country. A second book of essays, *Poets and Pilgrims*, was published in 1925, containing appreciations of poets all the way from Chaucer to Paul Claudel. This latter French mystic and drama-

tist she did much to introduce to American readers. Another Gallic friend of those years, to whose gifts of head and heart Katherine confesses a great debt, was the Abbé Ernest Dimnet.

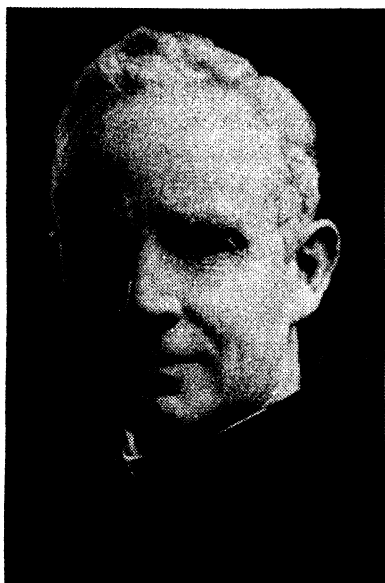
She had always written for the few rather than for the many, but in 1927 a popular triumph came to her in the winning of the thousand dollar prize offered by *The Commonwealth* for the best short essay on Dante. The competition was international in scope, and Miss Brégy still believes it is because she was not a Dante scholar but simply a Dante lover with a fresh approach that she was able to achieve the human appreciation needed by general readers. She had long been interested in the lore of the Middle Ages—"when romance met religion"—and this prize essay was subsequently included in her volume of medieval studies grouped under the title *From Dante to Jean d'Arc* (1933).

Meanwhile, in 1930, a small violet volume of verse (the color is one for which Katherine acknowledges a "complex" and which she always wears!) entitled *Bridges* had been published. Its poems about Nature and Love and God and the family pets among which she had grown up were praised by the critics for "tenderness, irony and a frequently Patmorean sense of mysticism," and the book had the distinction of going promptly out of print. Most of its contents, along with newer additions, has since been republished in *Ladders and Bridges*.

Katherine Brégy has long been an active member of the Poetry Societies of America and of England, and was the first feminine president of the American Catholic Poetry Society, of which she remains vice-president. She has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature from Holy Cross College (for men) and D'Youville College (for women), and has been twice decorated by the French Government. People are sometimes surprised to find her rather a small person, blue-eyed and "persistently blonde"; devoted to her friends and books, to the theatre and music—and so fond of animals that she declares stray dogs and cats wait on street-corners for her ministrations. When asked why she has never married she explains that she has always had the bad luck to fall in love with utterly ineligible people! She

believes we might have a very grand world indeed if men could manage to outgrow war: as they have not, she is sure we need to keep close to poetry and the other arts, especially those inspired by Catholic ideals, if we are to hold on to the sweetness and sanity of true civilization. The need and opportunity of Catholic writers she finds great in all fields—but the need to know and support these writers perhaps even greater!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Brégy's books include *From Dante to Jean d'Arc*, 1933, Bruce; *Ladders and Bridges*, 1936, McKay; *Poets and Pilgrims*, 1925, Benziger; *Poet's Chantry*, 1912, Herder.



**REVEREND STEPHEN J.  
BROWN, S.J.**

**THERE HAVE BEEN** poets and novelists not a few who have written their best work in their twenties. Keats died at 26 and Shelley at 30. On the other hand, one has known writers who made their debut in their fifties and even later. Jesuit writers are usually late starters in literature: most of them begin about 34 or 35. The present writer was hardly an exception. I felt quite early the urge to write. But I suppose I was too busy taking in to have much energy to spare for giving out, at least in the form of literature. A little verse which never appeared in print, a story which was mislaid by an editor, and a translation which did not appear till twenty-five years later, was all there was to show for my first quarter century.

When a definite resolve to publish something came to a head, its motive was not so much literary as patriotic. I wanted to do something useful for Ireland and, as I was debarred from the political field, I thought that my best way of helping would be to place on record—a thing that had never been done—the literature dealing with Ireland, so that the memory of hundreds

of fine books, many of them out of print, should not die out. I had no idea at the time of the dimensions of the task I was setting myself. Where was I to begin? I asked myself what it was the people read most. Fiction, surely. Well then, why not describe with accurate particulars all the works in fictional form (novels, tales, folklore, romances, sagas) which threw any light on Ireland, on Irish history, Irish manners and customs, the Irish character, Irish places, etc., etc. I thought there was question of a pamphlet; but *A Reader's Guide to Irish Fiction* (1910) was a book of some 220 pages. That, in its turn, became a much larger book which I called *Ireland in Fiction* (1916). But in 1916 all the sheets and nearly all the copies were burned. That, I thought, was the end of it. But no, I somehow managed a new and enlarged edition in 1919. Since then I have come across a good many old novels which I had overlooked and many new ones have appeared: enough to form the material of a further volume. This was actually compiled, but has not been published.

But fiction was only one section, and a relatively small one, of books dealing with Ireland. What of the rest? Well, all this time I had been gathering materials, and in 1913, what was meant to be the first part of a *Guide to Books on Ireland* in three volumes appeared. It dealt with Prose Literature, Poetry, Music, and Plays. In both this work and in *Ireland in Fiction* I had, by the way, a number of most helpful and generous collaborators. After the appearance of Part I, I had to suspend the work for some years owing to my studies for the priesthood. Being then transferred to another community, I left behind me, stored in some trunks, the material for Parts II and III. I never saw it again and could only conjecture what happened to it. That was my first full stop. It was destined not to be the last.

However, owing to the nature of my work, I was striking out on a new line. I may call it literary theory. For I had been teaching English literature (among other subjects) in our College of Clongowes Wood where I had myself been educated. Towards the end of a nine years period of teaching, I planned out a work on a rather ambitious scale. It was to deal with three



main topics: poetry, imagery, and style. I set to work on the first and succeeded in completing it, but before *The Realm of Poetry* (1921) appeared my College teaching days came to an end, and I found myself at Ore Place, Hastings, in a French community, engaged on special studies in Scripture. *The Realm of Poetry* was well received, even in the English secular press, and is still selling in a small way. How did an utterly unknown writer, an Irishman, and still worse a Jesuit, manage to have it published by a leading non-Catholic firm, Messrs. Harrap in London? I hardly know, but so it was.

What of the second item in that grandiose programme of mine: Imagery? A new impulse was given to this by my scriptural studies. I saw that much useful light might be thrown on the Bible by a study of figurative language—metaphor, simile, etc., etc.—leading on to the parables and allegories of the Gospels. So I went on with the plan. But *The World of Imagery* was not finished until 1927. I succeeded in persuading the firm of Kegan Paul & Routledge to publish it. But, though a large volume of 358 pages, it dealt with only a limited corner of the subject, viz., Metaphor and Kindred Imagery. Should I go on with the work? I wondered. For meantime I had passed on to new studies and had struck out on new lines. But I had gathered considerable materials and it seemed a pity not to use them. The next would be a general work on Imagery in Literature, a series of explorations in the figurative language of several literatures and many authors. It was completed, but circumstances did not admit of its publication. Here was a second full stop. I had planned volumes on Fable, on Parable and Allegory, on Emblem Literature and Symbolism, but that path seemed closed, and in the meantime others had opened up.

My scripture studies had, from a literary point of view, resulted only in a little book on the Psalms, *The Divine Song Book* (1926), and a section of Imagery in Literature. This latter I have made many efforts to publish in separate form but hitherto without success. One firm which was on the point of printing it, went bankrupt! In the meantime, I had not lost my interest in bibliography, but it now centered in Catholic

bibliography. This change was largely due, I think, to the foundation in 1922 of the Central Catholic Library in Dublin. Time after time I was coming across excellent Catholic books whose existence I had not suspected: there must be other people in the same case. Many quite deserving books were forgotten and had been allowed to go out of print. Bibliography would do something to rescue these from obscurity not to say oblivion. Their titles, etc., could be placed on record once for all, their contents be described, and so forth. The first outcome of these considerations was a little book, *The Preacher's Library* (1928), in which pulpit literature was recorded and described for the benefit of priests. Then I returned to the notion which had launched me into *Ireland in Fiction*—what do people mostly read? Novels. Well, let us draw up a *Catalogue of Novels and Tales by Catholic Writers*. It has passed through seven editions, one of which was revised by Walter Romig, edited by Father F. X. Talbot, S.J., and published in the United States by America Press. After that came biographies. I had been drawing up lists of books which we desired to have for the Central Catholic Library, Dublin, of which I am honorary librarian. I was astonished at the number of lives of Catholic interest there seemed to be. Why not draw up a list and publish it? I did so, and the first attempt contained nearly 10,000 titles of biographies. A later edition, *An International Index of Catholic Biographies* (1935) almost doubled this. These proved to be the first two volumes of a series which I called the Catholic Bibliographical Series. It eventually included three further volumes, viz., *An Introduction to Catholic Booklore*, *Catholic Juvenile Literature*, and *Catholic Mission Literature*. It would include Catholic Art Literature, Sacred Music, and History were there any hope of finding a publisher for these works.

My interest in books and libraries has been maintained by the fact that for a good part of my life I have been a librarian and, since the foundation in 1929 of a School of Library Training in the National University of Ireland, have been lecturer there in bibliography. The outcome of this interest was the publication in 1937 of *Libraries and Literature from a Catholic*

*Standpoint.* This interest also found scope in my membership of the books committee of the Dublin County Council, of the Executive Board of the Library Association of Ireland, and of the Hospitals Library Council.

I am sure that by this time you take me for a dry as dust book-worm always buried in "dusty volumes of forgotten lore." Well, I don't think I am quite that! For instance, I have nothing of the antiquary about me. I have no particular interest in a book because it is old or scarce or valuable as a curiosity. I am interested in the real value of its contents, especially when it deals with living issues, be they spiritual, moral, intellectual, or cultural. Very old books may do that, as the Bible does. It is ever ancient and always new. I am certainly very interested in books, but I am also interested in life, national, international, and personal. I am interested in an amateurish way in the arts, and have been a member of the Council of the Academy of Christian Art since its foundation. Forgive, reader, these and other details which seem of interest only to myself and feel painfully egotistical. They are, however, what the editor has asked of me. Moreover, they may serve to introduce the remainder of my books.

My first writing relating to the national life, apart from *Ireland in Fiction*, was a pamphlet reprinted from *Studies: The Question of Irish Nationality* (1913), in which I first sought a definition of nationhood and then applied it to Ireland. This was later included in a work planned and, indeed, completed some years ago: "Studies in Nationality and Nationalism." It happened that I incorporated some chapters from this work in a lecture delivered in the National University. I lent the manuscript to a friend and never saw it again. Another full stop. (Similarly I lent to some one, I do not know whom, an interleaved copy of *Catholic Juvenile Literature* with the materials for a new edition, and never saw it again!)

Interest in international matters meant first membership of the League of Nations Society of Ireland and a pamphlet on *Catholics and the League of Nations* (1929) as well as a book, *International Relations from a Catholic Standpoint* (1932),

which I edited and partly translated. It also led to attendance at four or five international congresses and the foundation of the Catholic Association for International Relations.

As for personal life, outward and inward, we are all interested in that, one way or another, though to few does it occur to write books about it. Among my earliest attempts at writing was a series of little papers entitled "Talks with You," which I contributed to a missionary review *St. Joseph's Sheaf*, of which I was, later on, editor for some seven years. The outcome of this was another manuscript, a general work on the Foreign Missions, which never saw the light. In 1931, I did a translation, with Introduction and Notes, of Père Gratry's *Les Sources* under the title *The Well Springs*. Then for some eight or nine years I contributed a series, or rather several series, of papers to the *Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. These I collected, revised, added to, and issued under the title *From God to God: an Outline of Life* (1940). I had long felt that somewhere between the purely "spiritual" books and the books of practical advice about the conduct of daily life, there might be room for books that partake somewhat of the nature of each, that would relate the inner life of the soul to the round of life as it is lived today. This was an attempt at such a book. Two hitherto unpublished manuscripts may, perhaps, be mentioned here: *Studies in Life By and Large*, and *The Realization of God*.

It remains to mention two other books which are in the nature of *hors d'oeuvres* or at all events *hors série*. Both were the outcome of tasks that were set me. *The Press in Ireland: a Survey and a Guide* (1937) was prepared in view of the Catholic Press Exhibition held at the Vatican in 1936. *Poison and Balm* (1938) was a course of lectures delivered in the Jesuit Church of St. Francis Xavier, Gardiner Street. They dealt with Communism and other cognate errors.

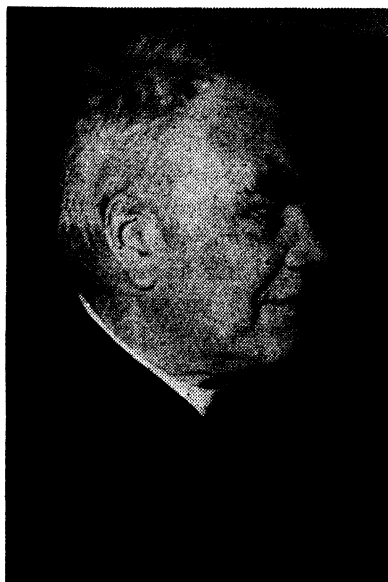
Such then is my literary history to date for what it may be worth to the patient reader. One of its outstanding facts is that being a member of a religious Order since my fifteenth year, I have not had to write for a living: neither I myself nor my family depended for their bread and butter on my literary efforts. For-

tunately, for there is no money in such books as I have published. Most of them, indeed, just paid for themselves, but little more. Fortunately also in another way, for I was not compelled to write with a very anxious eye on sales. On the other hand, to write books that are not going to be read or used is a useless occupation from every point of view. My aim throughout, I hope I can honestly say, was the advancement of the cause of truth and therefore of God. But, if the message never reaches those for whom it is meant, then the cause of truth is not advanced. An obvious conclusion, sometimes overlooked by writers so modest that they make no effort to make known their writings. For that reason I am grateful to the editor for his invitation, the first I have received from anyone in my sixty years, to contribute to this book.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Father Brown was born in Hollywood, County Down, Ireland, in 1881, was educated at Clongowes Wood College, and ordained in the Society of Jesus in 1914. He is now librarian at Milltown Park, Dublin. His books include: *The Press in Ireland* (1937), *Libraries and Literature from a Catholic Standpoint* (1937), *Poison and Balm* (1938), *The Preacher's Library* (1939), *From God to God* (new ed. 1942), *International Relations from a Catholic Standpoint* (1932), and *Studies in Life By and Large* (1942), all of which are published by Browne & Nolan, Ltd. The Catholic Bibliographical Series is published by the Central Catholic Library, 74 Merrion Square, Dublin. A work provisionally titled *A Survey of Catholic Literature* is announced by Bruce for their Science and Culture Series in 1943.

**REVEREND CHARLES PAUL  
BRUEHL**

*Something about the dear old  
Ego*



THE MAN WHO DOES not enjoy occasionally talking about himself will have to be sought with the famous lantern of Diogenes; in fact, he will not be found even if the most powerful modern searchlight were used in the quest. Unless one holds the center of the stage too long or at the inopportune moment when someone else wants to step into the limelight, this common human foible arouses no resentment, but rather causes tolerant amusement. This being so, the present writer without compunction frankly confesses to his fondness to the perpendicular pronoun whenever he can indulge his weakness without giving offense. Hence, when he was invited by the editor to write something about himself as a writer, he gladly embraced the opportunity. It may be that what he has to say will, besides mildly flattering the ego, also prove helpful to young aspirants after literary fame.

Though I began writing in my student days, it always remained a sideline and was organically connected with my life work. The pen served to extend my vocational activities beyond the narrow range of personal contacts. The choice of the

subjects to which I addressed myself was dictated by the needs of the day, and there was never a dearth of appropriate topics because in our turbulent world live issues that stir public interest and challenge attention continuously crop up and imperiously demand solution. Thus it happened that I wrestled with a great variety of problems. Early in my career I was plunged headlong into the social controversy and endeavored to popularize the Papal labor encyclicals. In the wake of the first World War a wave of spiritism arose and swept the country; many a literary battle did I fight with this strange superstition. The wave of spiritism had hardly ebbed, when another fad gained considerable vogue, psychoanalysis, which became popular almost overnight and made everyone think that he could fathom the hidden depths of the human soul and give an account of all cultural achievements in terms of animal impulses arising from the unconscious. In presence of such a challenge, my pen could not remain inactive. Of the aberrations of the human mind there is no end. Eugenics, thus, made its appearance, and I was drawn into the controversy which it occasioned. The so-called new morality followed and made its appeal especially to the younger generation, which it incited to revolt against traditional moral codes. Here was a subtle menace that had to be met, and with many others I took up the fight in defense of the truth. If it does not sound too grandiloquent, I might state that the intellectual movements referred to constitute the big milestones in my literary activity, the intervals being filled with contributions relative to the questions of the hour. For more than twenty-five years I wrote a regular weekly column for a newspaper. During this time I was a slave to the deadline which hung over my head like a threatening sword of Damocles, for everyone knows that the press is a greedy monster clamoring for copy at the appointed time. There is nothing like newspaper work to teach a man punctuality and to compel him to keep abreast of current events. Whatever the subject might be, I found it intriguing and wrote with a keen zest in response to a creative urge that welled up in my soul and pressed for utterance. Withal I never took myself too seriously and never for a moment im-

aged that the world needed me very badly or that I had a special message to deliver which no one else was competent to put across. I did, however, sincerely try to fill and grace the little niche into which destiny had placed me. For the encouragement and solace of the beginner, I do not hesitate to confess that two or three of my earlier manuscripts were rejected. Few writers will escape this humiliating experience which has a very wholesome effect because it serves to deflate the ego.

If I were asked to pick out the experiences that have most effectually influenced my outlook on life and left their imprint on my writing, I would point to the work I did among the underprivileged in the slums of London and Glasgow shortly after my ordination to the priesthood in 1911. These experiences find place in my book, *Meine Reise nach Schottland* (1904). Many noble traits can be discovered in those whose lot is cast along hard lines. From this time dates my warm sympathy for the underdog, for the defrauded and for those whom life seems to have passed by. If we only realized it, nothing affords greater happiness than to brighten the days of those into whose lives little sunshine falls.

As a tyro I cultivated a florid style. As I now occasionally reread the products of my youthful fancy, a smile comes to my lips at the profusion of colors with which I have splashed the page, and the illustrations which I gleaned from the vast spaces of the universe; I robbed the heaven of its stars, the fields of their flowers, the earth of its jewels to adorn a page and rested not until it glowed with the opalescent hues of the rainbow. Later I abandoned this ornate style and labored chiefly to give sharp outline and clearcut embodiment to the ideas I wished to bring home. In the formation of my style I derived great help from my amateurish attempts at making poetry. Poetry is unsurpassed as a mental discipline; it curbs the diffusiveness and exuberance to which the imagination naturally runs; it makes for lucidity of diction, and teaches economy of words, because the thought must be fully bodied forth in a circumscribed space. The poetry which flowed from my pen may be devoid of literary value, but it served me well as mental gymnastics.



In my creed of optimism I have never faltered. In spite of the setback which civilization at the present is experiencing, I am fully convinced that mankind is heading toward a happier future. Teaching, which has kept me in close touch with youth, has prevented me from growing old in spirit, and self-centered. Far from sharing the supercilious opinion of those who hold that the growing generation does not measure up to the ideals and standards of the good old days and that the world is racing toward disaster, I am quite confident that the fate of humanity will be safe in the hands of these young people who are preparing themselves to face the responsibilities and tasks of life.

It is in keeping with the tenor of this sketch if it ends on a whimsical note. Students have a way of giving nicknames to their teachers, and these labels often strikingly hit off a characteristic trait or a ludicrous mannerism. The practice is universal and mostly inoffensive. Now I feel that I have reason to boast that none of the nicknames by which I was labeled stuck to me except the very harmless one of Pugs, which was coined in reference to my slightly uptilted nose, that gave me a remote resemblance to Socrates, the famous Greek philosopher and educator.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Father Bruehl was born in Herdorf, Germany, in 1876, and was educated at Pensacola, Florida, Cleveland, Ohio, St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, University of Muenster, and Louvain University. He received his doctorate in philosophy at Louvain in 1904. Following pastoral work in London, Glasgow, and Philadelphia, he taught theology at St. Francis Seminary, near Milwaukee, 1909 to 1914, and since 1914 at St. Charles Seminary. He is also on the faculty of the Catholic Summer School of America. His books include *Birth Control and Eugenics in the Light of Fundamental Principles*, 1928, J. Wagner, *The Pope's Plan for Social Reconstruction*, a commentary on the social encyclicals of Pius XI, 1939, Devin-Adair, *This Way Happiness: ethics, the science of the good life*, 1941, Bruce.

**VERY REVEREND CHARLES  
JEROME CALLAN, O.P.**



MY FATHER HAD WISHED to be a lawyer and was educated, according to the standards of his day, for that profession; but his father, a prosperous farmer, persuaded his only son to remain on the farm. Father married a Lockport girl, and neither of them liked or ever became reconciled to the country and farm life. They raised six children, and father was determined that at least his four sons should aspire to something higher than tilling the soil, and that no one of them should be thwarted in his ambitions, as he had been.

There were twelve years between Frank, my eldest brother, and me; and father had selected us two for the law from our childhood. Frank was a brilliant boy and student, always leading his classes in the district school, at Lockport high school, and at Cornell University. Unlike myself, he was normally robust in health and was blessed with calm nerves. I was so delicate from birth that my mother later often said she never expected me to live to grow up. On account of frailty, I was not sent to

school until I was nine, and then only in the forenoon for two or three hours. I had learned to read the primer at home. Had I not learned everything with a minimum of effort, I could never have accomplished anything with books and study. Throughout my youth and many subsequent years of education I was never able to study at night, after supper, nor for long hours during the day, like most of my fellow-students; I simply did not have the physical strength and endurance to stand such strain. Moreover, in addition to bodily weakness, if not because of it, all through my student days I found mental concentration a terrific difficulty. I could not keep my mind from wandering everywhere all the time. It was the readiness with which I grasped things, as just remarked, that enabled me to learn anything. Only in after years, when studying scholastic philosophy in Latin as a student for the priesthood, did I begin to get my wandering mind under control. I have often recalled since the sense of calmness and repose which this mental concentration brought me. It was such a relief! And yet, because of a certain quickness of mind and a fairly good memory, coupled with ambition and a driving energy, I was always among the first in my classes. I think my teachers and professors would bear me out in saying that my examination marks were uniformly high.

As I have said, my father marked me for the law from my earliest years. He wanted me to become a great trial lawyer, and to this end to be an eloquent speaker, a real orator. He himself was a natural born public speaker, and the finest reader I ever listened to. As a part of my training, all during my boyhood at home, he used to read aloud to me very frequently, almost every day. He read especially the speeches, orations, and sermons of the best speakers and preachers, living and dead, ancient history and biography. I always greatly enjoyed listening to that reading, and I think it helped much to develop in me a natural talent which I had for speaking and writing. I too wanted to be a great lawyer and orator, and my vivid boyish imagination often pictured a distinguished career for me in that direction. So eager was I to become a writer and an orator that I often tried to

write without knowing anything to write about, and often in the barn and fields of our farm did I, as a very young boy, deliver speeches, with my younger sister as the only listener. My brother Frank and I were to have our flourishing law offices, not in Lockport, our county-seat, but in Buffalo, the Queen City of the Lakes, which, to our youthful fancies and rural conceptions, was bewildering in its appeal and allurements. The future was all glorious. The very thought of it often thrilled me. There was glory, fame, distinction, wealth, applause, all gleaming and waiting, as it were, in the golden sunshine of the morning of life, and beckoning to me.

But at the close of my first year in high school something happened. A family in Lockport, well known to my family, had a son studying for the priesthood somewhere far away in the Dominican Order, and he was coming home to say his First Mass that summer. My father and I were to attend that First Mass. The day before we were in a lawyer's office in the city, and I was looking at the many law books and asking a young lawyer there how much reading and study would be necessary for admission to the bar. I was full of these thoughts as we entered the church the next morning to assist at the First Mass. After the Gospel in the Mass, a Reverend Doctor McConnell, the assistant pastor of the church, ascended the pulpit and preached a long sermon on prayer, making no reference to the young priest or the First Mass. Well, the effect of that sermon on me was such that I left that church completely changed in my thoughts, plans, purposes, ambition, my whole life. The world and its glories, which I had been picturing before, seemed to turn to dust and ashes and fade away. There was only one thing that mattered now, and that was God and His glory. Thereafter for three years I lived above the clouds and walked among the stars. My thoughts were now on the pursuit of holiness instead of worldliness. I would become a sacred orator and writer, seeking the approval of God and the rewards of Heaven rather than the applause of men and the goods of earth. Sermons do have an effect, sometimes.

I continued my studies at high school for another year. And

then went to Canisius College, Buffalo. My first intention was to become a Jesuit Father, and my father wanted me to do that; but later I met a Dominican who prevailed on me to join his Order rather than the Jesuits, pointing out and stressing my frail health which, he said, could never stand the long and severe course of training required by the vigorous followers of St. Ignatius. After two years at Canisius College, among Jesuit Fathers, who were as saintly as they were learned, whose every act and appearance was an inspiration, I became a Dominican, going far away to the wilds of Kentucky for my novitiate. The change from my former self and thoughts and aspirations was so radical that for some years what had been almost a passion to become a writer and a speaker calmed down and receded into the background. But that abating of an inborn tendency was only for a time. Absorption in the study of Latin, Greek, and philosophy could not remove or extinguish a consuming fire that had flamed up in childhood and had been burning with increasing intenseness throughout my growing years.

I never outgrew the physical frailty and weak nervous system with which I came into the world. For a long time after I entered college, I had reason to fear that I should never be able to learn enough Latin to be ordained, so little study and confinement could I stand. During my first years as a religious I bore up fairly well, but at length the strain of observance and the increasing burden of studies became too much for me, and I broke seriously down the year before my ordination. From that breakdown I never fully recovered. Not that I had then to give up my studies here at home or forego postgraduate courses afterwards in Europe, but that my sufferings immensely increased and I often had to work in a state of physical agony. Before long I saw that a life of public speaking and preaching, which requires much physical strength and endurance, was not for me. But I had to do something beyond the ordinary. My driving nature would not have it otherwise. If I had to give up a preaching career, and be satisfied with speaking just on Sundays, Holydays, and special occasions, then, while doing that, I would turn with

greater effort to my other ambition, to become a writer. I had always loved the polished word and phrase; the clear, the rounded, the forceful sentence; the nicely balanced paragraph; the pictured, compelling page.

When I had completed my studies abroad, I was in such poor physical condition that my superiors exempted me from all work for a year. But during that time I could not refrain from some reading of good prose and poetry, a review of English grammar and rhetoric, and a little writing—all very painfully done, a bit at a time, between long hours of would-be rest and diversion, I was really not able to do anything, but a tormenting ambition goaded me on. Trying to rest, I became more than ever restless; trying to regain lost strength, I seemed to be losing what little I had. So after a year I returned to work and was assigned to teach philosophy at the Dominican House of formal studies in Washington, D. C. That was in the autumn of 1909. I remained there for six years. Small improvement in health enabled me to do my teaching with success and to write a number of articles for theological magazines. During those years also, in the spring of 1912, John Murphy Co. of Baltimore published my first book, *Out of Shadows into Light*. That same year, in collaboration with Fr. J. A. McHugh, O.P., and Fr. Thomas a Kempis Reilly, O.P., I completed and published two liturgical works for Dominican Sisters, *The Dominican Sisters' Office Book*, and *The Dominican Sisters' Hymnal and Rubric Book*. By the summer of 1915 I had finished the manuscript of another book, *The Shepherd of my Soul*, which was published that fall.

But the strict and confining life at Washington at length proved to be too much for a constitution like mine. It likewise became too hard for my friend and associate in work, Fr. J. A. McHugh. We were both on the verge of physical collapse. Our Superiors therefore decided that a change of place and a more healthful climate were necessary for us, if our usefulness was not to be lost. Accordingly, in the late summer of 1915, Fr. McHugh and I were transferred to Hawthorne, New York, to reside at Holy Rosary Rectory there and teach at Maryknoll Seminary

on-the-Hudson, thus being compelled to get the daily change and diversion of going by automobile between the two places, a distance of seven miles each way.

That change of places and environment, though accompanied by hardships of other kinds, was providential for both Fr. McHugh and myself. Besides improving our health, it immensely enlarged our opportunities for richer and more varied experiences and greater literary activity. Soon, in addition to our teaching at Maryknoll, we were given charge of Holy Rosary parish, then in its crude beginnings. In the summer of 1916 we became the editors of the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, New York, little realizing at the time that we should retain this position so many years and build that periodical up from a rather insignificant magazine to an influence of first importance among the Catholic clergy Reviews. That same year I edited a book on preaching, called *Illustrations for Sermons*, which was a marked success from its outset.

The superiors, students, sisters and whole atmosphere of Maryknoll were an inspiration at all times. For the first four years there I taught philosophy and Holy Scripture, thereafter only Scripture, Old and New Testaments. Experience in every kind of practical work in Holy Rosary parish enriched my teaching and writing. Within the next few years I wrote and published in succession *Commentaries on the Four Gospels*, *The Acts of the Apostles*, and all the *Epistles of St. Paul*. In 1920, at the request of Archbishop (later Cardinal) Hayes of New York, Fr. McHugh and I prepared a sermon course for the New York Archdiocese known as *A Program of Doctrinal Instructions*, which for twelve consecutive years was the official book for Sunday sermons and instructions in the Archdiocese, and soon was widely adopted by many other Bishops in this country and in the English-speaking world generally. This briefer work in one volume led within the next two years to a supplementary work in four volumes entitled, *A Parochial Course of Doctrinal Instructions*. Since both of these works were based on the *Catechism of the Council of Trent*, Fr. McHugh and I found it de-

sirable to make a new translation of that classic, which we brought out with Introduction and notes in 1922.

All during those years, and for years before coming to Hawthorne, we two Fathers had had as a hobby a study of English prose style as exemplified in the best English and American authors. I often remarked to Fr. McHugh that I should never die happy unless we produced a special work on the principal qualities of English prose. In collaboration with Fr. McHugh and my brother, Frank H. Callan, that work was finally done and published in 1923 under the title of *Excellence in English or The Power of Prose*. It appeared under my brother Frank's name.

My writing was interrupted in 1924 by the long and arduous work of preparing matter for an examination in Rome required for the degree of Mastership in Sacred Theology. That extra strain cost me dearly in health. It brought on a condition of neuritis and arthritis which for several years made heavy composition impossible. For a while it seemed as if my writing career were over. But Fr. McHugh one day suggested that we bring out a new general prayer book. That would be an easier kind of literary work. And so we set about it, and during the following ten years we produced those devotional works, like *Blessed Be God, The Catholic Missal*, and the rest, which are long since well known and widely circulated. By 1927, however, I was again able to do some heavier work, along with the devotional books; and between then and 1931 Fr. McHugh and I, in collaboration, wrote and published a commentary on the Psalms, and a general Moral Theology in two large volumes. In 1936, I was appointed one of the editors of the Confraternity *New Testament*, and in 1937 Fr. McHugh and I completed the editing and publishing of Fr. Spencer's translation of the *New Testament* from the original Greek, the first work of its kind ever done in America. My last independent work, up to this present date, was *The Parables of Christ* which was finished and published in the fall in 1940 and chosen by the Spiritual Book Associates as their book of the month for December of that year.



I have mentioned in this sketch only the principal literary works which I have written alone or in collaboration, chiefly with Fr. McHugh. All during these many years I have also written a good number of articles, book reviews, and the like, for various publications. But it is not necessary to mention these now. My purpose here has been to comply with the request of the editor of this work, which was to tell how I became a writer, what occasioned the publication of my principal books, and what have been some of the experiences and associations in my writing career. I myself have always found it very interesting, and often inspiring, to learn something of the labors, the conditions, the handicaps, which authors have endured in producing their works. Whenever I see an article giving an interview with an author I read it with attention, and usually with profit. I like to compare my experiences with those of other writers. It is frequently encouraging. It helps to know how others have done their work.

As to the making of an author who will produce anything worthwhile, I would say before all else that he must first be born to his art. He needs to have a natural love of literature and a desire to express himself in writing. If no literary spark is native to him, no flame will ever be kindled, no fire ever burn to warm and enlighten others.

Next he must acquire a store of knowledge, of thoughts and ideas, opinions and judgments, gathered by labor and observation, which he wishes to communicate to others.

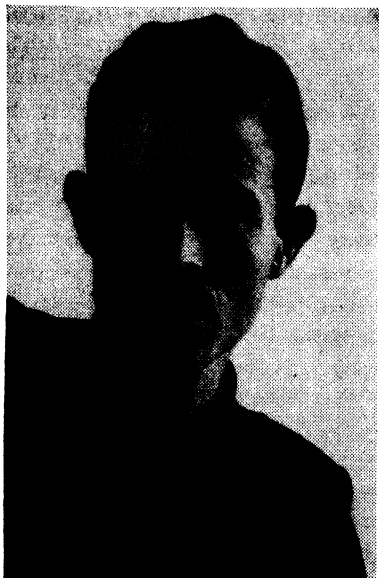
Thirdly, he must himself learn by careful reading and study of the writings of acknowledged authorities how they have chosen their words, formed their phrases and clauses, built their sentences, and delivered their messages. Here teachers and schools are mere external aids, as in all other education; the real work must be done by the person himself, or it will never be done at all. The scholar is made, not in the schoolrooms, but in his own room, before his own desk, alone.

In the fourth place, the would-be writer must go from his books to life, must ponder the differences between theory and

practice, must compare the ideal and the real. Only then will he be speaking *to* men instead of *about* them, and in terms which mean anything to them.

Finally, there is the indispensable discipline which comes from doing oneself what one wishes to accomplish. We learn by study, observation and the help and direction of others, but more especially by doing things ourselves. If we would learn to write we must write, and keep on writing. We must put all we have studied and learned in whatever way through the mill of our own minds and express it in our own manner, if it is to be fresh and vigorous and have any living value for others.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Father Callan, a Consultor of the Pontifical Biblical Commission, received the degree of Lector of Sacred Theology from the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, 1908, Master of Sacred Theology from Angelico University, Rome, 1931, and the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature from Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C., 1925.



FRAY ANGELICO CHAVEZ,  
O.F.M.

CONTRARY TO THE OPINION held of authors in general, I am one merely *per accidens* in every meaning of the phrase; for my writing constitutes a minor hobby dependent on my primary duties as a Franciscan missionary in the southwest; in fact, this literary leaning sprouted from my studies for the priesthood. Even my books, so far, were published "by accident."

Born in New Mexico in 1910, of Spanish-American parentage, I spent my happy boyhood in a beautiful Rocky Mountain valley at a time when English was seldom heard outside the schoolroom. Summers were spent hunting and fishing and exploring in the canyons or on the steep forested slopes, but the heavy winter snows kept little fellows at home. Luckily I was an avid reader, and the old set of encyclopedias at home was my frequent browsing ground. There were a few other books at hand, and I still thrill with the memory of my first acquaintance with Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, a prose edition of the Greek mythologies, and the *Tales of King Arthur*.

References in history to the Franciscan Padres in California

and the southwest fired me with the desire to be one myself, although I had never seen one in the flesh. At the age of fourteen I found myself at St. Francis Seminary in Cincinnati, a thin lad, very conscious of his broken English and backwoods manner. I think my early self-training in reading, plus an ambition to compete with my fellow students in the use of their language turned my interests to literature, when I began imitating the classic authors of English. By and by I was having original verse and prose printed in Catholic periodicals, though other more important studies took most of my attention and efforts. On entering the novitiate at the age of nineteen, I was given a religious name, after the great medieval painter, Fra Angelico of Fiesole; for painting is another beloved hobby which I unconsciously developed without benefit of instructor. (On occasion I produce murals on church walls in a primitive sort of way, wherefore I also read and hear that I am an artist!)

The arduous and exacting studies on one's long way to the priesthood left precious little time for literary reading and writing, but somehow I had something published every month in this or that magazine up to my ordination in 1937. A handful of pieces, all verse, stood out above the average.

I returned to my home State as its first native Franciscan Padre, my boyhood dream a fact. My work among my people and the Pueblo Indians, where the priest must be a do-all in order to forge ahead, leaves little time or energy for hobbies. I became a "book-author" and "by accident," when a group of nationally-known authors made a selection of my poems and published them in a pretty volume, called *Clothed with the Sun*. Had I not been stationed in this part of the country which is a mecca for artists and writers, I would not have a single book to my credit. This edition of my poems sold out in a remarkably short time, although the purchasers were few among Catholic readers.

As I was sorting some manuscripts sometime later, I saw that two of my already published short stories fitted well with a third, which did not exist but at that moment was breaking out in my head. I wrote this third ingredient right away, drew some hurried sketches, and mailed all without serious hope to a Catholic

· publisher. St. Anthony Guild Press caused the second accident by immediately accepting and publishing the illustrated trio of stories entitled *New Mexico Triptych*, in 1940. I fear the publisher is far from satisfied with the response of his Catholic clientele.

A series of related lyrics is completed and awaiting publication. My best poems have appeared mostly in *Spirit*, from whose pages three of them have made their way into a British anthology, Moulton's *Best Poems* of 1938, 1940, and 1941.

EDITOR'S NOTE: St. Anthony Guild Press published Father Chavez' *Clothed with the Sun*, in 1939, and his *New Mexico Triptych*, in 1940.

## VIOLET CLIFTON

(Mrs. Talbot Clifton)



WILLIAM NELTHORPE BEAUCLERK, son of Lord Frederick Beauclerk, and grandson of the then Duke of St. Albans, belonged to the Diplomatic Service, and was *en poste* in Rome when in 1883, Violet Mary Beauclerk, afterwards Violet Clifton, was born. It was in the British Legation in Lima, Peru, that she met John Talbot Clifton, her husband-to-be, and was married to him at the Oratory, Brompton Road, London, in 1907. Talbot Clifton, older by fifteen years than Violet, was a sportsman and an explorer, and he soon afterwards took his wife to remote islands, in several of which she was the first white woman to have been seen by the inhabitants.

Her first book, now out of print, was called *Pilgrims to the Isles of Penance*. It tells of a journey to the Andaman Islands, in one of which the aborigines lived in their primitive state; and beyond the Andamans to the Nicobar Islands. The strangeness of these Islands caused Violet Clifton to write this book of travel. She had always wished, and attempted to write both poetry and prose,

but her life was not now conducive to the practice of art. Her household, her quickly increasing family, and above all, her husband's affairs, absorbed her time, and she had as well social, charitable and political functions to perform in the locality of her Lancashire home, where her husband, Squire of Lytham and Lord of the Manor, then owned about 25,000 acres, and in the neighborhood of which the Cliftons had lived since the year 1100 A.D., through the time of the Confiscation of the Church lands, through the time of the Civil Wars between the Stuarts and the Roundheads, at which time Sir Thomas Clifton, the head of the family, was banished and later, by Charles II, was re-established on his lands.

Just before the birth of her fifth child, Michael, Violet Clifton became a Catholic, having passed through Agnosticism, Spiritualism and Theosophy on the way.

Before the War of 1914, Talbot Clifton took his wife to the Dutch East Indies, which Islands they visited in two long successive journeys, because the first journey was curtailed by Violet having black-water fever in the Mentawai Group, south of Sumatra. In Mentawai the inhabitants were still untamed savages, and the islands were visited only by a doctor who, once a month or less often, inspected the Javanese convicts, sent to the islands to make some beginning of cultivation in the pathless virgin forests. North Pagi, Nias and Sumbawa were amongst the further islands Talbot and Violet reached, and they walked, accompanied by Indian carriers, and cut their way through the forest undergrowth, from South to North Celebes. *The Islands of Queen Wilhelmina* (Constable), also out of print, tells of these two off-the-map journeys, where Violet Clifton was many times the first white woman to have been seen. She was later elected an Honorary Member of the Society of Women Geographers, in Washington. This second book was a work better written than her first, and it breaks new ground as giving in English an account of some things till then only treated of in Dutch, and possibly in German, papers. The Introduction in the book was from the pen of Lord Dunsany.

During the War of 1914–1918, Violet Clifton accompanied her husband to Belgium, where they worked with the Hector Munro Ambulance, and later, having joined the R.N.V.R., Talbot, now Lieutenant Clifton, was charged with guarding the coast of Connemara and the neighbouring islands. Mrs. Clifton accompanied him to Inishbofin, Inishturk, the Arran Islands, and elsewhere, when, on his ketch, he visited the Coastguards and watched for mines. At the end of the War, the Mons Cross with Ypres Bar, and the War and Victory Medals, were bestowed on Talbot, and also on Violet Clifton.

After a journey to out-of-the-way places inland from the Gulf of Persia, and another journey to the French West Coast of Africa, Violet was left a widow, and over a space of five years she wrote *The Book of Talbot*. The book was based on Talbot Clifton's diaries, but which demanded study to amplify Violet's knowledge of the places and peoples described by her, but which she had never seen, for the journeys treated of were the explorations of Talbot before his marriage. This book was composed for the most part in the Island of Islay; for Talbot had ceased living at Lytham, which residence was too urban for his taste, and had bought a property in Islay.

*The Book of Talbot* is a book which the author could not have written in any but a remote place, herself forgetful of people, and writing, as Plotinus advised men to write, as though to Homer and the gods. It was refused by several publishers, one of whom labelled it "Old fashioned travel"; another broke his contract by refusing at the last moment to publish a book of which none could predicate the success or failure. Messrs. Faber & Faber, encouraged by the advice of Herbert Reid, and of Lawrence of Arabia, published it in 1933. It ran into four editions in America (Harcourt, Brace), and was given the biggest literary award in the British Isles, namely the Tait Black Memorial Prize, which was awarded through the University of Glasgow. The second edition has now been published by Faber & Faber, whilst the Penguin Press is preparing a shortened War edition. Violet Clifton's passionate contemplation of the life and travels



of Talbot, her pleasure in wild nature, combined with her love and disciplined use of the English language, gave power and beauty to *The Book of Talbot*.

In 1934 Sheed & Ward published her play written in verse called *Sanctity*, based on the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. This drama has been played in colleges and by societies, in England, Ireland, Canada, the Philippines, and the United States. The first form of the play, being suited rather to the study than to the stage, Mrs. Clifton slightly altered; and it is this second version that Sheed & Ward publishes. The play is lyrical and moving, and for the most part is written in short lines to retain the feeling of St. Elizabeth's mediaeval era.

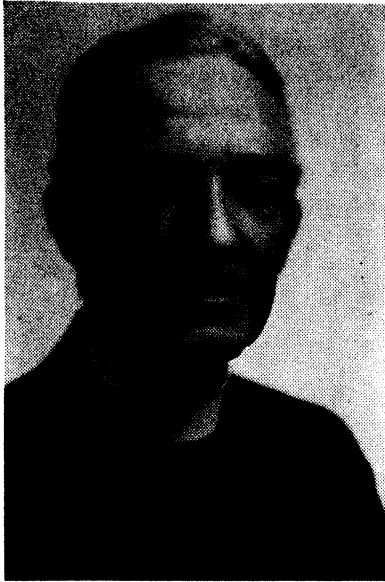
Violet Clifton's last published work is *Charister* (Dent), a poem in varying metres. In this poem Dante explains to one called The Woman the triple nature of the spiritual soul of man, original sin, Redemption and grace, the Resurrection, and the nature of the glorified body. This poem attracted fewer readers than *The Book of Talbot* or *Sanctity*, but the *London Times* Literary Supplement reviewed it under the heading A Spiritual Achievement, and some of the graver reviews praised it. Violet Clifton considers this book to be probably her best work, for she believes that she has shaped some aspects of theology into a poetical form, terse and lucid.

Her last work is to be called *The Book of Voices*: a saga of Peru. It is now in the hands of a reader for a London publisher. Book One is of the Peruvian Inca Kings, the Book of Kings; then follows the Book of Conquerors; and last comes the Book of Saints, the saints of Peru. The Books illustrate the Time of Magic, the Time of Experience, the Time of Religion.

To young Catholic writers, Violet Clifton would say that a writer should not moralize or show like and dislike; but should, as far as he can, reflect truth without the intermeddling of his personal judgments. And that, if a writer has not had the supreme advantage of a classical education, he must try to compensate for that lack by study of his own language, and by a discipline in writing. Do not write as you would talk; write better.

Aim at words exactly fitting your sense, at a crystal clearness; read your writing out loud, for words should be pleasing to hear; they belong to the ear rather than to the eye. Writing demands both a truth to be conveyed and an art for that conveyance. Violet Clifton often quotes a saying of Francois Mauriac, which runs: A man does not write the book that he wishes to write, he writes the book that he deserves to write.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Mrs. Clifton's books include *The Book of Talbot*, 1937, Faber; *Chorister*, 1938, Dent; *Islands of Queen Wilhelmina*, Houghton, *Sanctity*, 1934, Sheed.



**REVEREND JAMES J. DALY,  
S.J.**

*Poet and Essayist*

IF THERE BE ANYONE who will be interested in learning how I became somewhat known as a writer, I shall try to satisfy his curiosity at the risk of being dull. I was born in Chicago, when the city was beginning to recover from the shock of the great fire, in that part of the west side which the fire had not touched. If there were any literary traditions in Chicago at the time, they did not exist in my neighborhood. I cannot explain to myself how I came to like reading. I used to spend my pennies on Mother Goose tales, sold separately in candy-shops for a penny apiece and gorgeously illustrated, until I was old enough to read the adventures of Diamond Dick and Old Cap Collier. These paper-covered novels were not in favor with my parents and my devotion to them had to be exercised discreetly.

I think I was ready to read anything printed and find it interesting.

While I was going to a public school from the age of six to

nine, because the parochial school was too far for short legs in confusing city streets, my mother sent me to the parochial Sunday-school every week in charge of an older boy. We used to receive a copy of the Sunday-school paper for attendance. This paper had three different names and colored covers and styles of format, which rotated every week, *The Mirror*, *The Companion*, and *The Messenger*; a little point which I would like to call to the attention of modern psychologists in religion. The illustrations and matter were mostly about saints and missionaries. I found them entrancing. I am extremely glad the "funnies" had not yet arrived.

One of the few memories surviving those early days is of an incident on my first day at Sunday-school. The school was called the Holy Family School and, while we were waiting for the bell to ring, I glued my face with frank curiosity to a window in the basement where the janitor's family lived. I naturally thought it was the Holy Family. No rudeness was intended.

Sometimes a big boy with forces behind him would waylay us on our way home and commandeer my Sunday-school paper; not because he wanted to read it so much as to provide proof at his home that he had not skipped Sunday-school.

While I was attending the public school, my mother set me a daily task of learning a page of the catechism and arranged with my father to hear me recite it in the evening. Although I believe I usually acquitted myself fairly well (I had better), I cannot say I took too kindly to this very important side of literature. I have always found it hard to memorize anything, although I have always been thankful for whatever I have been forced to memorize. I wish I had done more of it.

The only other incident of those days that I can recall is the finding of a soiled piece of paper flying about on a street, which I picked up and read with devouring eagerness. It was a leaf from Irving's *Life of Columbus* describing the excitement of the crews over the first signs of land at the end of their long voyage.

St. Ignatius College, Chicago, in charge of Jesuits, was a combination high-school and college—three years of high-school and

four of college—with a classical course and a commercial course. My parents entered me in the classical course. I now had plenty of resources in the way of books, with the altar-boys' library, the college library and the public library. I found the first years too easy in the classroom, keeping well to the front without much studying, taking the honors in composition, arithmetic, penmanship and English grammar without effort on knowledge previously acquired in the parochial school. I had books now and time to read them. I liked athletic sports but was never robust enough to be in much demand when contests were being organized. Delicate health probably gave me more opportunities and incentives to read than came to stronger lads.

I would like to observe here that, while poor health may offer abundant chances to read, it is the worst kind of equipment for writing. Contrary to the common belief based on exceptional instances, the most successful writers have been sturdy persons with huge funds of vitality and vigor which could make light of the exhaustion of composition and the accompanying reaction of physical collapse and low spirits. The odds are in favor of the writer who starts out with buoyant health.

I think it was in my first year of college (in modern style, my fourth year of high-school) that I began to appreciate and enjoy literary style. There was a literary coterie among the members of the college classes in which the novelists, poets, and essayists were discussed freely. In the debating society they were sometimes discussed heatedly. One boy in my class (fourth year high) created a sensation by announcing that he had read Locke *On the Understanding*. Most of us had not got beyond Ruskin and Carlyle. I attempted to read that year Newman's *Idea of a University*; but it was too much for me except in conveying some notion of the meaning and value of a liberal education. Three years later a copy of the *Apologia* fell into my hands and I walked about in a sort of ecstasy for several days. The effect of Newman's matchless music and his high, serene, yet impassioned, spirit was actually physical.

The Latin authors who interested me were Ovid, Virgil and

Cicero: but Horace helped me to see the literary value of idiom and brevity. The only Greek author I went for was Homer; probably because, as some Frenchman put it, he makes you feel thirty feet tall; and I was not tall. One year a few of us from various classes in the college used to meet two or three times a week to read Virgil together. We had Sophocles in my last year at college, and I attempted Aeschylus's *Prometheus* with another boy out of school hours without getting very far.

Chicago was becoming literary-minded by this time. Eugene Field was appearing regularly in the *Daily News*; Robert Louis Stevenson's *St. Ives* ran serially in one of the newspapers; and now and then a new poem by Tennyson was a newspaper feature. In fourth year high, I wrote a rather long Christmas story in verse after the manner of Scott for a class composition. The following year the *Daily News* offered money prizes for the best Christmas stories by pupils in Chicago schools, arranged in divisions according to their age. My teacher suggested that I send in my class exercise of the previous year to be entered among the oldest group of contestants between sixteen and eighteen. Mrs. Logan, the wife of General Logan, was the judge, and she awarded a prize to my verses and they were printed in the *News*. The prize was twenty dollars; more money than I have ever since received for verses.

Although I made no appearance in print again for many years, that single foray into public notice gave me among my friends the reputation of a poet, and I was generally called upon whenever an occasion seemed to demand the decoration of verse. I cannot explain this because whatever literary ardor I may have has been mostly directed to the cultivation of prose. The trouble with a reputation is that everyone expects you to live up to it. However, if one has a bent for writing, it almost forces him to develop it.

I became a Jesuit at eighteen. Literature, I think, had something to do with that step. I saw that literature, while it glorified the best in human nature (it has in recent years taken to mockery of the best), affords no very effective measures for translating the

momentary enthusiasm it awakens for goodness into permanent rules of life. Indeed, that is not its office. At one and the same time it makes us feel virtuous and affords excuses and palliations for lapses. I had begun to experience the slackening effects of literature on my hold of certain essential truths; and, as these truths were vastly more important than literature, I decided to do what I could to hang on to them.

For seven years after becoming a Jesuit, I wrote a great deal, I dare say, for my own amusement, filling note-books with odds and ends, but nothing for publication. In the five-year teaching interval during my Jesuit studies, I taught Latin, Greek, English and history at St. Louis University, and also had charge of a monthly college publication for three years and of a bi-monthly for two. These periodicals aimed to be literary and contained contributions from the faculty as well as from the students. As editor, I had a fine opportunity for printing my own things: sometimes it was a necessity when contributions ran low.

After my ordination I resumed teaching in 1907. During my second year Father Wynne started *America* on its successful course in the spring of 1909 and I contributed a few articles for the early numbers. It was my first appearance before the general public. *America* needed a literary editor and I was selected for the post in September.

And that is how I became known as a writer of sorts. There is not much more to be said. I returned to teaching after two years of literary editorship, but continued to write articles and reviews during moments of leisure. Writing ceased to be my main occupation for nine years when it was again resumed on my appointment to the staff of *The Queen's Work*, where I remained, excepting a year in England, for five years. Then back to teaching, but on a diminished scale which gave me more time for writing. At this time I became one of the non-resident editors of *Thought*, a quarterly published in New York as an adjunct of *America* until a few years ago when it became a publication of the Fordham University.

My new leisure gave me time to become an author of books.

In 1921 my superior had asked me to write a pamphlet on St. John Berchmans whose third centenary was celebrated that year. The pamphlet turned into a small book, a study of the saint, which was published in the autumn. It is little known. My period of authorship may be said to begin ten years later with the appearance of *A Cheerful Ascetic*. It will be seen that I was nearly sixty at the time. No one can accuse me of rushing into authorship prematurely. In the succeeding decade came *Boscobel and Other Rimes*, *The Road to Peace*, a *Memoir of Nicholas Frederic Brady* (for private circulation), and *The Jesuit in Focus*.

The one great advantage in being a writer is to be able to do something towards keeping alive in the world what I have called above the essential truths of life which every literary art is being employed to distort and bury out of sight. Louise Imogen Guiney, in one of her letters to me, said in the words of a great French Catholic writer, "Let us crucify ourselves upon our pens." It ought to be the motto of every Catholic writer. If he does not crucify his love of fame and popularity and the approval of smart critics in the only cause that can really help mankind, he is making a mean and shabby use of his talents. The finished careers of Newman and G. K. Chesterton shine like sparks in what is becoming the jungle of literature. They had brilliant talents; but, if our equipment be only a sling and a few stones, let us go down hurling them at the powers of darkness.

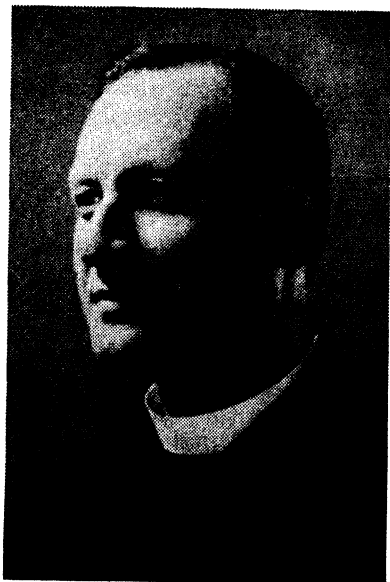
There is only one compensation in this world for the sense of failure in not knowing whether your stones hit or miss: you win the inestimable friendship of kindred souls. I have often been asked how I came to know Joyce Kilmer. It was shortly after I had left New York. Louis Wetmore, an enthusiastic young convert, was editor of the *New York Times* Review of Books. He asked me to write signed articles and reviews for him and I complied. I liked the contributions of a certain Joyce Kilmer who wrote like a Catholic but of whom I had never heard. In a letter to a friend in New York I made enquiries. My friend replied at once telling me that Kilmer was not a Catholic and



enclosed a note from Kilmer thanking me for my good opinion of his work and asking if he might correspond with me. That was the beginning of a friendship which I look back upon with unalloyed affection and admiration. Joyce Kilmer owned uncommon literary gifts, but his chief interest in them was their availability in something higher and more precious than literature.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Since 1931 Father Daly has been professor of English at the University of Detroit. His books include: *St. John Berchmans*, 1921, Kenedy; *A Cheerful Ascetic, and Other Essays*, 1931, Bruce, *Boscobel, and Other Rimes*, 1934, Bruce; *The Road to Peace*, 1936, Bruce; *The Jesuit in Focus*, 1940, Bruce.

**REVEREND FRANCIS H.  
DRINKWATER**



IT HAPPENS that I am a priest (*Deo gratias* for that) and all my books have arisen out of pastoral work—they are all concerned, one way or another, with teaching the Faith. So I welcome frankly this opportunity of making them known; and if I add a spot of autobiography it is only a fair return to this book and its publishers for such a free advertisement.

My first book (about the age of ten?) was written in a small note-book in pencilscrip*t* imitating print, and took the form of a Life of the Duke of Wellington, with numerous illustrations by the author. It was concerned entirely, I may say, with the Duke's military exploits. Also it was written, as I suppose the greatest literature always is, for the author's own satisfaction rather than for any public; and I have never risen to those heights since.

It was at Oscott College (by that time a central seminary for clerics only) that I began to see things of mine in print, chiefly in college magazines: little articles on Shakespeare or philosophy, also short stories of an adolescent brand of humor. Once a Catholic weekly home-periodical gave me a prize of a guinea or so in

a short-story competition; the story was about an imaginary priest in the September Massacres, and I was very particular even then about getting all the historical detail correct. The nom-de-plume I used was Kjartan, evidently because I had just been reading some Icelandic saga. In my last year or two at the Seminary, I was the editor of the college magazine. It was in those days a very staid and official production, though written entirely by students. One of my issues caused trouble owing to an article in praise of tobacco. A friend of mine, now Canon Harold Sugden of Bath, had written it for a literary society, and we printed it for a joke, as there was a rule against smoking. The Rector did not see the joke. The magazine had already reached the students, but all copies destined to go by post were suppressed, and a new edition printed without the offending article. After that the magazine had to be censored beforehand by one of the professors.

One notable book I read while at Oscott was G. K. Chesterton's *Orthodoxy*. Another was Fouard's *St. Peter*. But it would take too long to explain why these two books had such a sudden and integrating effect on my mind.

After being ordained in 1910, I was an assistant-priest at St. Peter's, Leamington, a pleasant town, known to many Americans; but it had its slums too. My rector was Canon William Barry from whose conversation there was much to be learned about history and suchlike. I remember it was my job to run the parish monthly magazine there, and I tried to give it a local social-justice twist, for I had caught an interest in such matters from Monsignor Henry Parkinson at Oscott. With eagerness I used to read the weekly *Eyewitness*, founded by that towering genius Hilaire Belloc and continued later under other titles by the Chestertons. Another weekly paper I read was Orage's *New Age*. Over and above the stimulus of their ideas, these papers proved by their very existence that small freeminded periodicals, without any money behind them and without advertisements, could still exist and have great influence, even though practically unknown to the public.

At Leamington it was part of my duties to go into the schools (chiefly the girls and the "infants," another priest looked after the boys). Amongst the Sisters in charge was Sister Cyril, who was a bit of a genius in her way (what fun if she reads this, in her retirement in the Mother House infirmary!) and I got some insight into the possibilities in teaching and the rewarding companionship of children. Sister Cyril was good at getting up plays too. I spent a good deal of time preparing the little first-communicants. Pius X's decree was still recent, and we were realizing how right he was, and how necessary it was to get down to their age-level, discarding the old parrot-catechism at least for this purpose.

Well, the war came and in May 1915 I went to France with the soldiers and was with them four years. I found what I expect army chaplains find today—that most of the men had given up Mass and sacraments in peace time, but that Catholic men—if they had been at a Catholic school—had a real religion to come back to, not because of the Catechism they had learned like parrots, but because they remembered how to go to confession and communion.

But their usual reason for giving up Mass and sacraments was that there had been too much compulsion about these at school.

Obviously the psychological conclusion for the Catholic to draw was: teach children to understand these practical things of religion, and train them to do them *of their own free will*. In the last month of the war I lay in hospital with lots of time to ponder the above discoveries. I remember how a great packet of several weeks' mail arrived, including some issues of Orage's *New Age*, and it must have been then that I settled on the idea of starting a little monthly paper myself with the £100 or more I had saved of my army pay. In May 1919 I got away from the army, after several months' light duty at Aldershot, where I had time to write a lot of stuff for the new paper, the first number of which duly appeared in June. It was a monthly journal of Catholic education, called *The Sower*, and I am glad to recall that one of the articles in that first number was an account by Arch-

bishop Keating of Liverpool (as he was later) on that true pioneer-soul of better religious instruction, Dr. Thomas Shields of the Catholic University of America.

The commencement of *The Sower* was hampered by business arrangements which proved unsatisfactory. But we managed to survive that, and kept alive with a circulation which was small but of good quality and spread over the English-speaking world. I had some wonderful literary helpers, but they were all as unknown as myself, except Father Martindale, S.J., who contributed a little series on apologetics. After a year or so, Mr. James Britten, the founder of the Catholic Truth Society, of which he was still Secretary, persuaded his Committee to reprint some of my *Sower* articles in a shilling booklet called *Religion in School*. (The work is now included in a larger volume called *The Givers*.) This, and his warm appreciation freely expressed, provided a recognition which put *The Sower* on a firm enough basis, though always living from hand to mouth financially.

Getting out a monthly periodical, however small, proved to be rather burdensome (for after the war I had been put in charge of one of the Birmingham parishes), so after a few years we enlarged *The Sower* to a respectable size and made it a quarterly. From 1926 it was edited by others until 1939, when I had to take it over again from Father S. J. Gosling who went to the army. So far it has managed to survive the vicissitudes of this war and it still appears regularly though reduced in size and price.

Meanwhile, in 1922, as a result of *The Sower's* campaign for better methods of religious instruction, its editor had been made diocesan Inspector of Schools (something like Diocesan Superintendents in the United States, but concerned only with the religious part of the school-work). "Get rid of that wretched parrot-system," said Archbishop McIntyre. So we made a new Scheme of Religious Instruction for the Birmingham diocese, introducing modifications as time went on due to experience, and soon we found that aid-books for teachers are just as necessary in religion (if it is to be taught intelligently) as in other subjects. So these aid-books have been appearing over the last

twenty years, and there is now a complete range of them for elementary-school teachers in every grade. They are not ready-made lessons, but books of material where the teachers can always lay hand on just what is wanted. The chief are *Doctrine for the Juniors*, which helps the teacher who may feel lost without a catechism in the younger classes, and for the teacher of older children, *Teaching the Catechism*, and *Catechism Stories*. I don't believe much in pupil's text-books, and have therefore never written any. The important thing is the living teacher, and that is where I have concentrated all the support I have been able to give.

Such teachers' aid-books in religion were not previously thought of in England, and even now there are scarcely any but these *Sower* books.

Sometimes for *The Sower* I have written short one-act plays for children of various ages. Some of these were collected in a book called *Gabriel's Ave*, and others exist only in the back numbers of the journal. These plays always arise from a germ-idea that comes vivid and suddenly. You make a rough note of it (if you are wise) and then it lies more or less forgotten in the mind maybe for years; then some day for some reason you take it up again, sketch out a sort of scenario including the general sense of the dialogue (this is the difficult and strenuous part); and then write the dialogue more or less fully, and finally a clean copy adding (the pleasantest part of the work!) the stage-directions.

I forget when it was that my first book of sermon-notes appeared. It was mostly notes dating from the Leamington days. I thought priests might like them, just as teachers liked my teaching notes. The volume was published in modest anonymity, and it got sold somehow. But when the publisher wanted to reprint it, he was urgent to have a name on it because he said anonymous books were so handicapped. So the point was conceded, and since then there have been several of these sermon-books. One was called *Two Hundred Evening Sermon-Notes*; but when an edition was printed for the United States, they omitted the word

Evening, because (they said) in America they never have sermons in the evening. They surely have their clergy well under control!

The notes in these books were mostly rough notes, not full-dress prose, and priests tell me that such notes are helpful to set their minds working. But I'm afraid you cannot call them literature. I think I caught the idea properly one day when I was leaning on a bookcase in Oscott library, looking through two volumes of similar notes by Father Faber; collected after his death, I fancy. Probably I ought to have been otherwise employed (in fact the Rector came in and told me so); still I think one's most fruitful moments of study are often, so to speak, unofficial. Father Faber was a real genius and a great religious poet, though he did not mind writing much second-rate stuff too. Where you get apparent incompatibles united in one mind (as for instance the Wordsworthian and Roman influences in Faber) the result is real originality of some kind.

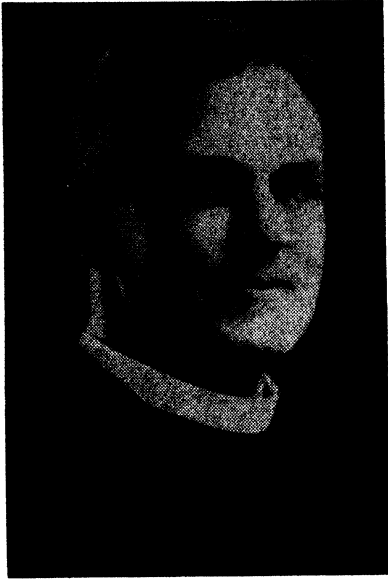
Another set of my books, addressed oddly enough to an entirely different public, is concerned with social justice and (as the necessary key to social justice) reform of the money-system. These began as newspaper articles in the early thirties, when there was a good deal of unemployment and needless poverty in Britain, and it seemed that somebody ought to be making a noise about it. Pius XI had recently written *Quadragesimo Anno*, but even Catholics seemed hardly aware of it. People like me said that a bad economical and financial system would explode into war; and so it has. There is nothing mysterious about the remedies; but most people in England were and are too tired to think. Probably after the war, America will have more say than England in such matters; but unless the right remedies are applied, there will be more depressions and more wars. *Seven Addresses on Social Justice* is the book that still sums up what I have to say on these topics. If only I could think it would be out-of-date after the war!

No budding author, I hope, will let his manner of writing be much influenced by my journalistic style, which has been altogether too strident. Often it was necessary to shout in order to

be heard. Some of the quieter bits may be not too bad. I should like to think that some of my little plays may be permanently useful; the writing of them was something that I enjoyed, something that needed no excuse or justification, something that seemed worth while doing for its own sake, like saying Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE Father Drinkwater's books include *Catechism Stories*, 1939, Burns, Oates; *Gabriel's Ave*, 1936, Burns, Oates; *The Givers*, 1926, Benziger; *Homily Notes on the Sunday Gospels*, 1926, Burns, Oates, *Money and Social Justice*, 1934, Burns, Oates, *Prayers Worth Learning by Heart*, 1929, Sheed; *Readings and Addresses for the Holy Hour*, Burns, Oates; *Rough Sermon Notes on the Sunday Gospels*, 2d edition, 1935, Burns, Oates; *Sermon Notes on the Sunday Propers*, 1931, Herder; *Teaching the Catechism*, 1936, Burns, Oates; *Two Hundred Evening Sermon Notes*, 2d edition, 1934, Herder, *Why Not End Poverty?*, 1935, Burns, Oates; *My Church Book*, 1942, Burns, Oates.





**VERY REVEREND OWEN  
FRANCIS DUDLEY**

**Novelist**

**FATHER DUDLEY** relates how, at Suva in the South Sea Islands, a native woman held up her little black picaninny to him and said, "Vat ees Owen Francis Dudley." She had been reading one of his books previous to its birth and had decided to name it after the author.

It was not until he was on his lecturing tour in various parts of the world, in 1938–1939, that he realised how widely his books were read, and that his audiences everywhere were largely due to the fact. During the public questioning following the lectures, his books were continually cropping up. On one occasion, in a college auditorium in the United States, one of the written questions sent up to the platform ran: "Are you yourself the Masterful Monk? Yes or No." He found the questions in America extremely candid, sometimes rather embarrassingly personal, but always revealing an intense interest in the moral, social and Catholic questions of the day on which he was speaking. He also found the university and college boys and girls the reverse of what he had expected, not hardboiled and sophisticated, but

genuinely spontaneous. "I like you immensely," he exclaimed with equal spontaneity from the platform, on more than one occasion.

Father Dudley was frequently amused at the publicity methods adopted by Americans. In one place where he was lecturing, he found himself dumped down at a table in the middle of a store's department, which looked uncommonly like Women's Wear, a stack of his own books around him, with people buying and presenting them to him for his autograph. A considerable portion of his tour everywhere was given up to autographing his books.

If you were to ask Father Dudley why he became a writer, you would be informed, "I became a writer because I am a Catholic. There's something to write about when you're a Catholic." He would tell you that whether he is writing a book, or an article for the Press, or a broadcast, he is writing as a Catholic and for the Faith, even if it be only to bring in the teachings of the Church indirectly. He doubts if he could write at all if he were not a Catholic. It might be imagined that this limits his field to narrow margins. On the contrary, his pen travels over every field open to the human mind. There is nothing, he maintains, upon which the Faith cannot touch; in fact, only a Catholic can write in a catholic way, seeing things *humano modo*, through the all-seeing eye of God, by virtue of being in possession of the Truth.

Father Dudley came to create his individual books as movements and tendencies of the day seemed to require them. *Will Men be like Gods?* was really an answer to the Positivist and Humanitarian vogue sponsored by H. G. Wells, and given a fresh impetus by the Great War of 1914-18, and attractively dished up with the splendours of a materialistic Utopia on earth. The author set himself the task of proving by sheer reason that such an Utopia, even if achieved, could never carry with it the happiness for which men craved: "All the things of this world and all their vanishing glory could never satisfy one single human being;" human happiness can never be attained in the Kingdom of Man. The human soul reaches out inevitably, of its own nature, to something beyond this world and beyond all that this world

can give, to a final end which is not in this world, or of this world, and alone is attained in the Kingdom of God.

*The Shadow on the Earth* is an examination of the problem of evil and suffering, also occasioned by the War and its hideousness. Its purpose is to reconcile the world as we find it with the eternal love of God Who created it.

*The Masterful Monk* is an answer to the Rationalist attack on man's moral nature, and was Father Dudley's first novel in the strict sense. Father Anselm Thornton now emerges from the shadowy and symbolic figure of *The Shadow on the Earth* into the intensely vital person whose physical and intellectual vigor dominates the story and, incidentally, the sinister efforts of Julian Verrers the apostate.

In *Pageant of Life*, which, by the way, Father Dudley prefers to all his other books, we meet that strangely pathetic but immensely lovable young man, Cyril Rodney, whose character and heroic ending has stirred the author's readers so deeply. To the question continually asked of him as to whether Cyril Rodney was an actual person known to him personally, Father Dudley has never given a categorical yes or no: "I prefer to leave him veiled in mystery."

*The Coming of the Monster* is a dramatic exposure of Bolshevism in all its forms and of everything for which it stands—the world's revolt against God and Christianity. The field of its action extends from Moscow to Hollywood and London to Paris, the sweep of its drive and urgency in sharp contrast with the localised action of *The Tremaynes and the Masterful Monk* amidst the bays and cliffs of North Cornwall. This last novel is an intensive character study of two brothers and, incidentally, probes the problem of cruelty in human nature. Published during the second Great War, it strikes a singularly appropriate note.

It may be of interest to Father Dudley's American readers to learn that a considerable stock of his books perished in the great city fire during the Battle of London. They were all in print again, however, half a year later. He is now engaged on a new novel.

Father Dudley receives endless letters in connection with what he writes from every kind of person. Catholic and non-Catholic, from every portion of the globe, wherever his books run. He always answers these letters; for they concern human souls and problems of human life. Frequently his books are the occasions of conversions to the Faith. He would like to see a whole host of Catholic novelists writing for the Faith, and believes it would result in the conversion of thousands, provided that the Catholic novels in question were in every respect up to the best standards in modern novel writing.

In regard to Catholic literature in general, and as at present being published, Father Dudley has formed a strong opinion: that Catholic writers are writing far too much and spoiling themselves as writers in doing so. Almost inevitably, once a man acquires the "abominable habit" of producing a book or more a year, he is in danger of becoming shallow, losing his originality, and merely repeating himself or others. He considers that only in very exceptional cases can a book of outstanding merit, and worth reading, be published from one pen without an interstice of two years or so from the publication of its predecessor. An author who does not allow himself time to form new ideas, to acquire new material, to evolve new thinkage, to study further, to do fresh research, will merely dwindle off into banalities and truisms and lose his literary soul in the common rut.

As regards Catholic novels in particular, it is his belief that, although a limited number may attain literary success, yet the majority fail owing to lack of vision and imagination, as well as from incompetence; also to the introduction of sloppy piety, which is fatal.

He considers that a Catholic novelist, to appeal widely, must possess wide vision, knowledge, experience and intense feeling; he must envisage, in a big way, the big things of life and death; he must not be satisfied with a mere catechism knowledge of the Faith, imagining that sufficient. It is *not* sufficient. The Catholic novelist must be deeply grounded in philosophy and theology. All great writers have been deeply grounded in their own subject, in their own line. Msgr. Robert Hugh Benson was the

Catholic novelist *par excellence* with a sweeping vision and knowledge of life; everything he wrote issued from his own intense feeling; his philosophy and theology were not just something he had learned. He made them his own; part of himself. Many priests of his day may have been more technically grounded in philosophy and theology, but few could use them and apply them practically as Benson could. It was in his application that he excelled, and succeeded where others failed, as well as in his immensely attractive presentation.

Father Dudley believes that the failure of so many who have attempted Catholic novels, is the failure of those who lack equipment; that, for universal appeal, for powerful writing, philosophy and theology are the *sine qua non*. Without them the Catholic novelist is without confidence in what he is writing, and his whole novel will be coloured with that lack of confidence, and therefore essentially weak.

Another source of weakness and failure has been lack of experience of life. You can write effectively only out of your own experience of life; second-hand stuff never rings true. Catholic novelists, again, have lacked the human touch. The secret of *Beau Geste*, Wren's novel and one of the greatest of the century, is the sublimely human touch; so also of *Journey's End*, Sheriff's play. Father Dudley is doubtful whether the human touch can be acquired; if a Catholic novelist is without it, he will merely be stilted and prosaic—and a bore.

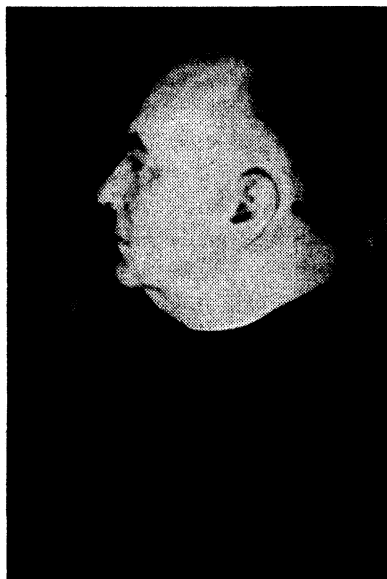
Of Catholic literature in general, Father Dudley is insistent that there should be a "break-away" from the tame, ordinary kind of thing that has been written again and again, especially in regard to doctrinal books setting forth the Faith before the general public. There has been such an immense amount of repetition, and lack of originality in treatment. There have been outstanding works by American Catholic authors, such as Dr. Fulton Sheen's, packed with original thinkage. American Catholic authors as well as English, who put out their *own* thinkage, like Dr. Sheen, will succeed in reaching a far wider Catholic and non-Catholic public than at present.

Father Dudley is afraid that Catholicism has exerted only too

little influence on literature in general of recent years, owing to the rarity of authors of real literary merit. There is also the fact that Catholics are up against a terrific combination of adverse forces in writing for the Faith: the World, the Flesh and the Devil, bigotry and hostility. There is also the fact that the Catholic public, in America, he believes, as well as in England, do not support Catholic authors to the extent they should. Some splendid works by really first-class authors have been completely ignored.

There is a golden maxim advocated by Father Dudley for would-be Catholic authors: Write out of your own heart, out of your own imagination, out of your own knowledge; out of a full heart, a vivid imagination, and a deep knowledge.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Father Dudley, who was born in 1882, served in the Anglican ministry from 1911 until he became a Catholic in 1915. Ordained at Rome in 1917, he began his priestly ministry as a Chaplain to the British Gunners on the Italian and French fronts in the first World War. After recovering from war wounds, he joined the Catholic Missionary Society in 1919 and has been Superior of the Society since 1933. In the second World War, the mission house of the Society has been moved from Brondesbury Park, near London, to Northwood, in Middlesex. Father Dudley has lectured throughout England, Wales, Canada, the United States, and the Far East. His books, all published by Longmans, Green & Co., include *Will Men Be like Gods?* (1924), *The Shadow on the Earth* (1926), *The Masterful Monk* (1929), *Pageant of Life* (1932), *The Coming of the Monster* (1936), *The Tremaynes and the Masterful Monk* (1941).



**REVEREND GERALD W. E.  
DUNNE**

*Poet*

**MY ADVENT** (the last of ten children) into this fallen world, (according to the baptismal record at St. Rose Church, Lima, Ohio), took place on the ninth of November in the year 1886. This, my coming, I have celebrated in a valentine poem entitled "To My Mother."

My father, Edward Dunne, was a native of the town of Cahir, County Tipperary, Ireland, and came to New York with his mother and an elder brother, at the age of nineteen. It was during the Civil War that these three, under the direction of my father, trekked westward to the heart of the Black Swamp in northwestern Ohio. In the depths of this wild region one of the best young men who ever left Ireland met and married Mary Delphine O'Boyle, she who was to become one of the most ideal mothers that America has yet produced. I have attempted in my recent poem, "Emigration," to give a romantic rendering to the little episode here referred to, which poem, by the way, is used to introduce my latest volume. Soon both parents became omniverous readers and, too, both (particularly my father) were very fond

of poetry. In our home oral reading now became the order of the day—no radios, no movies, thank God—but evenings and Sunday afternoons made delightful by the sound of my mother's alto voice reading to the assembled family the works of the O'Haras, Gerald Griffin, Father Tom Burke, O.P., Thomas Moore, John Boyle O'Reilly, Thomas Davis, John Mitchell, Carrolton, D'Arcy McGee; and such periodicals as the *Boston Pilot* and the *New York Freeman's Journal*.

In my cradle days mother accidentally discovered that reading aloud seemed to soothe her restless infant to the same degree as did the singing of lullabys. No doubt it was due to these soft repeated readings that I developed an ear for cadenced sentences and acquired a collegian's vocabulary at a very tender age.

Prescinding from an unfinished novel (now lost), there is still extant in an ancient autograph album a short poem from my mother's pen, which I, in the summer of 1940, recast in sonnet form, using the first three words of the original as the title: "When Children Pray."

I attended St. Rose Parish School from 1892 to 1904, when, due to my ability with pencil and brush, and at the suggestion of the late Msgr. Manning, my formal schooling was cut short for six hectic years in the engineerin'g field, as a mechanical and architectural draftsman; at which work I fitted like a whale in a kitchen sink.

I had early intended to make painting my life work, despite the fact that the thought of the priesthood had haunted me from childhood; and finally in the autumn of 1910, throwing my T-square and triangles to the four winds, I left my home town for the University of Dayton, then St. Mary's Institute.

I was wont in childhood to compose couplets which I recited in tragic manner to myself, and occasionally recited them with misgivings to others. It was during the Spanish American War, as nearly as I can recall, that I ventured to set down in writing my verses. Again, in high school, I succeeded in receiving a modicum of praise for a pretentious bit of doggeral of some ten or twelve stanzas, enunciating the glories of my Easter vacation. However, it was under the tutelage of Dr. Francis J. O'Reilly, S.M., now at



the Marianist College at Sioux Falls, Iowa, that my yen for the writing of poetry was revived. At Dayton, therefore, this budding poet contributed verse, short stories and essays to the school magazine, *The Exponent*, for which he was assistant editor, and was runner-up for the Chicago Alumni Diamond Medal for Poetry. Too, during these six years I won and held the mythical heavy-weight belt, boxing all comers so long as they were matriculated students.

Having taken my B.A. degree in 1916, I attended Mt. St. Mary of the West Seminary in Cincinnati. June 10, 1922 I was ordained priest at St. Francis de Sales Cathedral in Toledo, by Most Reverend Samuel A. Stritch. My spare time during these twelve years, 1910 to 1922, especially during the summer months, was spent in courting the elusive coquette "Poesy," in reading the poets, studying their technique, and producing original sketches.

After my ordination, poetry was forgotten for a time in the dizzy rush of parish work; and at the behest of Bishop Stritch in inaugurating an original system of instruction in the teaching of mechanical drawing at Central Catholic High School in Toledo.

What with summer schooling, and the acquiring of a Master's Degree, "Poesy" was left to her own devices. But with the course established to my liking and in full swing, the Muse again put in her appearance, and, losing my head entirely, I wrote feverishly, collected and revised my earlier work and in 1928 brought out a lean book entitled *Poems*. It was at this period that the hectic days began in earnest. Deep in the maelstrom, hard driven by the offices of Diocesan Civil Surveyor, Diocesan Historian, instructor in mechanical drawing, religion and public speaking, wrestling with upwards of two hundred fifty boys daily, battling with bad eyes and a constitution not too robust, I succeeded in 1930 in publishing my second volume, *Diwan*, and in 1935, my third, *Songsmith*; and in acquiring the honorary degree of Litt.D., a Eugene Field Bronze Medal for having made outstanding contribution to contemporary literature for the year 1936, and in being made honorary corresponding member of the French Institute of Literature and Arts, a year later. During this period, I con-

tributed prose and poetry from time to time to *The Catholic World* and other periodicals.

And now in 1942, with the help of bad eyes and good friends, I have succeeded in the publication of my fourth volume of poems, which I have dedicated to Our Lady Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, and entitled, under her patronage, *Gilmary*.

EDITOR'S NOTE Fifty new poems, as well as those which first appeared in *Poems*, *Diwan*, and *Songsmuth* (with revisions), are presented in *Gilmary*, which is published by the Toledo Artcraft Co., 129 North Erie Street, Toledo, Ohio.



**SISTER M. FIDES GLASS,  
S.C.**

"WHEN GOD CLOSES A DOOR He opens a window." My door has been closed for six years, and my window open. I have been writing for publication only that length of time. During these years I have spent a great number of months in the hospital lying very still, for I have a broken and leaking heart.

All my life my love for beauty was more or less satisfied by the pictures I made in pastel, watercolors and oil paints. Art became my profession along with my vocation to the order of Mother Seton Sisters of Charity at Seton Hill in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. My order trained me in art, sending me to the best schools. I studied under Charles W. Hawthorne at Provincetown, Cape Cod, and with Christian J. Walter at his outdoor classes in Ligonier Valley. I received a Bachelor's Degree in Fine Art from the Carnegie Institute of Technology, and was elected to a membership in the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh, and became an exhibitor.

During all these student years I spent my summers teaching art. In 1930 I was sent forth as Art Supervisor in the parochial

schools of two dioceses. My life work was settled. I was to be a teacher of art in the schools until the decrepitude of old age should halt me. Never would I paint the murals I had hoped to do or the canvases I had dreamed of in my youth; but doing the will of God was a better thing and I was happy. But my dreams still came to me and found some sort of expression in verses which I took to writing at night. This had been my custom more or less all my life. Usually I tore the verses up in the morning. A few I kept and revised. This writing was my safety valve, and I cared nothing about verse structure or forms. It wasn't a serious ailment and I was always better in the morning after a siege of rhyme during the night.

My first rather large attempt at writing was the outcome of a reform notion that took possession of me and worked itself out into a beautiful dramatic piece called "Pageant of the Saints." The idea possessed me first in Sacred Heart Church, Pittsburgh. I was art teacher in the High School there and made many a visit to that famous sanctuary. It gave me a perpetual emotion of medievalism. I seemed to live again in the ages when Kings and Queens were Saints, when Princes were Crusaders and Knights spent hours in vigil before the tabernacled Lord. It was drawing close to Halloween and I was in distress over the prospect of the usual goings on in the city of Pittsburgh. There would again be horrible, shrieking, demonic masquerade parades that seemed to convey a spirit of hell. Halloween meant Holy Evening, but the young people made worse than pandemonium of it. By way of contrast, I saw in my mind's eye a gorgeous, colorful and dignified procession from one city church to another of Kings, Queens, Princes and Princesses, Knights, Monks, Nuns and Saints of all ranks, some even on horses and carrying banners, all singing praises to God. There is not space here to tell all I saw.

I wrote my vision to Father Daniel Lord and he advised me to begin in a smaller way. I sighed and took my art class into my confidence. We were studying period costume. I let each pupil select a Saint and make a drawing in colors of how the Saint might have dressed. Each student wrote a history in the first person of the Saint. We used only female Saints, for my class was all

girls. They were enthused and soon we had the entire student-body and faculty gazing at our painted Saints. I told my gorgeous dream to one of the Sisters and showed her Father Lord's letter. Before I knew what I was getting into, I was bowled over into writing a pageant, and the play was on. The painted costumes became realities. The English teacher became my co-worker. Soon the entire school was interested and the Pageant of the Saints in an abridged form thrilled an audience. A letter from the art teacher of a prominent High School said when she left the hall it seemed like leaving heaven and stepping back again to dismal earth. I never have kept fan mail but sometimes I regret that I tore up all those beautiful letters. The Pageant has not yet come true as in my first dream of its magnificent completeness.

A few years later, a teacher at the same school asked me to write a little play about Mother Seton. I said I would try. As I went about supervising, I carried a small pad of paper and schemed the play. Like a snowball it grew, until finally I had to stay at my home convent with it. Each school had become interested and wanted to be in it. I called it "In God's Design," and when it was finally staged in Pittsburgh, February, 1935, all the schools of our order were represented. It was shown three times, and on children's matinee day we gave the police of Pittsburgh a burdensome traffic job. Only the schools of the Sisters of Charity were to have been given a free day, but the nuns of all the teaching orders, who had seen the play the previous Sunday, sent their pupils free also. I was blamed for the pandemonium that followed, for chartered cars came from all directions and emptied out squirming hordes of children. The children could not all get into the great hall; many had to go home again. I felt like the Pied Piper. "In God's Design" will never be forgotten for more reasons than that it was a very impressive pageant. But I do not think that I am an author. Things like that just happen to me. Others take hold and make it a success.

With that grand finale I went out. I managed to teach school art to a class of nuns the following summer vacation, but early in the fall the door of my activity closed. The doctor's verdict was digitalis and an easy chair for the rest of my life. After half a

year in the hospital, I returned to Seton Hill, to a pleasant room where I can see the foothills of Westmoreland County, especially the high hill just beyond which my great-grandfather lies buried in old Mount Carmel Cemetery. He was Patrick McDermott of County Fermaugh, Ireland, and was born the same year as Mother Seton, 1774.

At first I missed the boys and girls who used to shout: "Oh, here comes the drawing Sister!" And then, clustering around me, would beg me: "S'ter, come to our room first." Children love drawing. They love pictures. And now when I write I address my stories to the children for whom I used to draw.

I still write verse at night. A short time before I became ill I had an opportunity to study versification. The ballad form suited me best: I could tell a story. I chose for my examination subject Father Will Whalen's book, *The Golden Squaw*. I received a Grade A from a very discriminating teacher; then I hand-lettered and illustrated the ballad and sent it to Father Whalen. In no time it was published and he began sending me reviews and I began to receive fan letters. I did not save any of them. Surely I was not an author! I wrote the ballad as a class exercise and gave it to my good friend to please him.

In 1937 I came upon an old book, *The Life of Prince Demetrius Gallitzin*, by Sarah Brownson. It was out of print for twenty-five years. The Alleghenies were my native mountains and the Prince my special hero. I had often brooded over the fact that he was forgotten. My mother and I had lamented together over his dilapidated altar in his forsaken chapel after we had visited it in 1920, before the Sisters of Mercy had repaired it. I questioned the young Sisters who attended my room on their knowledge of Father Gallitzin. Some had never heard of him. I begged the College English teacher to write his life over again, but she declared that her teaching allowed her no leisure for such an undertaking. "Why don't you write it yourself?" she said. "You are sitting here all day in contemplation."

So hesitatingly I took up my pen. But I must do it if Father Gallitzin's memory was to be revived and his example perpetuated. I started October, 1937, and by December 8 it was written

to my imaginery audience of children. December, 1938, it was finished, illustrated and published, and in less than a year it was in its second printing. The publisher omitted from the title page: "For boys and girls."

While I was writing the last chapter, an old Sister of ninety-two brought me an ancient picture of the Prince and on the back was written that his death occurred May 6, 1840. Then I realized for the first time that I was bringing back his memory for the centenary of his death. I wrote to the Vice-Chancellor of the Diocese of Altoona and immediately preparation began for a celebration. A great Pageant was staged the following May to an audience of ten thousand people.

God used me for an instrument and Father Gallitzin's shrine is now rejuvenated in a wonderful way, far beyond my most extreme desires. Relics have been collected from far and wide. The chapel house has been made the headquarters for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the Diocese. The old cemetery has been restored. Pilgrims visit Father Gallitzin's tomb every day. My little book, *The Prince Who Gave His Gold Away*, is still in wide circulation. It has even traveled over to England and received favorable comments there. But does that make me an author? If I were told to write a book and a subject chosen for me, I would find myself helpless; because I do not write from the source of intellectual knowledge. Mine is meagre. I write from a full heart, and rather comically it is broken and leaking!

Lately I decided to present my author-benefactor, Father Whalen, with a little manuscript, if he would accept it. And now *Jesus the Divine Physician* has just been published. I wrote it as though I were two people: one writing and the other illustrating.

I do not think I shall ever be a real author. I feel it is too late for me to begin to study the art of literary expression. Besides I possess an uncanny secret which I shall now tell: my writings are heredity blossoming out in me. In an old carpet bag I found verses written by my great uncle, William B. Conway; and mine sound just like his. He was called The Iowa Minstrel, and was first Secretary of that Territory. I wrote to Iowa and through the Historical Society discovered that he was an artist and that

he designed the seal of the Territory that is now used by the University of Iowa. He did other designing as well. He was the author of one book, now in the rare book collection of the Library of Congress in Washington. It is titled *The Cottage on the Cliff: A Tale of the American Revolution*. I possess six or seven of his poems, among which is a very long one that should be reprinted in these times. It is called "The Bribed Legislator."

My mother, Mr. Conway's grand-niece, wrote poems to amuse her children. I treasure one written for me on my nineteenth year and my first birthday in the convent. Here it is:

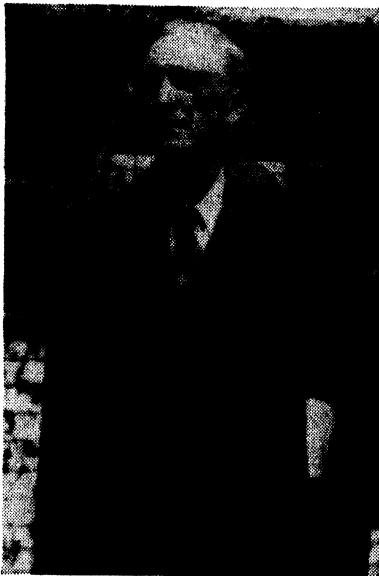
Time restores to earth each year  
All it took away.  
Snows depart and birds appear,  
Woods turn green from gray,  
Blossoms fill the orchard tree,  
Wintry skies grow blue.

Everything comes back to me.  
But . . . not you!

If by any chance I am an author it is not because I set out to be one, but because the door of active life closed and God sent the guardian angel of one of my ancestors to open a window.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sister M. Fides Glass, of the Sisters of Charity, is the author of *The Ballad of the Golden Squaw*, 1930, Buechler Publishing Co., Belleville, Ill.; *The Prince Who Gave His Gold Away*, 1938, B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis; *Jesus, the Divine Physician*, 1942, Buechler. She was also scribe and illustrator for *Happy Memories of a Sister of Charity* the life-story of Sister Mary Xavier Farrell, 1941, Herder.





**WILLIAM WHITES GRAVES**

**THE LOVE OF WRITING** when it first takes hold of a man's heart, must be something akin to volunteering to enlist in your country's service, or taking up the subject of medicine just for the love of your fellow man. It is a good bit like being inoculated with a germ; something that will not be conquered; so when you find that Providence has blessed you with such, you foster it and cherish it as you do a great love. And if you will not let anything come between it and you, you will find that it fills your whole being with a happiness that is something like the soft lights of sunshine coming through beautiful stained glass windows in an old cathedral, like the feeling that permeates your soul when you stand on the deck of an ocean liner and watch the white capped waves roll up to the prow of the vessel, or the gorgeous sunset when the clouds, fleecy and white overhead, reflect the last lingering rays at the end of the day.

My boyhood days were spent near the site of the first Catholic Mission among the Osages in Kansas while some of the original missionaries yet lived there. I served Mass for Father Pongiglione,

little less known than the famous Father De Smet. I attended the school while there were yet Osage pupils present.

I was well along in years when I knew that my soul was longing for something to which it was attuned and which I had not yet realized. I came to the Osage country in the very early eighties, a land far different from the one where I was born, in 1876, back in Kentucky. This was a newly settled community.

From the very first I sensed it that we were, all unknown to ourselves, making history, and that someday, if records were not kept, we would hand down legends to posterity that were woefully missing in the lore of those days. In early life, 1896, I entered into the newspaper world in the city that had succeeded the Mission, St. Paul, Kansas; and of all places where data and statistics should be kept, it is there. So in my own way I started what has developed into an almost priceless tabulated and chronological history of the days of the past. I say priceless because as the months and years roll around I am more and more often asked to locate records of the ancestors of people who once lived here and who left behind them, in the hearts of their children and grandchildren, stories of those bygone days.

My first book *Early Jesuits in Osage Mission* (1916) was hardly intended to be a bona-fide book; I think it was my idea to secure information and statistics which I felt even in those times, should be saved for future information.

Next came *The Annals of Osage Mission* (1935) which when put in book form received a regular Prodigal Son reception from folks who once lived here, or whose folks "before them" had at one time.

My only effort at fiction was the *Broken Treaty* an historical novel of the Osage country which appeared serially in the *Catholic Daily Tribune* and other papers as well as in book form in 1935.

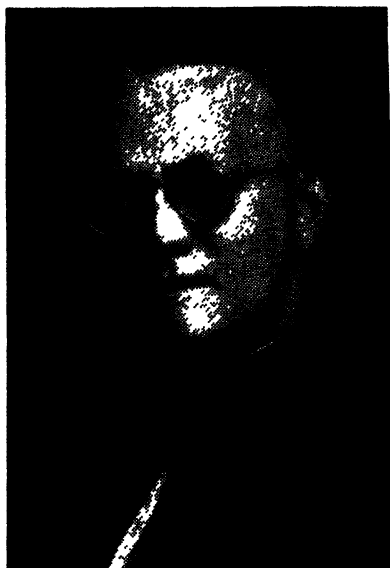
I think that the love of books is an almost consuming desire in some people's hearts and so after writing two books so easily and finding great satisfaction in the—no I won't say work—labor of love, I went on and in a few short years I had ten books to my credit and enough anecdotes, stories, data and facts that

surmount fiction to write two or three more if I had the time.

I have never put out a book<sup>2</sup> for which I entertained any prospects of monetary reward. I have always written because I couldn't help doing it; it has been and is yet the accolade of earthly happiness to be engaged in assembling data for another book. For a while I felt that travel, moving pictures and other attractions that so fully occupy people's leisure time, books might be left out of the list of the greatest happinesses provided for our enjoyment. But as I see libraries growing in number and the increased number of folks, both young and old, spending more and more time in reading I am convinced that the love of it will never fade.

History held first place in my heart, even before I began to write and it is most logical that it would appeal to many because of its human side. To read of the early days, even in our own County and State, is like opening a door that leads to an avenue of Time and there see the passing show, the travel by ox teams with covered wagons, the fording of the streams, the resting at night beneath the stars, listening to the wild geese over the tree tops, all brings to our mind *how* the world has changed in just a few generations. Pope said: "The proper study of Mankind is Man" and he must have been imbued with that idea and it is one that has certainly never been disputed.

**RIGHT REVEREND PETER  
GUILDAY**



THE QUESTIONS asked of me for this autobiographical chapter are so many, so varied and, it must be confessed, so personal, that I decided at first not to answer them. It meant giving an aspect of my life as a student and teacher which seemed to belong to myself alone. How did I begin writing, why I chose my particular field—that of American Catholic history—how my books came to be written, and what advice I could give to beginners in that field: these are the leading questions. In the past I have often replied to questionnaires for various “Who’s Who”—always an embarrassing business. One does this once and for all, hoping that it will not be necessary again. Besides, these questions come at a bad time. The War dominates everything, and such personal affairs seem very trivial in the midst of the horrible butcheries that are being inflicted on the hapless peoples of Europe and the Far East. How small everything seems when for almost three years I have heard nothing from cherished friends in Belgium, France, Spain, England and Italy. With historical periodicals cut off from all these countries, especially from Germany and

Austria, it seems that one epoch in scholarship is ended and with no prospect of renewing it. The details of one's life have little attractiveness in the light of what is evolving in this mad world. But the old spirit I knew so well in my years as an assistant-priest in London—the spirit of "Carry On"—is still strong and probably a faint limning of the past may be beneficial. I hope so.

I began writing while a student in the Roman Catholic High School of Philadelphia, where I graduated in 1901. These articles were graciously revised by the editor, Mr. Francis P. Greene, of *The Catholic Standard and Times*, whose advice was invaluable to me. After entering St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Philadelphia, he encouraged me, and my first serious contribution was "The History of Plain Chant." Fiction attracted me for a while and I was elated when Father Daniel Hudson, C.S.C., then editor of *The Ave Maria*, accepted my first offering. I have still his many letters during my Seminary days, all filled with rare advice on composition and style. My great fortune was to come under the direction of the poet and stylist the present Msgr. Hugh T. Henry, of the Catholic University of America, and of that consummate inspirer, the late Dr. Herman J. Heuser, both then on the Seminary faculty. Father Heuser had influenced me toward Scripture study and I spent two summer vacations in my home town, Chester, Pennsylvania, studying Hebrew and Syriac with the leading Jewish rabbi of the city. By an accident, Father Heuser decided that I should specialize in history. He asked me to put a batch of documentary material for a biography of a foundress of one of our religious orders in shape for his composition after his return from Europe that summer. Instead, I wrote the biography. A translation which I made during another summer vacation of a popular Church History from the German (Knöpfler) caused Father Heuser to suggest that I be sent to the University of Louvain to study history. Here I began graduate studies in the autumn of 1907. Seven years later, I was graduated at Louvain—a long time, I admit; but the old University had great traditions, one of which was that there could be no haste in the preparation of the young scholar. The topic given me for my

doctoral dissertation was *The English Catholic Refugees on the Continent (1559-1795)*, which was published in London as the first World War was breaking out in 1914. The researches involved in this work took me to all the leading archives and libraries of Europe, and it was the discovery of American boys and girls from Maryland and Pennsylvania in the English convents and colleges of the Continent which aroused my original interest in American Catholic history.

Shortly after taking up my duties at the Catholic University in September, 1914, the late Bishop Maes of Covington, Kentucky, proposed to Bishop Shahan the founding of a quarterly for American Catholic history. This was the origin of the *Catholic Historical Review*, the first number of which appeared in April, 1915, and of which I became managing-editor.

For the next eighteen years I enjoyed the incomparable direction of Bishop Shahan through whose guidance all my historical work was carried on. An historian of the first rank, Bishop Shahan never failed me. Others, too, guided me in difficult parts of my work, chiefly my own archbishop, Denis Cardinal Dougherty, the late Cardinal Gibbons, and the present Chancellor of the University, the Most Reverend Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore and Washington. The gathering of documents here and abroad was a costly matter and I shall ever be grateful to the late Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee and to His Excellency, Archbishop John J. Glennon of St. Louis who made these researches financially possible. In like manner I am indebted to Archbishop Spellman of New York and to Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati. To Archbishop Hurley I owe a special word of thanks for his constant generosity, and for his wise guidance in interpreting documents on debatable subjects. All these documents (mainly in photostatic copies), now housed in the Catholic University of America, have been in constant use by American writers and students, Catholic and non-Catholic.

I could mention many others who have shown particular interest in my work at the University since 1914—supporters of the *Catholic Historical Review* and members of the American Catho-

lic Historical Association which was founded in 1919 for the purpose of creating a central organization for teachers and writers in the field of ecclesiastical history.

Among the happiest of my memories here at the University are my graduate students—priests, nuns, brothers and laity. The very nature of graduate study creates a circle as intimate as a family. The atmosphere of the classroom is quite different from that of the seminar, where all the students (usually not more than eight are accepted) take part in the researches of the group. Three, sometimes four, years of intensive study precede the doctorate. Some thirty-five of these dissertations in the field of American Catholic history have been printed by students from Maine to Texas and from Florida to Washington State. These works are based upon personal archival research here and abroad, and one day they will be the basis of another general history on the same level as Shea's classic four volumes, *The History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, which was finished by the great pioneer in 1892.

Apart from this University work there awaits the future Catholic American historian several thousands of letters which have come to me since 1914, from parochial school boys and girls to college and university teachers, asking information on a veritable host of Catholic historical matters, thus illustrating a quarter-century and more of historiography. The answering of all these letters has been one of the most pleasurable of duties.

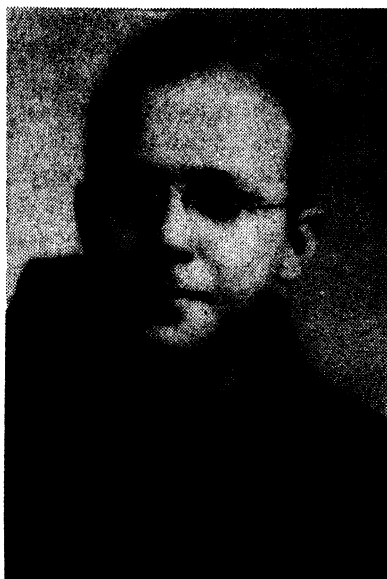
Of my own published works I prefer not to speak. The purpose back of them has been to re-write with much new archival material the history of our Church here from colonial times to the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1866, leaving to future writers the period from that date to our own. *The Life and Times of John Carroll* carried our history to 1815; *The Church in Virginia* covered the period 1815 to 1822. This was the worst stage of the trustee troubles, and Norfolk was in some respects more fraught with danger to Church unity than Philadelphia. *The Life and Times of John England* carried the narrative from 1820 to 1842, and *The Life of Archbishop John Hughes* will cover the years 1842 to the end of the War between the States.

*The History of the Councils of Baltimore (1791–1884)* is a chronological treatment of canonical legislation in the American Church.

Over fifty years ago, the scholarly pioneer in the field of our national Catholic history John Gilmary Shea, told us that only the surface of that field had been touched. Fifty years later, I can frankly echo his sentiment. Here is a future for the younger generation of Catholic writers.

As I write this the press carries the news of the death of Thomas F. Meehan at the age of 88. May he rest in peace. No nobler example of devotion to Catholic American history could be given to our younger scholars today.





REVEREND MARION A.  
HABIG, O.F.M.

TO AN UNKNOWN FRIEND:

To write about myself is for me a far more difficult task than to relate the life-story of someone else. However, I have consented to make an attempt, because I consider *The Book of Catholic Authors* a worth-while project and would like to contribute a little at least to its success.

When a friend writes a letter to a friend, it is but natural that he will talk about his own affairs. To my mind, therefore, this sketch can best be offered in the form of a letter; at any rate, it will render my task simpler and easier. You will have to imagine, then, that this is a personal letter from me to you who are reading these pages. This device, perhaps will help to add the so-called personal touch, which is so highly prized by writers as well as readers; anyhow, it may impart something of interest to what might otherwise be merely the chronicling of dry autobiographical facts.

Even so, I am writing to an unknown friend; and I feel very much as I did when for the first time I gave a talk from a silent

radio studio to an unseen audience. However, it is not a mere formality that I address you as a friend; the very fact that you are taking the trouble to learn something about me is proof enough that you are one of my unknown friends.

Not long ago I was permitted to attend the golden sacerdotal jubilee celebration of Father Bernard Wewer, O.F.M., beloved pastor of St. Anthony's in St. Louis, Missouri, the parish where I was born forty-one years ago and where I spent my boyhood days. On this occasion I met the good old Brother who was my teacher in seventh grade, Brother Charles of the Society of Mary. He is still doing the arduous work of a teacher in the South Side Catholic High School on South Grand Boulevard, which has an enrollment of some six hundred boys. Telling me that his boys found *The Guide to Catholic Literature* a very useful reference work, he remarked that they read with interest at least one of my books, the one entitled *Maggie*. That was encouraging news for a struggling author like myself; and it is an additional reason why I gladly seize this opportunity of having an informal chat with my young friends.

The principal field in which I have ventured to do some writing for publication is that of Franciscan ideals, particularly as they are found in Franciscan history, Franciscan missions, and the Franciscan Third Order. How did I come to select this field for special study and writing? The very first reason lay in the fact that the good God arranged things so that I was born and raised in St. Anthony's Parish, St. Louis. It is a Franciscan parish; and people sometimes refer to St. Anthony's as the Monk's Church; though, of course, Franciscans are not monks but friars. (Those letters O.F.M., which they add to their name stand for Order of Friars Minor; and lest you become confused, I might add that there are two other groups of Franciscans, the Friars Minor Capuchin, O.F.M.Cap., and the Friars Minor Conventual, O.F.M.Conv.)

Anyhow, it was as a Mass-server at St. Anthony's that I learned to love and admire the life of the sons of St. Francis. Good, pious parents (may God bless and reward them—both are now about seventy-eight years old) fostered the attraction I had toward the

Franciscan order and the priesthood; and four older brothers set me a splendid example by becoming Franciscans themselves. After completing the seventh grade at St. Anthony's School (that was the year Brother Charles was my teacher), I left home for what appeared to be a big trip at that time and went to the Franciscan preparatory seminary, St. Joseph College, at Teutopolis, Illinois, about a hundred miles from St. Louis. This institution I attended for six years (four years high school and two years junior college), and then entered the Franciscan novitiate, which is likewise at Teutopolis, June 21, 1920.

Important work during my high school and junior college days for my later efforts at writing, though I was not aware of it at the time, consisted in the study of languages, not only English, but also Latin, Greek, German, and French. Later on, I also endeavored to acquire a reading knowledge of Spanish; and that is not so difficult for one who is familiar with Latin. Anyone who aspires to devote himself to historical research work, it appears to me, must learn several languages; otherwise, he is very greatly handicapped. In other work, too, a knowledge of several modern languages is an invaluable boon. There is much truth in the axiom: as many languages as you know, so many men you are.

At college, however, I never dreamt of becoming anything like an "author." In fact, I do not lay claim to that title even now, since I have done most of my writing during spare time. As a rule I have had not a little other work to do. Changing one's occupation is recreation; and thus even writing can serve as a hobby. Everyone should have some hobby; and something that is useful, surely, is better than something that is useless. That does not mean, of course, that I advocate writing as a hobby for everyone; and I would be very slow in branding any hobby as useless, since some that appear to be such serve a very good purpose indeed.

What started me out as a writer was the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade; and I gladly take this opportunity of expressing my indebtedness to that excellent organization. Study, work, and prayer on behalf of the missions benefits not only the missions but reacts favorably in many ways also on the one who is

interested in missionary activity and history. We were students of philosophy at the Franciscan Seminary of Our Lady of the Angels at West Park, now a part of Cleveland, Ohio, when the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade held a convention at Notre Dame University. With another student friar, I was selected to represent our unit and to take care of a mission exhibit. Investigations made in preparation for that convention and exhibit resulted eventually in my first published article of some length, "Franciscan Missions in the United States." It appeared in the monthly magazine, *Franciscan Herald* (Chicago), issues of March and April, 1924—eighteen years ago. Since that time, the editors of some twenty-four periodicals have been kind enough to print more than two hundred articles of mine on Franciscan missions and other topics.

My first pamphlet was an English adaptation of a devotional booklet which had appeared in French and German. It is entitled *The Seraphic Saint*, and contains meditations and prayers for a "novena" of five Sundays in honor of the stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi. I was still a student of theology at St. Anthony's Friary, St. Louis, when the late Bishop Sylvester Espelage, O.F.M., first Vicar Apostolic of Wuchang, paid us a visit. I offered him the manuscript, and he accepted it; regarding it as a fitting first fruit of his newly established (1928) Franciscan Press at Wuchang, Hupeh, China; for this Franciscan devotion had originated in the province of Hupeh.

The principal pamphlets and little books which have appeared since 1928 are two on the Third Order; namely, *Heart o' the Rule* (1932, 1937 Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago), a 75-page explanation of the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis in the form of twelve instructions for Tertiary novices, and *Catholic Leadership Toward Social Progress: the Third Order* (Vol. XV of *Franciscan Studies*), a compendious essay of 65 pages. The latter is now out of print, but is still available in Vol. XVII of the *Franciscan Educational Conference Reports*. It has been translated into French by Father William Lavallée, O.F.M., of Canada, as *Tiers-Ordre en Marche* (187 pages. Librairie Saint-François, Montreal). Besides these two works, there are four which have been published

by St. Anthony Guild Press: (1) a 95-page book entitled *Why Are You Fearful?*, translated from the German of Father Athanasius Bierbaum, O.F.M.; (2) *Man of Peace*, a 35-page pamphlet on St. Francis of Assisi; (3) *Contardo Ferrini*, a 20-page pamphlet, presenting a sketch of a saintly modern professor and author who was a member of the Third Order; (4) *St. Francis Solano*, a pamphlet telling the story of the well-known South American apostle to the Indians.

My first book was published in 1930, three years after my ordination to the priesthood; and it happened in this way. My first appointment, that of an instructor at Quincy College Academy, Quincy, Illinois, lasted but a year (1928–1929). I was then sent to St. Augustine's, Chicago, as assistant to Father James Meyer, O.F.M., editor of *The Franciscan Herald* and *The Third Order Forum*, and as director of St. Anthony's Third Order Fraternity. That gave me an opportunity to devote more time to writing, to learn something about the Third Order, and to enjoy the guidance and coaching of Father James who had spent much of his life editing the manuscripts of others. To Father James I owe much of whatever success I had. And to the devotion to the Catholic Press of the good Tertiaries of whom I was director, I owe the publication of my first and second books.

The first, *Pioneering in China*, relates the story of Father Francis Xavier Engbring, O.F.M., the first American-born priest in China, 1857–1895. Archbishop Beckman of Dubuque, Executive Chairman of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, did me the great favor of writing a Foreword.

*Maggie*, the second book, is also a biography, written however in story form with a great deal of dialogue. It is the life-story of an heroic Belgian girl, written originally in French by her brother, Father Martial Lekeux, O.F.M. The original French and a German version were best-sellers in Europe. All of my books appeared in small editions but *Maggie*. It was published serially in the *Franciscan Herald* (1930–1931), in book form in 1931, reprinted in 1932 and again in 1937.

After I had served for three years as Father James' assistant, the depression hit *The Franciscan Herald* so hard that it was

greatly reduced in size; and an associate editor was no longer necessary. But even calamities have their good points. This one at least afforded me an opportunity to delve deeper into Franciscan history and to attend Loyola University in Chicago for the year 1932-1933. The subject of my Master's thesis was a prominent, though little known, Franciscan missionary of North America, Father Zénobe Membré, companion and chaplain of the famous French explorer LaSalle. Thus my third book came into being; for later I augmented and prepared this material for publications as Vol. XIII of *Franciscan Studies* (315 p.). Since Father Membré so much resembled the celebrated Jesuit missionary who accompanied Jolliet, I chose as title *The Franciscan Père Marquette*. The book was published in 1934; and it was no doubt due principally to this work that the Conseil Historique et Heraldique de France awarded me an honorary corresponding membership in 1938.

This work also introduced me to the Franciscan Educational Conference which proved to be another great help to me in my literary efforts. Several papers which I prepared for annual meetings of this Conference have been published in its *Reports*; and in 1935 I was elected one of the officers of the Conference as editor of *Franciscan Studies*. Up to 1941, *Franciscan Studies* consisted of a series of monographs published at irregular intervals; then we combined it with the annual *Reports* and made it a quarterly review of the sacred and secular sciences, appearing in March, June, September, and December, the last number being the annual report.

A teacher or writer must remain a student during his whole life; he can never lay aside his books. After attending Loyola University, I taught for two years at the new Franciscan preparatory seminary, St. Joseph College, Westmont, Illinois, and was then permitted by my superiors to attend the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., for one year, and the University of California at Berkeley, for the next year, 1936-1937. During my sojourn in the West, I had the privilege of visiting the Franciscan missions in New Mexico, Arizona, California, and Mexico; and these trips were for me as much an education as the lectures at

universities. In Mexico I had the good fortune of making copies of important historical documents pertaining to Franciscan history.

These studies and journeys were of great help to me in a project on which I had been working for a number of years, a history of the Franciscan martyrs of North America. In 1936 I presented a paper on these martyrs at the annual meeting of the Franciscan Educational Conference, held at Santa Barbara Mission, California; and this paper was reprinted as a pamphlet, published with the financial help of the Third Order Fraternity in Los Angeles. Later, the pamphlet was expanded into a book, *Heroes of the Cross* (1939), published by Fortuny's in New York. Unfortunately the publishers proved to be a dishonest firm. However, we saved a considerable number of unbound copies of the book, and a new edition is in the hands of St. Anthony Guild Press. The publication of *Heroes of the Cross* in 1939 had one good result (another case of a misfortune which was not without its blessing): it proved of value to the committee of Bishop Gannon of Erie, which gathered information on all the martyrs of the United States for the purpose of petitioning the Holy See to introduce a single cause of beatification and canonization of these heroes of the Cross.

Returning from the West, I spent about five years at Quincy College as a teacher of history and as historian of the Franciscan Province of St. Louis, Missouri. In the latter capacity I also edited one volume, comprising eight numbers, of the *Annals* of this Province, a private publication.

Early in July, 1942, I was appointed secretary to the new Delegate General of all Franciscans in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Central America, and Cuba, the Very Reverend Mathias Faust, O.F.M., with headquarters at St. Francis Friary in New York City. Since the war made it impossible to communicate properly with the superior general in Rome, the delegate general takes his place for the duration.

When I began writing this letter, I did not think it would be very long. I took it for granted that I was writing to an unknown friend. Now, after I have read it over, I am wondering whether

you will still be a friend of mine by the time you read these final words. I am afraid I have tried your patience too much. If so, I beg your pardon. Whether or not you will count me among Catholic "authors," I ask you to believe that I have made earnest efforts to produce some worth-while Catholic writings. May you never lose your interest in the Catholic Press; and may God bless you! In the words of Shakespeare, I wish you all that you can wish; and I beg to remain always

Your sincere friend,  
Father Marion A. Habig, O.F.M.





## **MIECISLAUS HAIMAN**

*Historian*

**MY STRONGEST** youthful aspiration was to see the world. The unknown behind the fabulous seven mountains and seven rivers disturbed my peace and filled my imagination. I wanted to be a great mariner and globe-trotter.

My ambition was largely fulfilled. For several years, as a young man, I sailed the oceans, getting acquainted with the world. I purposely looked for chances to go farther and farther, and there was no adventure to which I would not readily subscribe.

One of these adventures brought me to America. I decided to make her my home. My native Poland, so dear to my heart, was then a conquered country (alas, she is again the unhappy victim of invaders!) divided between three enemy powers, and there was too little freedom and too few opportunities to suit such restless spirits as mine.

My first American job was a very poor one. It brought me only six dollars weekly for six ten-hour days of hard work. But it did not discourage me. On the contrary, I felt proud to be able to make a start from the very bottom, like many a great American had done.

Soon I advanced in pay, in experience and in the knowledge of the English language. I became an editor of a Polish newspaper in Boston. It was then that I turned to writing poetry as my first literary venture. I published some of my verses in the Polish American press, and may say candidly that they were not altogether bad. Certainly my old professors of literature, had they had a chance to read them, would not have been embarrassed. I remember, they all liked me somehow, in contrast to my professors of mathematics, with whom I never seemed able to live in harmony. However, I was not destined to become a poet.

As a rule, most of my spare periods were occupied either with writing or reading. I had and still have another hobby: walking. I am already getting old, but still I walk regularly and for long distances. In my opinion, the automobile has deprived Americans of the pleasures of one of the grandest of all sports.

Normally, my daily constitutional brings me my best moments of concentration upon the literary work that might be in the making. I mentally review the work done and lay my plans for chapters and pages which are to come. It is also my time for spiritual meditation.

At one period, more than a score of years ago, I was especially interested in Adam Mickiewicz, the greatest Polish poet and one of the greatest poets of the world. I read each book on him which I chanced across. One of them was a diary of Anthony Odyniec, Mickiewicz's colleague and a poet himself, who accompanied the author of *Pan Tadeusz* in his travels through Italy in 1830. The passages describing the meeting of Mickiewicz and James Fennimore Cooper, their common walks through the old Roman ruins, were a revelation to me. At once I saw in the episode a chance for a new adventure, this time not into the physical world but into the dusk of the past. And what was more, a chance to devote my life to a useful purpose. I decided to dig up more details pertaining to the event, only passingly noticed in the biographies of both these great men. And so I started my first research work and found not only what I was looking for, but also many other little known historical facts. It would be a pity, I thought, to leave them in their obscurity when, if dug up, arranged in order and properly explained, they could not only enrich the history

of two nations, America and Poland, but they could also become a new bond connecting them.

Ever since, historical research on Polonica Americana has been the main purpose of my life. It has been a very fascinating work, one full of adventures. In my mind I often compare it with detective work. A slightest mention may become Ariadne's thread in the labyrinth of the past and may put you on the trace of important discoveries. True, sometimes the thread breaks, and in vain you spend hours upon hours perusing volume after volume without finding anything of value to you. Then suddenly you strike a rich mine and your patience and perseverance are rewarded a hundredfold.

The history of the Polish economical emigration to the United States, dating back to about the end of the Civil War, was comparatively well known. Therefore I concentrated my research work on its earlier phases, since the founding of Virginia. At first I published the results of my researches in Polish. Later, however, I have written mostly in English in order to make the material accessible to a larger number of readers. My first work in English was *Poland and the American Revolutionary War*, published in 1932 for the bicentennial of the birth of George Washington. Altogether I have published some twenty titles. My last larger work, *Polish Past in America, 1608-1865* (1939), is to some extent a synopsis of my earlier publications. At present I am working on a biography of General Thaddeus Kosciuszko.

Usually I do my writing in the evening when all the duties of the day are done; and I believe in the old maxim: not a day without a line.

I would be ungrateful not to mention here my basic workshop, the Newberry Library of Chicago, one of the best and most dignified institutions of its kind in the country. In point of use, I am doubtless one of the oldest regular visitors to this library, and I am very much attached to it.

Besides my literary work, I was fortunate in being able to organize a national Polish Museum as one of the branches of the activities of the Polish Roman Catholic Union, the oldest Ameri-

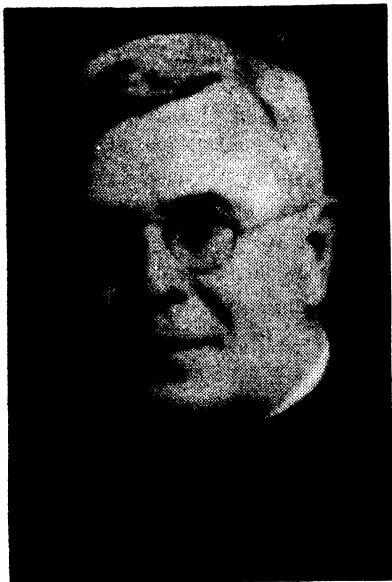
can Polish organization still in existence. The purpose of the Museum is to collect and preserve all materials pertaining to Polish culture and to the history of Poles in this country. We started from scratch. But the enthusiasm of Polish Americans was so great that today the collections of the Museum are valued at \$350,000 and they occupy two floors of the spacious P.R.C.U. Building in Chicago. One of the greatest treasures in the Museum is the Paderewski Memorial Room, which contains the complete furnishings of his New York apartment where the great musician and statesman spent his last days and where he died. Among other relics here is his last piano and his famous concert chair which traveled with him all over the world for fifty years.

I am curator of the Museum and editor of its *Annals*, a yearly publication, still very modest, but doing pioneering work in Polish American historiography. I sincerely invite the readers of this sketch to visit our Museum when they come to Chicago.

All truly great men were deeply religious. Their lives have inspired my life, and I humbly try to imitate them in this regard. Among many other contributions, her living Faith is the greatest gift Poland can give to this my new country. I believe in the old maxim: *ora et labora*. And in work and in prayer I often repeat this excerpt from a poem by Adam Asnyk, one of the most exquisite poets of Poland:

Seeketh the bright ray of truth;  
Seeketh new, undiscovered ways.  
With each step into the mysteries of being  
The human soul becomes greater,  
And greater becomes God.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** For his pioneer contributions to the field of Polish American history, Mr. Haiman received the award *Polonia Restituta* from the Polish Government in 1932 and the Silver Laurels from the Polish Academy of Literature in 1936. His books, published by the Polish Roman Catholic Union, 984 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, include *Poland and the American Revolutionary War* (1932), *The Fall of Poland in Contemporary American Opinion* (1935), *Polish Past in America, 1608-1865* (1939), *Polish Pioneers of California* (1940).



**RIGHT REVEREND  
EDWARD HAWKS**

IT SEEMS TO HAVE been the habit of members of my family to relieve their feelings by writing. If they did not write books, they at least wrote to the newspapers—a very prevalent custom in England where I was born. My father never let a day pass without writing something. He was a constant contributor to *Will o' the Whisp*, an old competitor of *Punch*, long since forgotten. My cousins on both sides of my father's family followed the way of their fathers—and sometimes their mothers. I discovered in the catalogue of the library of the British Museum that many pages were filled with the titles of books written by my various kinsmen. None of these became classics, although some of them had a useful career.

The first thing that I wrote which evoked comment was an essay at school. We were asked to describe the changes of the four seasons. I was surprised myself at what I had written. As I remember, it was very sentimental and jingly. The teacher refused, at first, to regard it as original and ordered me to say

where I found it. Having a fair reputation for truthfulness, I was able to convince him that I was the author, and he caused me great embarrassment by pinning it on the notice board. I was then thoroughly ashamed of it.

It was quite normal, in our family, that my brother and I should write, edit and issue a monthly sheet for private circulation. It had a scorching article on the villainy of corporal punishment in schools.

A few years later in adolescence I wrote a letter to my father commending one of his newspaper attacks on Mr. Gladstone. I signed it with the name of a Member of Parliament whom he admired. He was so delighted with this letter, even after he discovered the trickery, that he forgave me at once. It was the only time that I ever did anything like that.

My desire to write brought trouble upon my head at College. A humorous translation of a play of Aristophanes was taken as an attack upon a professor. I did not suppose that the editor of the College paper would publish it. There was a terrible row and I was "sent down." It was a painful experience, but I have reason to be thankful for it, because it ended my hopes of entering the ministry of the Church of England in Canada where I was then studying. The penalty was afterwards remitted and my college standing was restored, but the Bishop refused to ordain me. It was suggested that I should become a journalist and a position was offered me on a well known Canadian newspaper. I preferred to go to the United States where I found another Bishop who received me with open arms.

It was not until I became a Catholic in 1908 that I became a regular writer, or perhaps I should say a journalist. For more than thirty years I have made contributions to magazines and newspapers. These were for the most part unsigned.

My first book was written at the request of a dying friend. He wished me to tell the story of the conversion of a group of Episcopalian clergymen to the Catholic Church. Another book was really a collection of serial articles. I have thought of making other collections, but the subjects that are dealt with have, for

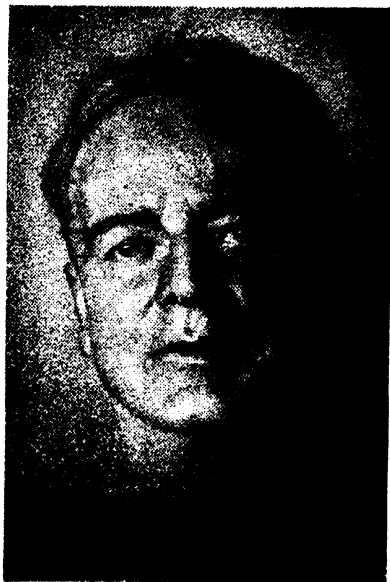
the most part, ceased to be of public interest. I doubt if anyone would take the trouble to read these collections, and it is to be strongly suspected that few would buy them.

I have tried my hand at novel writing in serial form. My stories have been well received, but they have not been published in book form. I am still engaged on a collection of memoirs dealing with countries that I have lived in or visited, and with people I have met.

In addition, I have done a good deal of "ghost" writing for others and have furnished data for theses and lectures. The assurance that others have been helped is a consolation and a satisfaction, but I know that anything like fame is quite out of my reach.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Monsignor Hawks, who was elevated to the rank of Domestic Prelate in 1936, is pastor of St. Joan of Arc Church, Philadelphia. He is an Officier d'Academie Francaise, and his books include *William McGarvey and the Open Pulpit*, 1935, Dolphin Press; *The Pedigree of Protestantism*, 1936, Peter Reilly Co.; *The History of the Parish of St. Joan of Arc, Harrowgate, Phila.*, 1937, Peter Reilly Co

**REVEREND JAMES M.  
HAYES**



**BECAUSE I CAME** into this world when my parents were away from home, I was born with the proverbial silver spoon in my mouth. To be born in Ireland of American parents whose home was in Chicago, gives me the rare glory of birth as a free American and as a child of that old land beyond the sea that has blessed the world with saints and scholars. My birthplace was not far from the Hayestown in Wexford that received its name from one of my ancestors, that Hayes from Hayes Farms in Kent (the birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh) who came to Ireland with the Normans who had conquered England, and so completely did Ireland conquer him that in Irish history we find the name among those Norman settlers "who became more Irish than the Irish themselves."

It was my good fortune to receive my grammar school and college education from the Sisters of Mercy and the Jesuits of Chicago. My ecclesiastical studies were made in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where I was ordained by Cardinal Gibbons for Dallas, Texas, whose Bishop was my former pastor in Chicago.



At twenty-four I was rector of the Dallas pro-Cathedral and helped the Bishop to build the Cathedral of which I became the first rector. Bishop Dunne appointed me the first chancellor of the diocese. After the bishop's death, I came to the Catholic University for special studies, but in a few months was called upon by Cardinal Gibbons to assist Dr. Shields, who was then building the Sisters College. At the request of Bishop Shahan, I taught English at the University and the Sisters College. A serious illness of long duration brought my academic labors at the University to an end.

The administration of a parish, the building of a cathedral, its school and rectory, giving missions to non-Catholics, lecturing and preaching in all parts of Texas and beyond its borders, the gathering of money for the Sisters College, and teaching at the College and University were duties that left me little time for literary activities. I began writing verses at College, and continued to write in moments of relaxation. It was Joyce Kilmer who urged me to publish. From many that I had written I made a selection of twenty-two that I liked best. The little book was called *The Grave of Dreams*. It received from Joyce Kilmer a commendatory review in his column in the *Literary Digest*, June 23, 1917.

During the decade after the appearance of my first book I wrote many verses and again made a selection which I submitted to Maurice Francis Egan. In his opinion they were worthy of publication and he was good enough to send me a little verse which came to him after he had read what I had written:

I do not hear the swelling organ's roar,  
Or vibrate to the breakers on the beach,  
Or see an eagle to the high clouds soar,  
Or feel your singing voice beyond my reach:  
But this I know; you sing, and when you sing  
A Light I cannot name transfigures everything.

*Arrows of Desire* was published in 1928. The title was borrowed from Blake, and has since been used by poets and novelists. Titles are not protected by our copyright laws.

The Golden Jubilee of the Bon Secours Sisters in the United

States was approaching. The Superior General asked me to write the history of the Congregation for American readers. I gladly undertook the work as a slight tribute to the Sisters whose lives and labors I had admired during the year they had so successfully nursed me in their Baltimore hospital. *The History of the Bon Secours Sisters in the United States* appeared in 1931.

My latest book is an anthology of verse, *In Praise of Nuns*. Although edited long after Kilmer and Egan had gone to their reward, it is to them that we must give the credit for its making. Not long before he went to the war Joyce Kilmer came to visit me at the University. He asked to see the Sisters College. In those days we had a few remarkable old nuns who were doing post-graduate work, and to them Kilmer gave most of his attention. On our return to the University he told me that old nuns always appealed to him, for were not their lives filled with prayer and rich in labors for God and men. Before going to bed that night I wrote "Old Nuns," which at once met with popular approval. In an article in *America* (June 24, 1922), Dr. Egan used laudatory adjectives in reference to it and suggested that some one make an anthology of really good poems about nuns. Dr. Egan's suggestion was often in my mind, but for many years I had not the leisure or the strength to begin it. Three years ago leisure and strength were mine and *In Praise of Nuns* has taken its place as the first and only anthology in any language to sing the heroic lives and deeds of the holy women of our convents.

I have been asked for any suggestions I may have for the aspiring Catholic writer. Suggestion and advice are closely akin; and while many ask for advice, it is the last thing in the world they want. They are looking for encouragement, consolation, or approval. Again, advice is often given on the theory that we give away what we most need ourselves. It has been said that it is always dangerous to give advice and to give good advice is fatal. There is much truth in this exaggeration. With all this in mind, I am bold enough to make a few suggestions after the manner of advice.

Poetry is a mode of expression, and my first word to the young Catholic writer is to be sure that he has something to express,

some thought so urgently clamoring for deliverance that he cannot resist until he has put it into words. Of course there must be originality either in the thought or in the manner in which it is expressed; and thought and words must be invested with that magical beauty which makes poetry different from prose. The expression of a poetic thought in poetic words is not always easy. The thought is God-given, but its expression is the work of the poet. There is a tendency today to escape from traditionalism, to cut adrift from romanticism, and the result is often the obscuring of thought in tortured phrases that use words that long ago have been decently interred. We may agree with Keats that "poetry should come as naturally as leaves to a tree," and still feel the need of revising, pruning and adjusting. The four line verses of "In Memoriam" are easily read because over many of them Tennyson smoked an astonishing number of cigars. Before he was twenty Bryant had written his "Thanatopsis," but the form in which we have it is due to corrections he made over and over again during the eighty odd years of his life.

A reasonable dissatisfaction with our work is the first step to literary perfection, but discouragement is often the grave of our dreams and aspirations. When a busy editor returns the verse sent him with such high hopes, remember that an editor is not infallible. An essay of Francis Thompson's which the editor of the *Dublin Review* rejected, was years later under another editor published in the same *Review* and for the first time in its history the venerable *Dublin Review* went into a second printing. I have reference to Thompson's essay on Shelley, which many critics consider the greatest prose-poem in our language.

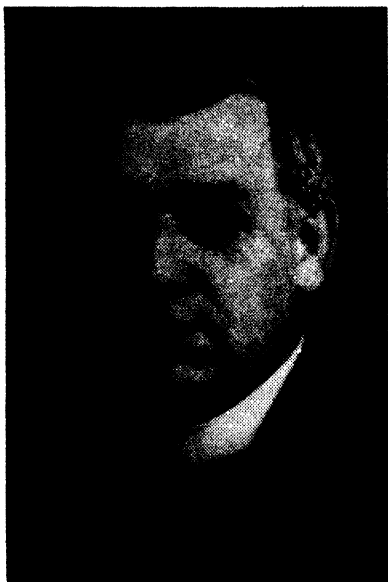
I still have a word for the young Catholic writer of verse whose ambition is to become a poet. From the days of Chaucer, the father of English verse, to our own times verses without number have been written. But poems have been relatively few. In preparing the anthology *In Praise of Nuns*, I read in books and in magazines of verse many excellent, even superb verses, but no poem. As there is no universally accepted definition of what poetry is, I give this merely as my own opinion. I found no verse

of recent years that gave me the thrill that still moves my inmost being when I read of Keat's nightingale whose song

Charm'd magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

Our young Catholic writers must not be discouraged when told that their work is not poetry but verse. If we open the books of many of the great poets we will discover for ourselves that even "the sons of light" wrote verse as well as great poetry. Until the technique is mastered, the verse may be poor; with practice it may become good, and then excellent. Poets are rare, like the plants that break into bloom once in a century. May we hope that from one of our present-day writers of excellent verse will come our first American Catholic poet!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Father Hayes' books include *The Grave of Dreams*, 1917, Encyclopedia Press, *Arrows of Desire*, 1928, Kenedy; *The Bon Secours Sisters in the United States*, 2nd edition, 1931, National Capitol Press; *In Praise of Nuns*, 1942, Dutton.



**REVEREND MATHIAS  
HELFEN**

*Playwright*

**A PEACEFUL EUROPE—peaceful politically. War seemed so far away from Central Europe which had enjoyed peaceful progress and growing prosperity for close to forty years. It was in the first decade of the twentieth century. But still there was a war raging—not with bloody arms—but a war of the pen. It was a literary war that raged for many years among Catholic writers. The question involved was, Should we have a Catholic literature? The greatest Catholic minds in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and all other German-speaking countries took part in this battle of the written and spoken word, either for or against a distinct and characteristic Catholic literature. Battles were fought in newspapers and magazines, in public meetings and in private disputations, in universities and in the classrooms of small high schools. There was never a peace treaty nor any other kind of official conclusion of this literary war. But the battle had given impetus to an outspoken Catholic literature. It had created new**

Catholic writers in prose and drama which otherwise perhaps would never have found recognition.

Also the younger students in those days found interest in this lively battle. Youth is always quick in decisions. Each one of us had decided either for or against the great issue, and we, too, fought our own battles in this literary war.

It was during this first decade of the century that I had the pleasure of witnessing a German version of Calderon's *Mysteries of the Mass*, by Richard von Kralik, one of the outstanding leaders for Catholic literature. I saw the production five times, and each time I discovered new ideas hidden between the lines of the rather short drama which lasted only a little over one hour and contained only seven or eight characters. I could not forget this play. The greatest drama of the world, the story of man's redemption, the very history of men from Adam to the last judgment, condensed in a short stage play. And still it had the ideas and potentialities of an immense and powerful production. Why did not the great Catholic dramatists of that time use this unlimited material to produce the one great Catholic drama that would have definitely proved the possibility and actuality of the Catholic drama and in general of Catholic literature?

The quick enthusiasm of youth, inspired by the literary war, moved me to determine to prepare myself for the task of writing an elaborate drama of the Mass. Perhaps also the occasional remark of my teacher in literature that I had a "poetic vein" encouraged my decision. Literature was my hobby. And since youth must have ideals and heroes, I found mine in the great men of Catholic literature. Even then I realized that my task would mean a work of a life time. But I was young and enthusiastic and nothing seemed impossible. I studied drama and the works of great writers. Then came the first World War. "Inter bella silent musae." My studies were interrupted by military service. But even the war could not separate me entirely from my literary heroes. They accompanied me when bombs were exploding about me; they gave me relaxation in more quiet hours. Finally, in 1917, I was released from military service, and rushed back to

my alma mater, the Catholic University of Freiburg, Switzerland. For three months I forgot my literary studies and prepared for the priesthood.

On July first I was ordained. "Introibo ad altare Dei," "to God Who gives joy to my youth." The Mass-Drama. I understood it better now than ever. Back in Germany—now as assistant in a large parish in the mining Saar district. War, starvation, and a new battle—with growing Communism. Then the socialistic revolution. There was no time for writing drama. Drama, mostly in the form of tragedy, unfolded itself daily before my eyes. Death was common; life meant nothing but battle without end. Unchristian organizations and ideas were growing daily. Daily we fought the battle for Christ and His Church. We talked in meetings against thousands of socialists and communists. We thought nothing of risking our lives. This was not a literary war, but the war that Christ Himself had fought against His enemies. He had to give His life and the disciple was not more than the Master. The battle subsided during the occupation.

America beckoned to me and I accepted the invitation. The lonely prairies of Minnesota gave me time to think and to study. A new youthful spirit entered my soul and with it youthful ambitions. Again I stood at the altar of God: the same God, the same altar. But the people were different: they spoke a different language, they had different ideas. But still the drama of human nature was the same, and still there was the drama of man's redemption, the drama of the God-Man in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. I studied and began to write in a new language. A few little plays for children were the first results. Some new ideas, some translations or rather adaptations of plays that I had written as a student in Germany. To my surprise they found applause. Priests and Sisters encouraged me in my work. The first ones were published in 1922. With more success than I had ever expected, they were staged in schools all over the country. I began to think on what might have caused their success. It could not be the beauty of the language which was still quite strange to

me. It must be the ideas. A Catholic stage was practically unknown in those days. Finally, I decided to start a Catholic literary war of my own. It seems I was so used to fighting that it became my second nature. To start this war I wrote to all the larger Catholic organizations in the country asking them about the possibility of creating a Catholic stage. I had started something. Letters poured in from all directions. Not one of them was encouraging. Some ridiculed the idea of a "green horn." A few admitted the need of Catholic plays, but frankly stated that no one would stage them. My short experience, however, in this new field gave me encouragement. I continued to study and to write. If there was a need, it should also be possible. Years of hard work followed. First, short plays; then I attempted my first full-length three act play, *Mary Magdalene*. It was written in three evenings. I had learned that the short hours between my pastoral work during the day were not suitable for writing plays. I used them for study, filling orders, writing short publicity notes, and thinking about the play I was writing. Characters had to be studied, dramatic situations developed, stage possibilities and arrangements to be considered. Many dramatic scenes occupied my mind while I was driving to and from the missions. In the evenings I sat down at my desk and concentrated. My thoughts of the day were sifted, cut or enlarged while I was writing. Sometimes my mind seemed to be blank when I sat down to write, or it was so filled with ideas that it appeared to me like the chaos at the world's beginning. But I started to write, and while writing thoughts came and order was created. I remembered an old French saying that one can become a blacksmith only by hammering the hot iron. So one cannot become a writer unless he writes. I wrote until my eyes forced me to quit.

This happened in the year 1927. In order to give my eyes a rest, I took my old Ford and traveled through six states, giving lectures on Catholic drama in summer schools of colleges and universities. I also called on bishops, priests, and sisters. The interest was aroused. I found cooperation where ever I called. When I reached Milwaukee, Archbishop Messmer asked me to



move the office of the Catholic Dramatic Movement to this city. I was glad of the opportunity, and established the central office there. More publications followed. Other Catholic writers sent me their plays for publication. Our magazine, *Practical Stage Work*, and *The Catholic Theatre Year Book* came into being. New opportunities, or rather necessities, came to write with these new publications. New associations entered my life. Men and women, priests, sisters and lay people with interest in the Catholic stage cooperated with me. Possibilities of new developments in this field were discussed, new plays were written, new stage arrangements were tested. Ideas were exchanged and mutually criticized. The Catholic stage had to comprise all kinds of plays, from the comedy to the Passion Play and finally to the Drama of the Mass. Would my dream come true? The great jubilee year of the Redemption approached, the year 1933. Could there be a better year for the drama of the Redemption! During the long winter months of 1932-33, I spent days and nights in study, writing and re-writing. Finally, the work of my life was lying on my desk. Would the world accept it? The first dramatization of the Mass in the English language. Or would the Catholic world be shocked by my audacity in dramatizing the most sacred of all dramas? My hands were trembling when I mailed the manuscript to the Archbishop and asked him for the Imprimatur. The shock came soon in the form of a short notice that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was too sacred to be shown on any stage. My life work had been refused by the ecclesiastical authority. After three weeks I gathered sufficient courage to send the manuscript back to the Archbishop with the humble request to read the play and to give me his advice on the matter. After a few days, the manuscript came back with the Imprimatur. And his Excellency wrote me a personal letter thanking me for having written the play and asking for a printed copy for his own library. The Mass Drama, *The Sacred Mysteries*, was so well received by critics that its first edition was exhausted in a few months,—a singular success for a stage play. Since that time other dramatizations of the Mass, of a similar nature, have followed by other

authors. A motion picture producer offered to film the play. I refused because I feared that it might not be done in the proper way. Nevertheless, the producer filmed it after some changes, though entire passages of the original play were reproduced in the motion picture. But the product was indeed a poor one, and as a Catholic writer I am glad that my name was not connected with the picture.

My life work was completed. The fruits were good and bad. But still the writing continues. Theatre is life; and life is ever new. Theatre is art; and art is beauty. The highest beauty is God, the infinite beauty. The Catholic Theatre, therefore, also knows no limits. There are always new ideas, new applications of the eternal truth and beauty to our earthly and eternal life.

May I conclude with two short experiences pertaining to the question: should an author attend the premieres of his plays. Usually I do not. But I made an exception in the case of *The Sacred Mysteries*, because I wanted to study the reaction of the audience as well as the interpretation of the actors. The first production was given by a high school. I must confess that I was not exactly at ease when I entered the large auditorium. Fortunately, I was not personally known in that city, and I preferred to remain unknown. My disappointment was so great that I was tempted to withdraw the play from publication. The interpretation was a general misunderstanding of the play as a whole and the main characters in particular. Still the audience was impressed and repeated performances were given to about three thousand people. It was a mystery to me, and a great disappointment.

A few weeks later I saw the play given by older and more experienced players. I watched actors and audience very closely. The actors understood the play and the audience was impressed. The atmosphere of a church and divine service was felt. After the play, someone suggested to the pastor that as the next performance they should give a certain play of one of the best known American playwrights, and a good play, too. But he answered:

"I would not think of spoiling the effect of *The Sacred Mysteries* by giving any modern play so soon."

A playwright who attends his own plays must be prepared for disappointments, because directors and actors do not always see the play as he sees it, and the interpretation may be entirely different from his own.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Father Helfen, founder and national president of the Catholic Dramatic Movement, with headquarters at 325 East Kilbourn Ave., Milwaukee, has written some two score one, two, and three act plays, most of them published by that organization.

**REVEREND KILIAN J.  
HENNRICH, O.F.M.CAP.**

*Educational Writer*



IN THE EVENING of a comparatively long and busy life, during thirty years of which occasional writings appeared, it is not easy to state in a short chapter all the highlights of the past. The historical biographical data may be safely omitted, since they are to be found in the general reference works. It is rather the birth of an avocation and the occasions and needs that contributed to writing that might interest the reader more than anything else. To this, some informative items may be added.

The subject of this sketch did not take up writing as a career, although when still young, he occasionally contributed news articles to foreign newspapers and wrote a weekly column on vocational guidance for a New York paper, a topic that was at the time almost completely unknown. But the real impetus to writing came with the formation of the Catholic Boys Brigade, of which the present writer was one of the founders. It was intended to be a missionary agency to keep boys out of the courts and in touch with the parish and its clergy. A quarter of a century ago, there were no books that were completely acceptable to

Catholic organizations using recreation for bringing about primarily religious results. Hence, manuals for boys, handbooks for officers, guides for operating units, chaplain's guides, programs, and mass games had to be written and were continually reprinted. However, this long list of pamphlets and booklets, on account of their specialized character, remained practically unknown to the general public. To these the annual reports of about 32 pages each and a house organ published and written by the present writer for several years may be added.

A wider circle of readers elicited the explanatory articles appearing in practically all the more important magazines and journals appearing in the United States. They occasioned not only a large international correspondence and numerous invitations to speak before educational assemblies, but also a rapid and unprecedented increase in branches and members of the Brigade. About 180,000 boys clamored for leaders that knew their business. At that time, the Knights of Columbus had established a chair of boyology at the University of Notre Dame in the planning of the curriculum of which the writer took an active part and also contributed a series of lectures in the second semester. But the depression after the first World War made the parishes unable to employ professional leadership, and there was seemingly nothing else to do but to train volunteer leaders from among the young men who had returned from military service.

A beginning of a rudimental professional training for volunteer leaders was made in 1924 by organizing the first evening course in Catholic boy leadership at Saint Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y. Several prominent educators and recreation leaders were invited to speak to 100 students present, and the material presented during the course, prepared according to a plan outlined by the writer, was afterwards published in his book *Boyguidance* which appeared in 1925. These leadership courses on different phases of the work to be done were repeated periodically at the General Headquarters of the Brigade. The greatest number of lectures was given by the writer himself and these, as well as the discussions held, accumulated a great amount of useful knowledge that was published in the book *Boyleaders' Primer*, 1930.

Most of the material contained therein had previously appeared in a long series of articles in the *Acolyte*, but some new matter was added. The definite introduction of a definite three period plan (recreation, formal exercises, and education), required explanations, guidance, and the statement of principles and their application.

The second phase of the writer's activities was influenced by his appointment as local chairman of the Second National Third Order Congress held in New York, 1926, in commemoration of the seventh centennial of the death of Saint Francis of Assisi. A similar influence upon his writings was exercised by his election as representative of the Catholic Boys Brigade, other national organizations and the University of Notre Dame at the First Child Welfare Congress at Geneva and the Catholic Youth International Congress at Rome, both held in 1925.

On the short trip abroad, the writer got in touch with prominent leaders of youth hailing from all parts of the world and the connections made at that time resulted in a large foreign correspondence until the beginning of the present war. He also had conferences with several outstanding leaders of the Third Order who were endeavoring to carry out the recommendations embodied in the very recent encyclical letter of Pope Pius XI, *Rile expiatis*. In this way much material was gathered that was quite unknown in our country.

The first fruit of the observations made, was the publication of *The New Life*, a call to organize young tertiaries in the Seraphic Youth. It was written in a cabin of the old liner George Washington on her last trip home and was intended for propaganda and for distribution at the Congress in New York. However, before the Congress assembled the 20,000 copies printed were sold and a new edition of 10,000 copies containing the youth resolutions of the Congress was issued and soon distributed. Utilizing the interest created, the writer introduced a special youth section in the Congress and the immediate result was that Junior Fraternities were established from coast to coast. This necessitated an adaptation of the rule to youth to be used as a handbook. *Seraphic Youth Companion* was intended to

fill this demand. Another question arose about how to conduct junior fraternities, since it was obvious that more could be done for the members by adding some activities to the monthly religious meetings that were in harmony with the spirit of the rule and of benefit and interest to youth. A plan for organizing and conducting youth fraternities was submitted in *The Seraphic Youth*, a book which found a hearty welcome.

As far as adults were concerned and the public at large, the Congress needed a country wide publicity explaining the objectives, extension, mode of life and history of the Third Order. For this purpose a series of ten monthly articles were prepared for Franciscan and other Catholic magazines and for the press in general. They were extensively printed and some of them were taken over by the Associated Press in full. This series is found abbreviated in the Congress report entitled *The Survey of a Decade*, written by Father Maximus Poppy, O.F.M., and Paul Martin, pages 136-148. This extensive publicity, as well as the daily news published about the Congress by the great metropolitan papers and a series of articles published weekly in *Our Sunday Visitor*, aroused such an interest and so many requests for particular information, that the latter series had to be discontinued because the extraordinary large mail could not be handled by the means available. Something else had to be done. In order to keep up the interest aroused and to bring it to fruition, the writer wrote "The Seraphic Leaflet Series," ten folders of about 1000 words each of which more than a quarter of a million copies were disposed of.

The second fruit of this first European visit was a better understanding of the problems that confronted youth everywhere in the post-war period, and of the means that might be helpful to the young in the problems confronting them. It was the general opinion prevalent, that youth could not be helped by temporal means alone but had to turn back to religion and morality if they were to be moulded into the perfect citizen. Religion or spirituality was the postulate of the time. How to assist in procuring this, a long series on youth was written for the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, and which was afterwards re-

vised and supplemented and published under the title of *Youth Guidance*, in 1941. The occasion that brought about writing regular contributions in this review for the clergy, was the appearance of *Watchful Elders*, a short treatise on sex education. It proved to be quite a success, was frequently reprinted, and is still going strong after thirteen years.

The encyclical and frequent pronouncements on Catholic Action aroused great interest in some quarters that was unfortunately based on misunderstanding of its exact meaning. It did not have for its purpose a Catholic activism, but an active Catholicism beyond a personal sphere. To bring some light to the subject, a *Catholic Action Handbook*, originally written by Reverend J. Will, S.J., in Switzerland, and which had received high praise from Pius XI himself, was adapted to American conditions and published under the same name, but joint authorship. Since Civardi's *Manual of Catholic Action*, which had appeared at the same time, is out of print, it is now the only short authentic book on the subject available in English.

Such a variety of activities coupled with the direction of the large boys' organization and added to the regular duties of a parish priest, preacher, catechist, Third Order director, all within the frame of Capuchin Franciscan discipline brought about a breakdown in health, which although partly recuperated, never returned to what it was before. Fortunately, the number of priests had increased in the Province and all the work that could be performed by others was placed on younger and stronger shoulders. However, there remained enough to guard against idleness and its unhappy consequences.

At this time (1936), the Boys' Brigade had gathered a spiritual bouquet made up of about 25 million prayers and good works, to implore the restoration of health to Pope Pius XI. An opportunity to present the bouquet to the Pontiff personally offered itself by the charity of friends who were anxious to defray the expenses. The permission to accept the offer was graciously given by the Roman and provincial superiors who generously added a sabbatical year for further recuperation. This fact inaugurated the writer's third and final phase of his career and



influenced him to turn in an almost exclusively spiritual direction.

When he arrived at Rome early in 1937, the Vatican had just announced that all audiences were suspended until after Easter. This delay gave the writer an opportunity to cross to the Southern shore of the Mediterranean to visit Egypt, the Holy Land and Syria, returning by the way of Cyprus, Crete and Sicily. It was not merely a sight-seeing tour, but besides being a pilgrimage, it was a trip to observe the life of peoples and the situations and trends it expressed. Some impressions of this and the following trip through nearly all the countries now (1943) at war, with the exception of the northeastern lands, were indicated in a series of travel letters that appeared in *The Cowl*, a Capuchin review.

My third audience with the Vicar of Christ was as inspiring as the former ones. Pius XI was very feeble, but still remembered the first private audience in 1925, and he ended with the instruction to bless all Brigade boys and their benefactors in his name.

Omitting everything that has no special influence on my publications, only a few of such incidents can be recalled here.

The Spanish civil war being in progress, the whole of Europe was in great tension and fear. Meetings with influential personages in diverse places disclosed the fact that there was considerable apprehension about what the near future would bring. The direction in which the political situation was turning was indicated in a series of articles that appeared in the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, under the title of "Clouds over the Earth," by Viator. Although published before the storm broke loose in September, 1939, the predictions made, unfortunately, became facts.

Another incident on the trip worth mentioning was a visit to the saintly Franciscan author, Father Athanasius Bierbaum, who had seemingly taken up his permanent residence in a hospital bed, from which he continued his missionary apostolate by writing spiritual treatises. He could not speak much, but after a short discussion on the prevailing anti-Christian ideologies in-

fluencing so many people, he said: "It seems that Catholics no longer realize what Christianity means. They do not consider, and thoughtlessly walk a middle way that does not exist." For the purpose of leading people to think, he had just published a book containing short daily meditations for the laity, which he thought might help many to go to God instead of turning away from Him or simply passing Him by. It was a good book, and the author's request to make it available in English appealed to the present writer. The remodeling and adapting was begun immediately, and soon the book appeared in four volumes entitled. *Our Blessed Lady, Retreats, Christ: Victim and Victor*, and *Christ: Teacher and Healer*. Unfortunately, most of the reviewers, although they wrote favorably, did not grasp the importance of its objective.

Having returned home at the end of 1937, the writer felt better and wrote down the impressions made upon him by the political situations.

But the regained health did not last long. Three months later, a cerebral hemorrhage struck the writer. It was repeated a year later. Both of them left him, although not completely helpless, yet very much paralyzed and enfeebled. However, the time in and between, mostly spent in the sickroom, afforded plenty of time for meditation.

A plan was conceived to prepare for publication a series of sermons on the essence of the Third Order and its influence on the fruitfulness of the means of grace. The idea was carried out, and after the first installment had appeared, requests for translation into five languages were received, and soon began to appear in foreign magazines. This series was published in a book entitled *The Better Life*. Incidentally, the volume became an International Tertiary Book Selection, chosen by Franciscan editors in North, South and Central America, Europe and Asia.

At the present time, the writer cannot do much more than give the finishing touches to a volume on the spiritual guidance of youth and a treatise on prayer. God granting the necessary time, strength and eye-sight, they may soon appear.

Re-reading these lines, he finds that not one half of his pub-

lications were mentioned, although some of them omitted attained a wide circulation. Nor did he touch upon more than a thousand reviews, half of which were never printed for lack of space in the submitting monthlies or weeklies. But may this suffice to give the reader some idea about the birth and growth of this writer's fruits of the pen.

A word to other writers or aspirants to authorship may form the conclusion. The present writer had not much trouble to get his words in print; in fact, most of them were written on request. Material profits never were a special inducement to him. It is different with writers who adopt writing as a career or as a means of support; for them it may be up-hill work. However, having the necessary background and talent and watching opportunities, they may make some contributions to literature and culture. Best sellers are in nearly all instances not written but made by means over which authors have as a rule no control. Educational writers, of course, will watch needs and if possible try to fill the demands.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Father Hennrich was born in Holland in 1880, and was educated there and in Germany and the United States. He was ordained in the Capuchin Franciscan Order in 1911. For his work in boyology he was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, by Pope Pius XI in 1939. He is a member of the editorial board of the *Catholic School Journal* and of *Franciscan Studies*.

## **DORAN HURLEY**

**Novelist**



"GOD AND MARY TO YOU!" still say the gentle people of holy Ireland, in the soft Gaelic, if you meet them on the way. And if intelligence and mannerly courtesy is with you, you offer in turn the added blessing, from the heart, of the noble St. Patrick.

God and the Lady Mary and Patrick, saint of my blood, in their own shamrock joining of the Trinity, are my own and single reason and being as a Catholic man writing of Catholic men and women.

It is my pride to have the trinity of three things so closely allied that I may never think of them apart. And these are the three: that my blood is Irish, my spirit is American, my soul is Catholic.

And there is justness in my pride. As a Catholic born of a Catholic line, it means that never of my Irish blood, no matter how bitter and harsh the persecution, has ancestor of mine been false to God and to Lady Mary since first St. Patrick told the Irish nation of the Blessed Christ and His humble birthing in a Bethlehem stable.

As an American, my pride of Irish blood and Catholic soul rises high. For of my blood and soul has come the greatness of our nation. The too long-forgotten is coming to light, and in cold, studied intellectual research I find it so the Irish Catholic part in the growth of our country transcending that of all other racial and religious groups. Before they were. in peace and war, we were.

And of my own, am I justly proud of being an American born and American bred. It is a pride of background: of grandfather who labored in Charleston Navy Yard to build ships for Father Abraham; of great-uncles Charles and Edward, who were instant in answering Mr. Lincoln's call; of Uncle John, whose mother cradled him as his father worked for his country and who, in turn, in the War with Spain won the Congressional Medal of Honor as "the hero of the heroes of the cable-cutting at Cienfuegos."

In a Catholic literary world where intellectualism has brought so many converts to the Faith, men and women of writing talent, I more than ever glory in the Catholicism of my birthing.

I may not write of things philosophic or polemic. The deeper, more abstruse questions of the mind in its relation to the Church lie far beyond my ken. I admire so much and respect so greatly those, who, reaching the Church intellectually, use their gifts to spread intellectual appreciation of our holy Faith. The Holy Ghost is surely with them.

And yet, coming lately into the Fold, I pity them; for they could not know the Mother Church that my ancestors' fidelity to God and the Lady Mary gave to me.

Ah, to be born a Catholic! To know with such great glee the Great Lord in the Christmas crib as a Baby like your own little sister; to think, as you grew, of your mother always in terms of His, and in the years of her silent holiness to know the continuing kinship; to walk with your grandmother over crunching snow to five o'clock Mass on Christmas morning, and have her point out to you the Star still shining; to kneel with Aunt Lena at Benediction with the smell of the incense adding to your holy childlike awe; to hear Aunt Ann's voice rise in the choir-loft and

know that its glory was yours in its praise of the Lord; to make little bob curtseys with Aunt Kate as she took you in her daily Lenten round of the Stations; to know quiet holy men and women, patient in the Lord, in all the years of your growth. Blessing of blessings, therefore, must you feel to be born a Catholic of a straight and true fifteen hundred year line.

So as a writer, of whom might I write and whom should I extoll but the blood of my blood and the spirit of my soul. Through seven years of intensive newspaper training, and through college and university years of intellectual arrogance, the light shone forward to the day when writing need not be to other's choice; but of my own wish and freedom. Among my own American Irish Catholic people I saw, with a shining brightness, greatness had been and greatness was.

So my voice, however thin, rises in Catholic Letters to hail not only the builders of our Church in these United States, but those who have been as well the builders of our Nation. I chant the canticle of glory of the "five cent" people and the "ten cent" people. I raise my paeon of praise to those, who, through a hundred continuing years or more, have built single parish churches into cathedrals of great archdioceses. I sing their effort in the American way, and the truth of that way in their children.

Talk or writing of a modern Catholic renaissance in letters bores me. For myself, I go back as a writer, through my always-reading mother to Grandfather Doran—whose charming fault was, that sent out for groceries he might come back with books—to the American Catholic literary greatness of Mary Anne Madden Sadlier, of Anna Hanson Dorsey, of "Paul Peppergrass," of Fairbanks, and Father Abram Ryan, of John Boyle O'Reilly, of "Christian Reid," of Father Finn, of Maurice Francis Egan Mine is the glorious Catholic American line, known so early by the small boy who up attic devoured old bound copies of *Ave Maria* and as early learned that intellectual and literary Catholicism had waxed mighty in America from the very first landing of the Irish schoolmaster or student, from the nation's birth, indeed.

So I sing of the parish, of our American ways in our Catholic

Irish tradition. I sing with as equal joy and as like reverence of the Catholic Germans and Poles, French Canadians, Italians, Portuguese, Croats, whom you will, who have brought their Faith like banners shining and planted it anew upon our country's seaboards and inland prairies.

I raise my American *Te Deum* for the glory of the humble, who in their Catholicism have made our nation strong and united. I speak for those who are shy of speaking for themselves. With whatever gifts God has given me I trust I shall always speak for the builders alike of our Church and our Country . . . the humble men and women of God.

Yet, deeply as I feel all this, I have been most fortunate in having Mrs. Patrick Crowley speak much of it for me. She, in her age, knows much more about it than I, and was ever one to speak her mind more forcibly. She has in strength what I have in weakness, love of God and country.

And just who is Mrs. Patrick Crowley? That, indeed, is the question asked me most where ever I talk or lecture. I may only answer, helplessly, "We-ell . . . she . . . is . . . Mrs. Patrick Crowley." And that is little help at all.

But Father Francis X. Talbot, S.J., distinguished editor of *America*, but more important than that, "parish priest of American Catholic letters," saw her even more clearly than I, in his lovely Preface to one of my books. He saw his mother, and my mother and yours. And that is just who she is . . . at heart and in soul.

Actually, Mrs. Patrick Crowley, like Topsy, just grew. I believe I did mention her in *Monsignor*, but as a completely lay figure. Then Father Talbot, assuming the editorship of *America*, asked if I might not bring lightness and somewhat of humor to his pages in the manner of *New Yorker* articles of mine. I began by poking gentle fun at parish foibles generally . . . and then suddenly I looked up, and so did Father, and there was Mrs. Patrick Crowley standing over us laying down her law.

And then when I had the thought of writing a Catholic novel that would not only not be pietistic but light and gay and romantic, *Herself: Mrs. Patrick Crowley* very simply ordered it from the

beginning. It was she who took an old lady's feminine delight in pooh-poohing the laws of coincidence and tying up everything together in rosy wrappings at the end like one of her own Christmas packages.

*The Old Parish* stories in many instances have basis in fact, an anecdote or a story of an actual happening. Never precisely as written, of course, but with no deviation from probability. And because I write of real people, highly composite as they may be, so Constance Casey in the inevitableness of time became a Carmelite nun. For not of the old of the Parish is personal sanctity alone true. Mrs. Crowley and Constance may not have always seen eye to eye in things external. But I saw them both as they truly saw each other,—alike in their membership in the Mystical Body of Christ.

One by one, I suppose, the older members of the Parish will drop away, but the Old Parish will go on. There will not be a Mrs. Patrick Crowley under her own name; but she will have her successors, in the good women who in the world will labor parochially for God and His Church. And so of the men of the Holy Name Society and the St. Vincent de Paul. They may change in degree but never in kind.

If the Old Parish were not truly Catholic, I should be a regional writer only, since I have painted the background of my scene the New England I know. But the great university of our holy Faith finds like old parishes spread across the country. And there are many, many stories to be told of such parishes and the growth of the Catholic Faith; by others far more gifted than I, would be my wish. For I myself want to read them.

Forty-niners and fifty-niners, too, went forth from my Old Parish, and while some returned to regale us with their tales, the greater part of them remained to make their contribution to the building of the West. In Chicago and Denver and Butte and San Francisco are novels yearning to be written, of those pioneer men and women who, in the last half of the last century and thus far into this, have helped as few others have helped to make America reach her destiny.

In Chicago especially have I gloried in old tales. There most



especially have I seen (ah poor Browning!) Mrs. Crowley plain. Then she was a bishop's niece, with old stories of the Fire. It is characteristic that her own called her Queen. The West's asleep. May the West awake. The true story of Catholicism in the building of the nation awaits the western writer, from Chicago to San Francisco.

Why may we not appreciate what Willa Cather does so well. The history of our American times and our Catholic Faith may yet make some budding writer great. Not in superficial modernity but in historical appreciation of our past will come our writing claim to greatness.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Hurley was born in Fall River, Mass., in 1906, and was educated at Providence College and Brown University. He has had experience in both the newspaper and the radio fields. His books, published by Longmans, are *Monsignor* (1936), *The Old Parish* (1938), *Herself, Mrs. Patrick Crowley* (1939), *Says Mrs Crowley, Says She* (1941). The first and third titles were selections of the Catholic Book Club.

## HELEN ISWOLSKY



MY FATHER, besides being an able statesman and diplomat, was a man of great culture and wide experience. He often used to say that a writer who is sincerely devoted to his calling will continually feel the urge to write, while the amateur will exercise his gifts off and on, and does not feel this urge. Even a child will manifest its vocation.

Insofar as these observations are true, I am certainly a writer; for I remember scribbling as soon as I could read and write. It seemed to me, as I grew up, that to write books and poetry must be the greatest happiness a human being can experience. The day when, in 1918, I published my first article in a Paris review was indeed a very happy one.

And yet I could not contemplate for a long time the possibility of a purely literary career. The Russian Revolution broke out when I was scarcely more than twenty. My father resigned his post of Russian Ambassador in Paris. From 1914 to 1917 I nursed in a Red Cross hospital in France. Then I had to look for a job. In 1919 my father died, and life became even more

difficult. And thus it came about that instead of only writing books, I held all kinds of jobs: secretary, typist, translator, teacher, reporter, columnist. Since I came to America, I worked for a time as a waitress. But all this did not interfere with my writing. Even in the most difficult circumstances I have been able to do a great deal of literary work. I still love my profession more than anything else.

I think that this love is a great stimulant in life. It should be encouraged in all beginners, every opportunity should be given them, so that they should be able to improve their gifts and receive a professional and cultural training. They should learn above all that a creative gift is truly a gift of God and should be duly cherished.

Being a Russian by birth (although I lived most of my life outside Russia, because of my father's diplomatic career), I was an Orthodox till the age of twenty-five. Then I joined the Catholic Church in circumstances which I relate in my book, *Light Before Dusk*. A few years later in Paris I met the Catholic philosopher and Christian humanist Jacques Maritain, and I had the privilege of working with him and his group till the French collapse.

It was after this, and thanks to him, that I really discovered my vocation as a social and religious writer. Since then I have devoted all my spare time to the study of theology, social problems, the works of the great Catholic mystics, etc. I also remained in close contact with my Russian friends, realizing that an understanding between Catholics and Orthodox is essential to the reunion of the churches, of which I became an ardent champion.

Much of my study has been also devoted to the Russian problem, to conditions in Soviet Russia, and to the Russian people. I have always been convinced, and still am convinced, that in spite of communist rule, which has never curbed the spirit of the people, the Russian soul is alive and profoundly dynamic. I have carefully collected testimonies pointing to the survival of religion in Russia and to my people's stubborn resistance to atheist and materialist doctrine. I have described this process of

national and religious survival in my book *Soviet Man Now*, published in 1936.

Today Russia's heroic struggle against Hitler proves that my estimations were correct, and that in spite of Communism, my country is capable of great things. Pope Pius XI wrote in his famous encyclical on Atheistic Communism: "We do not want to condemn in any way the entire masses of the Soviet Union to whom we bear a paternal affection . . . What we condemn is the system, its instigators and the men responsible for it." I have deeply cherished these words, and they will always guide me in my work for Russia.

Social and religious writings . . . Christian Reunion . . . Russia. It may seem to the reader of these lines that I undertook too heavy a task and was somewhat presumptuous in thinking that I shall ever be able to fulfill it. But I must add that none of these branches were actually chosen by me. They just happened to come my way. Throughout my career I have indeed rarely been allowed to make a choice. I think that this is characteristic of my entire life. Not that I am passive by nature. On the contrary, I consider myself a rather wilful and temperamental person. But somehow I rarely achieved the things which I desired, and was often obliged to meet emergencies which I least expected. I have long since learned to accept this as the will of God. He is just using me where He thinks best and in the way He thinks best.

We Catholics are all called to an apostolate. But my apostolate was never mapped out for me. It was just thrust upon me. Thus it was, for instance, that through Jacques Maritain, I met a number of the representatives of the French Catholic social movements, and started working with them. This work went on for ten years, and I have related most of it in *Light Before Dusk*.

At the same time I collaborated with a group of Russian friends in similar activities dealing with Russian social and religious problems. It was during that period that I met the Russian religious thinker Nicholas Berdiaeff whom, with M. Maritain, I am proud to be able to call my friend and teacher. I shall always

recall those years as the happiest in my life, for I was constantly in touch with the finest, most noble and generous minds of the French and Russian intellectual world.

When as a child, I wished to become a writer, I certainly did not dream that I was going to be a Catholic writer. Being a Catholic writer is something more than a career, and something above literature. It is a vocation and, as I have said, an apostolate. It is also a school of humility. For all of us who call ourselves Catholic writers know that we have a Master whom we shall never be able to rival, a Teacher whom we shall never be able to surpass. This should save us from literary pride, from vanity. And it should constantly remind us that we are but tools in the hands of Him from whom flows all creative spirit.

To return to myself, I must add that I left France in May, 1941, eleven months after the collapse. Thanks to my friends in America, I was able to come to the United States and to resume my work. A few months after my arrival, I started writing *Light Before Dusk* for Longmans Green, where I found warm welcome and encouragement. And thus once more I have been permitted providentially to continue my literary career and to serve once more the cause of Christian humanism.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Iswolsky, who now resides in Valley Cottage, New York, is engaged in writing and lecturing. Her writings include *Blind Kings* (in collaboration with Joseph Kessel), *Life of Michael Bakunin; Soviet Women* (1923, 1927, Paris), *The Diplomatic Correspondence of Alexander Iswolsky, Soviet Man Now* (Sheed), *Light Before Dusk* (1942, Longmans), *The Soul of Russia Today* (1942, Christian Culture Press), a reprint of her lecture delivered before the Assumption College Lecture League, Windsor.

## ELIZABETH JORDAN

*Novelist*



IF I HAD NOT already emptied my memory chest in an autobiography published several years ago it would be easier to write a two thousand word life story now, as I am asked to do. Then I had space for a hundred thousand words, and used it all with an author's fine abandon and inevitable sense of injury over a lack of mental elbow room. For when an author begins to reminisce about work the reminiscences have a tendency to run on indefinitely.

Let me check this at once by confessing that my childhood was uneventful and that I was much more ordinary than my fond parents thought me. I proved this when I graduated at seventeen at the great Convent of Notre Dame in Milwaukee, then and now the Motherhouse of its Order in these United States. I had shown my normality by falling in love with the Convent, the life there, and the really wonderful woman who was then and for many years afterwards the head of the Notre Dame Order in America—Mother General Mary Caroline, whose beautiful body and soul have long been at peace.

She was interested in me because I had studied the piano almost from my infancy, and in addition to my academic course was preparing to be a concert-pianist. This was my mother's plan for me. My own plan was to become a nun—one of Mother Mary Caroline's great and devoted band. Mother Caroline's idea was that this might be a very good plan and that, as a Religieuse, I would eventually succeed Sister Cecilia, the head of the Convent's great music department and by far the best musician and teacher of the piano I have ever known. I studied with her for many years. I could never have filled her place; but it is flattering to remember that Mother Mary Caroline had hoped I could.

Mother General, however, true to the great principles of her Order, had no idea of admitting me to that Order without my parents' consent; and this my mother, who was not a Catholic, would never have willingly given. She proved this as soon as the question came up.

As a compromise, after my graduation, my father persuaded her to let me have a little newspaper fling in New York. I had loved books from the time I could read—an accomplishment I learned at five years old from our cook, who like myself had literary aspirations. We both desired to write stories! I put in many hours of my infancy in our kitchen, to the surprise of the other members of the family. They decided, however, that they were protecting my little brain by slow development in a safe environment. They did not know about the ambitions of Nora, our cook, who saw no reasons why she and I should not enter the daisied field of literature together. We did this for several years, and I strengthened the growing bond between us by bringing to the kitchen, from our well-stocked library in the heart of the house, all the books Nora and I desired to read together.

They were numerous and some of them were startling. My father, who had been a classical student in his youth, had selected his library very carefully. A younger brother of my mother, who happened to be a professor at Cornell University at the time, was also a book-lover. He bought countless books but had no place to store them. He ended by sending several thousand volumes

to our home in Milwaukee, for safe keeping by my mother, his favorite sister, till he had a home of his own. They became a part of our library, as he did not marry till long after I had left home and had begun what I like to call my "career."

My professional experience began soon after my graduation. I went to New York to see the town and I got a job there by the simple process of walking into the *New York World* building, a low very shabby structure on Nassau Street, and asking the editor-in-chief for one. He was Colonel John A. Cockrill, and he gave me the job within half an hour—solely, I have long realized, because of my exuberant youth and boundless audacity. I had taken with me no letter of introduction.

From the first I worked from twelve to eighteen hours a day. I must have done fairly well for I held that job ten years, one year as reporter, six years more as editor of various departments, and the final three years as assistant Sunday Editor of the *World*, associated with Arthur Brisbane, who was then Sunday Editor.

Early in my New York experience, which originally was supposed to last only a year or two, the great business crash of the end of the century struck my home town, Milwaukee. Every bank in the city failed, but one. My father, who was at that time a wealthy real estate man, buying and developing property all over the city, went down in the crash with most of Milwaukee's other business men. He paid all his debts following the crash and prepared to begin life over. *The Evening Wisconsin* had a fine editorial about that. But father's health had also crashed under the strain. He lived, as an incurable invalid, ten years longer. My job had become a necessity. From that time till my parents' death—my mother lived to be eighty-eight—I had the privilege and happiness of supporting them.

My ten years on *The New York World* were the most interesting and educational of my life. Eventually I had an understanding with the owner—Joseph Pulitzer—and his editors that I must not be too firmly tied down to editorial work alone. All articles in a newspaper except editorials are called "stories" by the staff. My ambition was to write real stories—fiction. Big newspaper stories were good training. I was in a position to be



independent. Whenever a really big "story" came along—especially a famous murder—I cheerfully accepted an assignment to cover it. Among these assignments were the two most famous murders of the day—the Carlyle Harris case and the Lizzie Borden case. The powers above me on *The World* were always glad to have me shake off the responsibilities of my editorial desk and write big "stories" on such cases.

Among others I wrote the original news story that started the famous Carlyle Harris murder trial. At dinner together one night the district attorney of New York had turned over all the rough material of the case of his close friend, Ballard Smith, then our managing editor. Mr. Smith strolled into my office at ten o'clock that night and dumped on my desk what seemed like a barrellful of notes, with orders to have the "story" finished before *The World* went to press at about two o'clock in the morning. I sorted and read these notes and wrote the "story" of several columns, with a copy boy standing at my elbow toward the end and racing to the composing room with the pages as fast as I wrote them. The next morning that story was a "beat" on the whole town and country, which means that no other newspaper in New York or elsewhere had any mention of the case. But for this, of course, I deserved no credit. All the facts had been gathered and given *The World* by the District Attorney.

I was writing some fiction by that time, in the free hours I had in a working day often eighteen hours long. I had acquired a fairly good style and a lot of experience. I wrote more and more fiction for the magazines and began to think seriously about resigning from *The World* and giving all my time to creative writing.

*The World* editors, who were all extremely kind to me, did not approve of that idea. Neither did Mr. Pulitzer. But while I was seriously considering it, Colonel George Harvey, who had been briefly but brilliantly a managing editor of *The New York World*, became President of Harper and Brothers. One of his first official acts was to give me the editorship of *Harper's Bazaar*. That seemed a big step forward and right along the literary lines I was working toward. My resignation from *The World* dis-

turbed the friendship between Colonel Harvey and Mr. Pulitzer, who did not like to have members of his staff lured away. Both men eventually decided to forgive and forget their quarrel, and Mr. Pulitzer finally extended his forgiveness to me. Many years later I was a sincere mourner at his funeral.

I had been with *The World* ten years. My thirteen years with Harper and Brothers were very different but equally interesting and educational. I met the leading authors of America and was given the friendship of many of them—notably William Dean Howells, Henry James, Mary E. Wilkins, Margaret Deland, and Frances Hodgson Burnett, to mention only a few. Henry Mills Alden, then the great editor of *Harper's Magazine*, was wonderful to me. He not only encouraged my writing but published it, as most other leading magazine editors were doing by that time. Among other things he published in *Harper's Magazine* two complete series of my *May Iverson* stories, of which the third and final series appeared in *Good Housekeeping*,—at a much higher price!

At Harpers, of course, I had my evenings free. There was no night work to be done, as there was on *The World*. But the habit of industry had been well established. I had already written the first of my thirty novels, which was accepted and published by Scribners while I was still with *The World*. After that I continued to write a novel a year. They are cheerful and virtuous tales with no best sellers among them except a sporadic example or two. They have been, however, widely published throughout the world—most of them in England simultaneously with their American publication, others (translations) in various parts of Europe and South America. For some reason, which I have never understood, a number of them translated into Scandinavian languages and published in Scandinavian countries, have had some really big sales. So has my autobiography, *Three Rousing Cheers* (the cheers being for others, not for me!). After three years of existence the autobiography is still selling strongly enough to be coming out in a new edition as I write these lines.

Incidentally, I have had an extremely happy life. I have been able to support myself and my dependents in comfort from the

beginning of my work. With a friend I adopted (when she was eighteen months old) and brought up a little French girl and sent her through Smith college. I have crossed the Atlantic ocean thirty-eight times, and traveled much on three continents. I was able to be of a little use to my country during the first World War. I am necessarily confining my aid to this war to such checks as I can afford to send out in response to hundreds of appeals.

I have had the normal share of humiliations and disappointments and I have had two big failures. The first was in the moving picture business, and it was complete. One of the largest studios in the moving picture game offered me twenty-five thousand dollars a year to act as its editorial director. I resigned from Harpers to accept the job (I like that homely word!). But not even ten strenuous years on the greatest newspaper in New York, nor thirteen subsequent years with the greatest publishing house in the country, had prepared me for the mysterious goings-on in the picture studios of two decades ago. I resigned within a year and from then on have given all my time to my writing.

The second failure was less disastrous and much less complete. The only play I ever wrote, *The Lady From Oklahoma*, opened brilliantly in Chicago and Baltimore and was triumphantly brought to New York by William A. Brady and the Shuberts. My misguided friends made the first night in New York such a gay and brilliant affair that they fooled even the critics, several of whom gave the play fine reviews the next morning. But after a few weeks the play languished and died.

The explanation given for the failure, by Alan Dale, the leading critic of that day, who had predicted a long life for the play, was that I had made fun of women, and that they couldn't "take it." I made fun of them, and many women had enjoyed it. One scene hadn't an actor in it. I had shown my characters in a beauty parlor, and I had revealed all the mysteries of that environment. I subsequently made that act into a one-act play. It ran in vaudeville for sixty weeks on what was called the Grand

Circuit. That paid me fairly well for the work I had put on the play as a whole.

Like my father I have been a Catholic all my life—not an ornament to the Faith, but an ardent member and supporter of it. I have had countless blessings—work, friends, family life and continued health, for which I humbly thank God. The greatest of my blessings is work, which I have always loved and invariably found more interesting than anything else life has offered me. I have always been and, please God, will continue to be an optimist and a believer in life, the world, and my fellow men and women.

My message to the young, from whom I have received and am still receiving thousands of letters asking for advice, can be given in four words. Work, Love, and Pray. There is nothing new in the slogan, but only a fool should fail to follow it. It contains the whole creed of any worth-while human existence.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Jordan, who is now dramatic critic of *America*, received the honorary degree of Litt.D. from Mount Mary College, Milwaukee, in 1932. Among her later books are her autobiography, *Three Rousing Cheers*, 1938, Appleton; and the novels *After the Verdict* (1939), *First Port of Call* (1940), *Faraway Island* (1941), *Young John Takes Over* (1942).



**MOST REVEREND FRANCIS  
C. KELLEY**

DEAR MR. ROMIG: Here is a try at answering your flattering invitation.

On the writing side, my long life—I am just over seventy—might be divided into these two parts: when I wanted to write but did not and when I had to write and did. It now seems to me that I always wanted to write; which proved clearly enough for me at least that some day I should write. The years of wanting were years of pleasant apprenticeship, because every now and then I set myself to try.

In St. Dunstan's College I had founded a little student paper but my office was only that of business manager. Nevertheless the professor-editor gave me one chance, which I took by contributing an allegory in imitation of Addison's *Vision of Merza*. No one seemed to get anything out of it but myself but I had confirmation of the faith that some day I should write.

In the Seminary at Nicolet I played at writing for recreation and the not-too-noble objective of making a few dollars for trifles such as "smokes." My French-Canadian fellow semi-

narians used to tell me stories and legends of Old Quebec. I jotted some of them down and sold them to a sympathetic newspaperman at the rate of one dollar a column. When my friends ran out of legends I used the atmosphere of the genuine as background for inventions. The play and the pay were agreeable and the practice helpful; also it was in accord with the tradition of my old college, which had been the *Alma Mater* of the writing Archbishop of Halifax, Dr. O'Brien, of James Jeffrey Roche, poet and co-editor of the old *Boston Pilot* with John Boyle O'Reilly, and of Henry O'Meara, long dead and gone editor of a Boston daily. Their names had inspirational value for their successors at the battered desks of St. Dunstan's.

Happily too—at least for me—the College Library was small but good. Its smallness kept trash out of my hands; its goodness forced me to ask help from real stylists. I read the *British Essayists* and profited and enjoyed. Then, the old college afore-said was in my day blessed with one specimen of the kind of English teacher I needed. He gave himself some extra trouble for me. That is how it came about that later I could earn a dollar a column when, at my age, I shouldn't have been worth a cent a page.

When ordained and put to work as a pastor I had to forget about writing to give full attention to necessary church building in three missions, but the writing disease insisted now and then on breaking out. For a few months I had a small parish paper which forced me to learn a little something about editorial writing. I could afford to buy only a few books, but the few I did manage to buy helped. I put together a small collection of the French pulpit orators and thus got to know the best France had in literature along the line that interested me, for I was trying my voice as well as my pen. But all the while I was afflicted with the building business. Check writing was not in the line aforementioned. What time I gave to other scribbling had to be squeezed in between pressing pastoral duties. I never really had time to play the artist; so my product was always much in the rough; a fact that kept distressing me more and more as I went along. My greatest joy would have been to achieve free-

dom from other cares so as to give all my attention to Catholic literature; but not for that had I been ordained. Had I been so favored it is probable enough that I should never have become an even half-acceptable author. If doing a writing job is like carving a statue then I was only artist enough to give mine its outline; certainly not to give it life. The big chisel I got to use fairly well but the fine little one that opens eyes and with a tender touch makes the marble laugh or weep, I never had time to use. Even later my writing was often done in an office, on trains, and later still, on ocean liners. Artistry keeps aloof under such conditions.

Pardon if I step back a few paces. I missed something: the story of an incident which pulled me out of the condition of wanting to write and placed me in the condition of being obliged to write. It happened in 1907, when, to help my church building jobs and make a living, I was imposing on Lyceum audiences as a lecturer—fifty dollars or mostly less an impose.

You remember the scene in Dante's *Purgatorio* of his meeting with the soul of Bouonconte da Montefeltro. Dante had known Bouonconte in life and was greatly surprised to find that he had escaped permanent residence in the lower regions and actually was on the way through Purgatory to Heaven. The nobleman had been no saint on earth. The soul told about his sudden tragic passing from life and of a quick act of contrition made before death:

"And then God's angel took me up and he of hell shouted,  
'Oh Thou of Heaven, why dost Thou rob me?  
Thou bearest away the eternal part of him  
For one poor little tear that takes him from me' "

That "one poor little tear" of the soldier-nobleman saved him. Dante's theology was quite right on the point. If "one poor little tear" did such a great thing, is it any surprise to learn that another "one poor little tear" did the trivial thing of launching me out as a writer? Yet, "one poor little tear" really did that. It was not, of course, the same "one poor little tear," but it might have been a sister of it.

A few remarks on the power of little tears will not be out of place here considering the credit I am giving to one

What would the race of man have been without tears? Nothing better, I fear, than a garden without water; a burning and unprofitable desert. All true poets wept. All prose producers of the beautiful in literature had their fits of sadness. Great poetry does not always dance into rhyme. Tears make fertile the ground that pain has plowed. Tears are even responsible for many profitable smiles. Happiness often came from tears. The salt in a tear is different from the salt in the ocean: the latter kills good soil while the former makes it productive. Tears are really the most fertile things in life. What, for a grand example, would religion be without tears? Mankind won a Redeemer in the red sacrificial tears of Gethsemane.

The occasion for my weeping "one poor little tear" was a visit to a Kansas town on the flat prairie some forty years ago. Sympathy for a lonely priest in what looked then like a hopeless mission called it out and forced me, in sadness, to write his story. That was my real start as a writer; and my feet have never since left the delightful road. All I write, no matter the title, is still inspired by the same "one poor little tear." In truth and fact the tear, in my case, is the writer. I get the credit,—and now and then the royalties—but the tear's the thing. I find it both wise and profitable to listen and obey when I hear the gentle reminding voice of the tear. You see, I became a beggar by mail.

All this poetic stuff I have set down as a preface to the recording of the fact that the cause of the home missions drove me into writing and, little by little, even taught me how to write well enough to keep people thinking of them in season and out of season. I wrote appeals, direct and indirect, in prose and verse, in tales and reasonings; never ceasing, never satisfied and *Deo gratias*, never tired. It is grand to write when one has something as great as that cause to write about. It was like living two inter-dependent lives, each one brightening the other. I would not wish to give up writing. I don't see how I could give



it up; for the cause is still very precious; a jewel of many facets never off the finger that has a connecting nerve to the heart. The word *nerve* was not deliberately chosen, but it has implications.

There you have your question answered; though not perhaps as you would have wished it to be answered. You would want more detail, more emphasis perhaps on methods, more thought about candidates for the profession, or joy, of writing. All that would be professor-stuff and I am no professor. Like Topsy in the flesh, I "just grewed" in the writing spirit.

I keep a few self-made writing commandments in mind which may be of interest. They are my own and yet not my own, since obviously based on the old laws of Christian perfection. Here are some of them:

I. Keep learning by reading and meditation. Read philosophy for order in thought, history for the knowledge of the ways of men, theology for living truth, essays for compression, synthesis, and style, orations for dignity, tales for the cultivation of the imagination and ease in diction, poetry for music.

II. Store the mind by observation with apt and telling illustrations.

III. Skim a little of the cream of popular science to be up with the times.

IV. Find the highest and noblest objective and try to serve it. Mine was and still is the keeping and spreading of the Faith.

V. Remember always that it is not yourself for whom you are writing but your readers. There would be no value in writing what only you would understand. Write to convince others or you waste your time. It is a sin to waste time.

There is more, but I am moved to let the rest stay in their cells.

I was a fortunate candidate for writing in the fact that my vocation was the priesthood. A high and holy objective was waiting for me as soon as the oil of ordination was dry on my palms. Later I founded *Extension*, a magazine which achieved a large circulation and thus insured me a widespread congregation of readers. Through it, I could reasonably expect to reach

some non-Catholics. I wrote to preach for the printed word goes far and its influence never entirely passes. It works even when the one who sends it forth to life and action has himself gone forth from life and action. It makes for him a second life. That is the point; a second life with merit gathered after the harvest seemed over, with the grain in the barn. Why do I persist in writing? Simply because I desire to persist in preaching with an eye on that second life.

How badly does the race of man need the Word and how hard it is to make men listen to It! The Catholic writer has to match a certain holy cunning against the world's unholy indifference and often actual fear of the Truth. Many people, especially amongst the seemingly well instructed, allow latent prejudice to hold them in the dark. The Catholic writer often has to invent a sort of Braille for this kind of folks.

In a way it is good sport to be a writer. The hazards are many. The grass is sometimes long on the course. The sand is deep in the bunkers. There is a wide stream of indifference to carry over. But the game is good to play and the reward is certain. What once twelve fishermen did we at least can try to do. It cost the Twelve their lives. It costs us only a life of pleasant and patient effort.

While on a visit to Dublin some years ago I met George Russell, the Irish poet and painter who signed himself "AE." We came together in that queer room of his reached by the long stairs of Plunkett House; the one with walls painted over with his fantasies. Like everyone else who met "AE," I fell under his charm and listened to his wisdom. He has never departed from the house of my memories. I did not understand "AE" then. He was a mystic without having drunk at the true fount of mysticism. He revelled in Catholic thought without knowing from whence it flowed. He was like a child picking up bruised apples that had fallen outside the orchard fence, though the gate of that holy orchard called the Church was open and there was the usual welcome call to use it. Only yesterday I really understood "AE," and perhaps other great men and women like him, when I read an article on "AE" and his work in Maurice Leahy's

*Ireland-American Review*. It was written well indeed by Irene Haugh who had been his secretary. Shall I not let her introduce the real "AE" to you?

"I found that, sustained by my own 'props,' I could follow 'AE' on many flights into uncharted regions of the invisible world from whence I would come back laden with ore from which I would sift and keep the gold and throw away the dust. In these journeyings I would come within sight of Truths which had been but names to me before, eternal castles of the invisible world about which 'AE' could fling many a fancy of his own but which I was seeing for the first time, exclaiming in my heart, like a child looking at a famous view: 'Why that's been hanging on the wall at home for years.'

"In other words, through 'AE' I began to realise the truth of my own religion, which I had, as so many Catholics do, always taken for granted I began to explore the meaning of words which I used unthinkingly every day. He made me word conscious, quick to realise when in a poem they came out of 'deep own Being' or just out of the literary memory. He had many words such as 'Logos' or 'The Great Deep' where I would write God."

Just a little more, please:

"Times were changing. He became out of touch with the new generation and the new Government (1932), but found leisure at last to write the book he had in mind for some years' *Song and Its Fountains*. If only he had entered now the world of Catholic mysticism, steeped his mind in Christian philosophy as he had long ago in oriental lore, that Ireland which he loved, now becoming in his opinion more and more materialistic, might yet have received that spiritual revival for which he had so long hoped. But a revival not as he had expected, a neo-Druidism, but an Irish Catholic Renaissance with 'AE' as the light and the poet and the saint of the movement."

There are thousands, not as great as was "AE," but surely as needy, still outside the holy orchard fence picking up the apples that fall on the wrong side. They have a sort of spiritual kinship with us who are inside, yet they do not enter and take what is theirs for the taking. Sometimes it is traditional prejudice that keeps them out. Sometimes it is only timidity. Often it is the suspicion that the holy orchard is too good to be true. Then, alas, there is pride. Now and then—but certainly not in such as "AE"—it is sin. Alas! whatever it is, we Catholics too often fail such people—God forgive us! It is worth all it costs Catholic writers to make an effort to reach them. Even if we fail we have

the merit and joy of the effort. What then does a little more patient labor matter? A little more of struggle to express? A little more prayer? My God, what a grand thing it is to be privileged to try! I reproach myself that it was worldly statesmanship I talked with "AE." I might not have brought him in but at least I would not have failed him utterly. At the very least I might have pointed to the open gate. No man can tell how far and wide the water will flow for which he has made an ever-so-tiny a channel.

Tiny channels! Tiny things! It's not the channel but the flow that counts. Humility is thought of as the tiniest of virtues; but it is one of the most powerful; especially in a writer; for it is sister to simplicity and simplicity is the crown of style.

"Proper words in proper places" may not be all there is to style in spite of Dean Swift, but it is a great deal. A Frenchman wrote that style is the man himself; which means that it cannot be used as a mask. It has to be genuine. One writes what one is. Happy then if the humility and simplicity of one's way of writing is as natural as one's way of walking. It will not do in writing to ignore the bigness of the little things. They count. A very little weight is all that is needed to tip the delicately adjusted scale of life's values. The epigram is the biggest little written thing but it may in action become as powerful as a treatise. Let no Catholic writer in decent humility ever forget what may yet happen to the thought he records on paper and for which in stern justice he has made himself responsible before God. There is missionary value in all truly Catholic writing. He brings it out clearest who feels his keen responsibility for it.

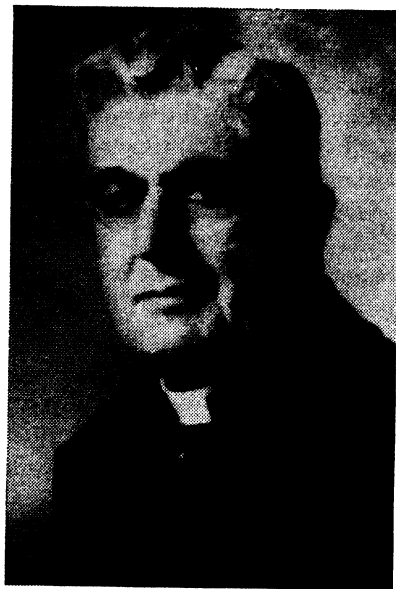
So much error—even sin—lives in the world today, so much actual hostility or lazy indifference to the Truth, that the Catholic writer was never more needed. The stern theologian with his measuring rod and scissors will always be with us. We cannot make him either laugh or make him weep. He just won't descend to eloquence. He walks among us as straight as a ramrod with his eyes always on the firmament. He won't pick the flowers by the roadside to color his wisdom. Flowers to him are evidences or nothing worth bothering about. We couldn't do

without the theologian but most of us wouldn't want to be like him. We have to play. We have to sing. The path would be tiresome without laughter to brighten it. Not all writers can ignore the weather and take sun, shade, and storm as indifferently as does the theologian. Indeed, not many readers either. But Truth does not hate us. It shuns only the company of error. Truth can be reasoned, declaimed, or chanted. It often smiles. Chesterton put it into the best ballad in the English tongue—*Lepanto*. Thomas Aquinas put it into syllogisms; Bossuet into funeral sermons; Newman into the novel; Thompson into poetry. One poem of Eileen Duggan, *After the Annunciation*, is a work of Christian theology in two lovely verses. It is joy as well as study you get when you read it thoughtfully. The field of the Catholic writer is the most beautiful of all the green and fertile fields of literature. Others have flowers, mountains, streams, and oceans, but the Catholic writer has all of them and more. He has the secret of their charm. He does not have to remain half-satisfied with wormy and bruised apples fallen over the fence for he is in the holy orchard and can take its ripe fruit all luscious and rosy off the eternal trees.

EDITOR'S NOTE Bishop Kelley's more recent books include *Sacerdos et Pontifex*: letters to a bishop-elect, 1940, St. Anthony Guild Press, *The Bishop Jots It Down* an autobiographical strain of memories, 1939, Harpers, *Letters to Jack*, 10th edition, revised 1939, St. Anthony Guild Press; *Problem Island*, 1937, St. Anthony Guild Press; *Pack Rat*, 1942, Bruce.

**REVEREND MICHAEL  
KENNY, S.J.**

*Historian*



HAVING EXCLUDED "I" from all his published writings, the above named feels awkward in personal anecdotage, and will therefore impose his ideographies and other ideocies on K., or Dr. K., when so entitled.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," and in K's. case, obedience was the mother of necessity. After his entrance at Mungret College, Ireland, 1880, and the Jesuit Order, 1886, he wrote now and then for college publications, always by direction, and his humorous epics on Mungret's monks' defeat of Cashel's in Dead Languages and Maguire's forestallment of Columbus occasioned some comment. Enamored of Homer, and deeming no English version adequate, he translated the *Iliad's* first book into rhyming verse in Homeric meter, but realizing that even so the bard had escaped him, he let his Homer sleep and his Greeks stop short of Troy. Charged as a young professor with literary exhibits, he wrote the college plays for some years and translated his Horace and Virgil lessons into English verse. Some of his

plays were sought for publication, but being always kept busy with other duties, once he had met the present needs he was satisfied. He wrote a few boys' stories under pressure when Father Finn was in flower, but soon left that field to its master.

But the rhyming exercise had its uses. It trains the ear to cadence of language and choice of the fitting word and pithy phrase. And so it may qualify even the poetaster for smooth and balanced prose. With some imagination and sense of beauty, he may soar on occasion to poetic heights, and he is more likely to become a competent critic. One who has never rhymed can rarely appraise the finer things in literary values.

Busy with classes of philosophy and literature, K. publicized only from the pulpit, until the persuasive Father John Wynne, S.J., came South in 1908 to promote the national weekly, *America*, which was to replace his monthly magazine, *The Messenger*. At his urging, K. speeded to Atlanta to write him a feature article on Joel Chandler Harris, who had just died in the Faith. Having interviewed Uncle Remus' gracious Catholic wife, and carried off all his books and writings, K. presented for the next issue an illustrated story which the Harris family and Father Wynne pronounced the truest picture of "Uncle Remus"; wherein the author still modestly concurs. For the next issue, Father Wynne wired K., then in Galveston, to send him in a week a ten-page review of Mrs. Green's *The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing*. 'Twas the first of the kind he had essayed, but he knew Irish history, and the article reached New York acceptably on time. Therewith, *The Messenger* became defunct, and K. came to life on the founding staff of the new weekly magazine, *America*.

He had nothing to say about it. His Provincial had sent a few lines directing him to leave for New York forthwith to represent the New Orleans Province on the national magazine then aborning, and Holy Obedience, poor thing, had to equip him for journalism at forty-six. Well, he had what Dana of *The Sun* deemed the essentials: a knowledge of the Bible and of the U. S. Constitution, including presumably their historical

surroundings and an interest in the public questions underlying them, a prime journalistic requisite.

K. had some months to acquire technique before *America* was launched on April 17, 1909, the day of Jeanne d'Arc's Beatification. He had the honor of writing the first article thereon and also the first review of books on the Warrior Maid. This set him in conflict with *The Literary Digest*; which he scored for presenting a few bigoted press notices as public opinion on the event; and he kept sending the scorings to the *Digest's* advertisers until it made amendment. It helped to make *America* respected, and enlarged its advertising value.

Some of K's. contributions on Miracles, Masonry, Mexico, Pope Pius X., etc., were pamphleted in *The Catholic Mind*, and he was urged to put others in book form. But, assigned to write articles, editorials and reviews on whatever subject came up, he found the day's work, and the night's, quite enough. This was often interesting. The Irish Players came over about 1912, and K., having read all the output of Yeats, Synge & Co., exposed them in a series of articles and editorials as motively anti-Irish because anti-Catholic. Twenty years later, at the Irish Eucharistic Congress, Archdeacon Nolan of Tipperary gave him special hospitalities upon learning he was the person Mr. Yeats referred to when on return he attributed the failure of his Players' tour to "a certain Father Kenny."

Leaving *America* in 1915, after seven years' service, the last of the original staff, K. was pleased to escape the difficulties our entrance into the war created for editors even then. Appointed professor of philosophy at Loyola University, New Orleans, and lecturer on jurisprudence and Regent of Loyola Law School, K. prepared treatises on Fundamental Law and on Legal Ethics, which attained book size but never book form; for, when Sociology and Political Economy were added to his program, he lacked zest or rest to polish them for print.

But he contributed to the *Loyola Law Journal* he had initiated, and when Father Blakely contended in *America* that the Oklahoma Legislature in prohibiting sacramental wine and its



lower courts in sustaining it were within "State rights," and the U. S. Supreme Court had no jurisdiction therein, K. felt constrained to launch his recent legal acquirements against that constitutional heresy. He wrote five articles for *America*, maintaining by reasoning and judicial record that the law was invalid and that the Supreme Court had power to declare it so. The grounds he presented were embodied, on appeal, in the opinion of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma proclaiming the law's invalidity.

He had written "The 'Intention' Exposition of Freemasonry" in *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and a series of articles in *America*, and America Press issued them in the pamphlet, *American Masonry*.

Requested by the President of the Catholic Educational Association, K. presented a paper at their 1918 San Francisco Convention on "American Masonry and Catholic Education." It was a factual, documented exposition of American Masonry's machinations and their immediate menace to Catholic schools, such as the Oregon Law was soon to actuate, and it was all based on their published records. Yet it was the only one of the papers read that the Board barred from their Convention Book. However, it was printed, in 1919, by Creighton University, where K. was giving a course in Sociology, and soon the International Catholic Truth Society gave it wide circulation. An enlarged edition in 1926 had a striking Preface by Archbishop Curley frankly condemning the Board's weakness and unwisdom in suppressing it. In 1940, Dr. K. prepared a new edition, to be issued in book form, bringing Masonry's more flagrant intervening projects up to date. This was accepted approvingly by the editor of the Catholic Truth Society, who had suggested it. But its publication has not yet appeared, though present and prospective conditions indicate the alarming need of such revelation.

Under like pressure, Dr. K. read papers at several national conventions on charitable and social service, which were duly published in their records, and some of his addresses were

pamphleted, notably *Ireland's Case*. But, though his published products would fill some volumes, he had so far escaped a "book." It was only when approaching seventy that this achievement was imposed on him.

Transferred to Spring Hill College, Alabama, in 1924, to teach philosophy and sociology to the graduating class, K. earned a Ph.D. from Fordham in vacational courses, and was granted a Litt.D. by Spring Hill for a more extensive thesis. It was the Centenary Story of the College, founded in 1830, by Most Reverend Michael Portier, first Bishop of Mobile. It was a heavy appendage to Dr. K's. teaching program. But the request of Father Walsh as Rector and Provincial was a factual command. Dr. K. studied the historic French and Spanish background, and what had happened under "Five Flags," four wars, and scores of yellow fever plagues, and he collected what records two fires and four changes of college government had left. He then acquired a typist, and dictating in his free hours and summer vacation, by fall he had achieved a four-hundred page book, titled by the America Press *Catholic Culture in Alabama*, but more appositely on second printing, *The Torch on the Hill*. It had a very good press, secular and Catholic, and several reviewers insisted it was the only college history they had ever found interesting. There were certainly few that presented such striking variety in eventful contacts and in college life and personnel, and the fact that a Catholic college held charter from a deep south Protestant State as far back as 1835, and never missed a graduation since, could hardly fail to make a stirring story.

Before the author had time to read it, his Provincial had assigned him another book, the expansion of his notice in the Spring Hill background of the Jesuit and other martyrs of Florida. Having treated Spring Hill's governing bodies as they came—Seculars, Mercys, Eudists, and Jesuits, who took charge only in 1847—Dr. K. dealt similarly with Dominicans, Franciscans, and others, who came before and after or between the Jesuits in Florida. Noting the omission or distortion in current histories of our Catholic foundings in Spanish Florida, then ex-

tending from the Gulf to the Potomac, Dr. K. set himself to replace fable by fact and tell the true story in *The Romance of the Floridas, 1512-1574*.

A full page feature article in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, titled Dr. K. "A Priest Debunker." But the book's positive value was attested by the two premier authorities on Spanish America: Dr. J. A. Robertson, in a learned Preface, and Dr. Herbert Bolton, who told the American Historical Society it was the book with which all students of Spanish America must start. Strangely, its only disparagement appeared in *The Catholic Historical Review*, whose editor had praised it highly in the *Baltimore Catholic Review*. One charge demands notice. Grown irate over a brief comment on his own peculiar theories, the critic accused Dr. K. of injurious brevity regarding the Franciscans. In fact, Dr. K. went far outside his dated limit, 1574, to bring before his readers the heroic Franciscans who, in the seventeenth century, established forty-four settlements of some 30,000 native Christians in Florida and Georgia, often at the cost of their lives.

It was this story of America's Catholic pioneers that led to our Hierarchy's recent petition to Rome for admission to the beatifying process of more than a hundred priests and laymen who died for the Faith on United States soil. Dr. K. had prepared brochures from his book on Pedro Martinez, first Jesuit Martyr of America, slain in Florida in 1566, and on the eight Jesuit Martyrs of Virginia in 1571, and these the Bishops of St. Augustine and Richmond presented to the Hierarchy at their next annual meeting. Containing also a long array of martyrs of all Orders, *The Romance of the Floridas* extended the prelates' interest to all our martyrs; and our hierarchy's representative, Bishop Gannon of Erie appointed Dr. K. on a committee of three to select those eligible and submit the proofs of their heroism.

The WPA of Florida translated the entire *Romance* into Braille. But Dr. K. found that, while the blind could discern its saints and heroes, the seeing could not, since the Bruce Company's second edition had become exhausted. Not only its bearing on our martyrs' cause, but its authentic exposition of our

Catholic origins, would seem to make it urgent that a new edition shall soon be supplied.

While preparing our martyrs' records, Dr. K. was pressed to write the historic story of his native parish, Glankeen, and also the life of Mother Butler, the late distinctive and distinguished General of the Sacred Heart of Mary Congregation. Having completed both in his eightieth year to the promoters' satisfaction, he was asked there anent how to attain vigorous old age. He replied: "Keep mind and body in good exercise."



JULIE KERNAN

THERE IS JUST one moral to this story: if you get books in your blood you are apt to be working on them in some form until the end; there is no environment which offers in turn so much inspiration and so much disappointment, so many hours of unappreciated and solitary labor with unexpected recognition for something you thought unimportant, such varied and warm human contacts with the talented and the scholarly, no career which is usually so poor in economic returns but so rich in other opportunities and interests.

My earliest introduction to American literature was under the guidance of my grandmother who, when first inflicted with the care of two motherless children, read us to sleep at night with Longfellow's *Hiawatha* and a long story from *Our Sunday Visitor* about the Seminole Indians in the Dismal Swamp. Escaping from her tutelage during vacation time, I remember ranging at an early age along the shelves of a boarding-house library in southwest Virginia, where one summer's reading included four or five volumes of Dickens, all of Myrtle Reed and *The Private*

*Life of Ivan the Terrible.* In striking contrast was our early reading in French literature. We began to study French at the age of nine or ten with Mlle. Antoinette Margot, a pious and remarkable lady from Switzerland, who saw to it that we had nothing more sophisticated than the volumes of Madame de Ségur and the Journals of Eugénie de Guérin. But she was strong on grammar and composition, and I am indebted to her for a good groundwork in the French language, which has always been an asset.

At St. Patrick's Academy in Washington, D. C., where I went both to elementary and high school, I was again blessed with some fine teachers of English among the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Monsignor Russell, later bishop of Charleston, was then pastor of our church, and each year he offered a prize for the best biography of some personage having to do with the early settlement of Maryland. I was greatly disappointed to come out only second on Charles Carroll of Carrollton, but the next season made the grade with Queen Henrietta Maria of England. The best thing about this whole business was the many hours I spent in the Georgetown University with Father Shandelle, the delightful old librarian, a scholar and a gentleman of the old school. At that time I thought the finest thing in the world would be to work in a library.

On leaving high school I took a vacation job, and stayed on a year and a half, with Dr. Henri Hyvernât—the doings of Mlle. Margot—as secretary and library assistant. This priest was a specialist in Oriental Languages and a truly great scholar who, in addition to his teaching duties at the Catholic University of America, was retained by J. P. Morgan as his adviser on Oriental manuscripts. He was French, as were his two assistants, so that all the work of the office was carried on in that language, as was his correspondence. I recall that many letters were exchanged between him and another great specialist in his field—Monsignor Ratti of the Vatican Library.

The next episode was with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, where I worked for a number of years, successively as secretary, proof-reader, researcher, and editor in the

division of international law. During this time I took college work at George Washington University and at the Catholic University summer school. One glorious year—in 1926—the Endowment gave me and a fellow-worker leave of absence to attend the University of Grenoble, where at the end we received a diploma entitling us to teach French—which neither of us had any intention of doing, I in particular having no delusions about French with a Virginia accent which refused until the bitter end to yield to the courses in phonetics for which Grenoble was famous.

In 1929 I left Washington to come to New York and took a position with the Century Company as secretary to the President, but quickly escaped into the editorial department of the old *Century* magazine, which shortly collapsed. At that time, Mr. Michael Williams of the *Commonweal* needed someone to do research on some books which he was writing, so I was introduced into the unique atmosphere of that magazine office and I shall be forever grateful for the privilege of working with him and for the personalities and movements with which I became familiar at that time.

In 1931 I went to France as secretary of the newly-founded French Book Club, my duties being to contact the French publishers and route from them to the selecting committee of the Club—the Abbé Dimnet, Countess de Chambrun, Firmin Roz and André Maurois—the proofs of forthcoming books, to get the editors to make their decisions on time, and then to attend to the practical matters of purchase and shipment to the United States. My contacts with the members of the committee, all interested and warmly cooperative, were a great privilege, and the experiences I had in the French publishing houses would make a volume in themselves. The appeal of the French Book Club was not specifically to Catholics, but because of previous associations I was naturally interested in this trend in French literature and made a point of meeting such writers as Jacques Maritain, Henri Ghéon, Emmanuel Mounier, and other leaders in the Catholic revival—I had gone to France with letters from Paul Claudel, then Ambassador to Washington. I also took on the

additional work of scouting for books to be translated into English and conducted some business with French authors on behalf of Sheed and Ward in London.

In 1933 Mr. Michael Williams came to Rome where I met him to make further plans for the completion of *The Catholic Church in Action* on which we had done some work while at the *Commonweal*. We spent some days in the Vatican Library, and I was able to receive from specialists directions for further research which I was to carry on in the Library of the Institut Catholique in Paris and at the library of the Catholic Truth Society in London. This writing I did in addition to the regular work of the French Book Club. And at about the same time I translated Madame Maritain's child's life of St. Thomas for Sheed and Ward.

At the end of 1934 I was forced (and it was really a blow) to leave Paris where I had been so happy for nearly four years. Due to the fall of the American dollar the editorial work of the French Book Club was turned over to a French company, and I came back to the New York office. In 1934 the French Book Club passed into the hands of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and after some scurrying around for a job I passed into the hands of Longmans, Green and Company in New York who, although they had long published Catholic writers, were looking for someone to take charge of a newly-established Catholic department. The same thought struck their London office, for they simultaneously employed a Catholic editor—Tom Burns, formerly of Sheed and Ward, with whom I had worked very harmoniously during my years in Paris.

My literary doings since 1935 may be judged by a look at the catalogues of Catholic books published by Longmans, Green since that date. Every one of these books has a story in which the editor has naturally been vitally interested. Some of them were written as the result of the discussion of an idea with the authors, some came in in unfinished form, some in foreign languages which had to be translated, some were unsolicited and beautifully typewritten manuscripts (N.B. last very rare). It has been fun to work with every one of the authors, whose reactions to our edi-



torial assistance have varied from fierce invective regarding unwarranted interference in the matter of punctuation and style of spelling to the grateful presentation of books and cookies and, in the case of one Japanese gentleman, of a kimono "for skilled midwifery in bringing forth my book." It has indeed been a great privilege to work with such personages as Jacques and Raissa Maritain, who have not only allowed us to translate and publish their writings but have brought to us other authors; indeed M. Maritain has recently become co-editor of our Golden Measure series. I also took much pleasure in translating Mauriac's *Life of Jesus* for publication in the United States and England.

Although Longmans was originally an English concern and has long published many of the best of the English Catholic writers, we have endeavored to build up a list of books by Catholic authors dealing with American subjects, and have had the pleasure of publishing the books of such writers as Daniel Sargent, Theodore Maynard, Doran Hurley and Katherine Burton. Dealing with these authors, who have done so much to make American Catholics mindful of their historical background, has been most inspiring and it is a pleasure to be able to count such people among one's personal friends.

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**REVEREND VINCENT F.  
KIENBERGER, O.P.**

*Spiritual Writer*



"SLIGHTLY EXAGGERATED, eh!" chuckled the dying priest as he smilingly greeted me, at the same time handing me a clipping taken from the morning paper. Knowing his keen delight in sharing interesting bits of information with his friends, and his kindly humor, I took the clipping, marveling that one so close to eternity could be so unconcerned about himself. Father had been brought to the hospital in the last stages of the dreaded influenza, for without thought for himself he fearlessly visited his stricken people, consoling them and bringing them the Holy Viaticum.

To say the least, the clipping was most extraordinary, for it was an article telling of the death of the priest who lay there before me, smiling and evidently enjoying my reaction. The noble exemplary life of this sainted priest was given in detail, his devotion to his Tabernacled King and his unselfish service to the every want of his flock, even to the sacrificing of his life in ministering to them. As I finished reading, again I heard his chuckle and he repeated, "Slightly exaggerated, Father."

As my own life nears the half century mark, I am asked not to have another write my life history, but I am asked to do it myself. Will someone reading it nod his head, smile and chuckle as he says, "Slightly exaggerated, eh!" Well, autobiographies for the most part are dull, narrow or slightly exaggerated, and of the three I prefer mine to be—oh, why bother making the decision?

As I look back over the years, recalling the aspirations, the longings of my heart, the ideals I set out to follow, I hesitate. And yet if this narration of my personal history will encourage or inspire or console anyone in similar circumstances, I will give the more important factors that have contributed to a life that has neither been dull nor narrow, and I trust the telling will not be even "slightly exaggerated."

There was nothing extraordinary in my life: our home was poor, simple, beautiful and deeply religious. I was born in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, January the twenty-seventh, eighteen hundred and ninety-three, and there the first years of my carefree and happy childhood were passed in a home where hard work was the rule. And yet as I look back, I know those days to have come forth from the very gates of Paradise. The vivid visioning of detail in the smallest flower to the mist-shrouded hills of lovely Wisconsin, the exquisite coloring of bush and evening sky come almost unbidden now as I seek for some picture of nature's loveliness to add beauty to a meditation on the Blessed Christ. I seem to re-live those days amid the surroundings of a thoroughly Catholic home, for a gifted and cultured lady and a deep lover of books in the person of my loved mother and father guided and directed and supervised our childhood and youthful days.

My father, generous, sturdy, a veritable furnace of energy, a strong man untouched by age, sustained by faith, a formative influence in the community, was determined that I, his only son, should have every educational advantage that it was in his power to give. He personally saw to it that I should be well-read, selecting the books he felt I should know and love. One of my treasures today is his well-worn copy of the *Life and Times of General Sherman*. To this man, this omniverous reader, I owe the serious turn of my mind, and the realization of the ideal that

one day I would *write books*. Through the mercies of the Blessed Christ, three books have been written and published and several more are about ready for publication.

To my gentle mother, trained in all the fine arts of the day by the exiled French Sisters of Charity in Sheffield, England, can be traced my love for nature, my interest in literature and public speaking. The reading, writing and speaking knowledge of the languages I early learned has been most useful in my priestly ministry. The sincerity and religious character of my loved parents influenced the lives of both their children, for the Blessed Christ called both to His service. For nineteen years Sister Mary Dominic served in the Order of the Sisters of Mercy in Chicago, and for these thirty years I, as a son of Saint Dominic.

The longing to be a writer probably had its initiation during the days I served as a printer's devil, for then I actually knew the "feel" of words in the handling of the type in a busy newspaper office. My secret ambition was fostered by my teacher in the fourth grade, Miss Katherine Lane, who not only loved poetry herself but read us beautiful gems I shall never forget, and who urged us to read poetry of our own choosing until we were at least "poetry conscious," if not admirers of poetry. Miss Lane also wrote poetry and recently I was quite stirred to see one of her poems in *The Commonweal*. Later in Chicago at the Visitation School, Sister Mary Claude, O.P., a splendid teacher, encouraged me in this longing to become a writer. Her unfailing inspiration followed me through the years and, in 1934, just before her death, it was my happy privilege to dedicate to her the six radio talks on "Faith," given on the Catholic Hour over the National Broadcasting System. These talks were published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, with a Foreword by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Archbishop Joseph Schrembs of Cleveland.

Memorable and delightful were the years beginning in 1907 spent at Cathedral College, Chicago, under two gifted teachers, the late Reverend Doctor Thomas C. Gaffney, one time President of the Catholic Writers' Guild of Chicago, and our loved Scripture Professor. It was Dr. Gaffney who planted deep in our hearts a knowledge and a love for Holy Writ, a "vade mecum"

during my whole life; and the Right Reverend Monsignor Francis A. Purcell, D.D., then rector of the college and, at present, pastor at Saint Mel's Church, Chicago. The Monsignor's insistent "nulla dies sine linea," repeated in and out of season laid the groundwork for any laurels that may be mine today in the field of writing. Faithful to his advice, nay rather command, during my academic and scholastic days I wrote "a line a day," and as a Dominican novice my Saturday mornings were spent in writing. I entered the Dominican novitiate in 1913, at Saint Joseph's Priory, Somerset, Ohio; and although much that I wrote found its way into the waste-paper basket, yet some of it was published, and my first article on "Saint Vincent Ferrer" came out in *The Baltimore Catholic Review*. This was followed by a series of articles on the saints, as requested by the editor, Monsignor Cornelius F. Thomas.

Another series on the saints was composed for *The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*, and other articles were written for *The Missionary* and for *Emmanuel*. The editor of *The Ecclesiastical Review* read these contributions and asked me to write the commemorative article for the seven hundredth anniversary of Saint Francis of Assisi. Then came the assignment, a request to read a paper on "The Mass and the Priest's Personal Sanctification," at the Eucharistic Congress to be held in Philadelphia, 1921, that marked the first of the series on a theme that has characterized all my writings.

Novitiate and student days at the Dominican House of Studies, Washington, D. C., and at the Catholic University of America found me still working on "a line a day." Articles were accepted by newspapers and magazines, sometimes signed with my own name, and again with several pen names, especially "Dominic Mead." But I ceased using pen names when several times I was "accused" of the authorship of some particularly superior article. Now all my articles are signed, for I learned the lesson that "circumstantial evidence pillories a man at times."

From 1920 to 1925, I was a member of the faculty at Providence College, Providence, Rhode Island, teaching Church History. A series of sermons given during the Lent of 1922 attracted the at-

tention of Monsignor James O'Brien, the editor of *The Providence Visitor*, and the brother of Father Michael O'Brien, pastor of Saint John's Church where the sermons were preached.

The Monsignor asked me for a copy of the sermons and requested that I take care of the column "Tabernacle Talks" for the paper, as well as frequently asking that I write the editorials. These talks were published as my first book, *Benediction from Solitude* (1926), which was dedicated to my Father and Mother.

At the death of Monsignor Joseph L. J. Kirlin in 1926, in writing his eulogy I grieved that there was no one to take up his gifted pen and continue to keep the fire of love aglow in the hearts of priests through the monthly "Hour of Adoration," then coming out in *Emmanuel*, the organ of the Priests' Eucharistic League. Little did I dream that this honor would be granted me, but it was, and for sixteen years, without fail, each issue of *Emmanuel* has carried an "Hour of Adoration," a labor of love on my part, as well as the monthly book review column.

Love for the Tabernacled Christ and the Lady Mary made me deeply interested in little children, and I was eager to give them a booklet on the Holy Sacrifice. I had been a "Sunday curate" for four years at Saint Ann's Italian Church, Providence, and had learned to talk to children. So in 1927, appeared the booklet *At Mass*. This was favorably received and has had seventy-five subsequent printings. His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, asked Monsignor Francis J. Spellman, now the Most Reverend Archbishop of New York, to translate *At Mass* into Italian. During this same year, my second book came out: *Tabernacle Talks*, a series of meditations for the Holy Hour. The Foreword for this was written by the Most Reverend Michael James Gallagher of revered memory.

I had the happiness, in 1932, of going to Rome and having an audience with Pope Pius XI, to whom I presented bound copies of all my books and especially the monograph I had written, *Pius XI, the Mountaineer of God*. Never will I forget the smile that lighted his face as he glanced through the monograph, and his hearty laugh as he told me an incident of his climb up the Jungfrau. The deep feeling of awe filled my heart as I knelt and

listened to the fatherly words of encouragement from the Vicar of Christ.

As one of the consultors of the National Eucharistic Congresses, I have been the official reporter of these Congresses for twenty years. I was especially interested in the proceedings of the First Eucharistic Congress of the Oriental Rites, held in Chicago in 1941. I had been associated for some time with the Bishops and the priests of the Ukrainian Rite in their work among their own people. But perhaps the keenest joy of my heart and my special hobby is the work I have been instrumental in doing for the Blessed Martin de Porres Centre for Colored children in Chicago.

During leisure moments of these years on the Mission Band, I wrote the chapters of a third volume, chosen as the Spiritual Book Associates' Book of the Month for December, 1942, *The Way of the Blessed Christ*. This is a sheaf of meditations, Hours of Adoration, for which the Most Reverend Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, wrote an apostolic Foreword. From my earliest years when I vowed to use whatever talents I might have in the cause of the Eucharistic Christ and His Blessed Mother, to the present, I have striven to make Christ's Kingdom better known, to write of Him, about Him, and for Him.

What I have found profitable and helpful I gladly pass on to our young Catholic writers who are eager to receive the torch of Catholic Literature from their predecessors, the gallant writers of the Apostolate of the Pen who have battled bravely in a sin-seared world, a modern mislead world. We who have fought in this battle of books, know that one must write from his heart and not from his library; he must write simply and clearly, and for the truth. Read and love the Holy Scriptures and *live* them. Read Chesterton, Belloc, Dawson, and the other militant Catholic wielders of the pen. Refrain from controversy and the defense of near-tainted books, remembering always that Catholic Literature is the handmaid of the Church, and her garments must be kept white and shining and lustrous no matter what the allurements in the monetary line may be. "Shadowy stories,"

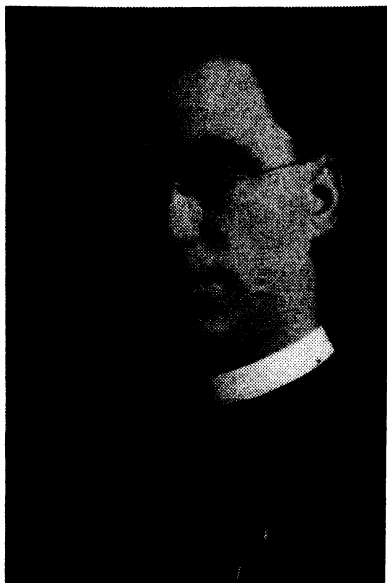
"pagan and unlovely" articles may still bring the thirty pieces of silver with which Judas sold the Blessed Christ.

Dark and dismal and cloudy days may come, made heavy with rejected manuscripts; but with perseverance and prayer the heights will be reached. There is no success without a touch of the Cross. And perhaps honor and recognition may come to you, as it came to me, after years of hard work, through the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors. When this came how I would have loved to rush home to Father and Mother and Sister Mary Dominic and share with them my joy, but I knew they were rejoicing with me from their places in eternity.

I ask you, young talented writers, to dedicate yourselves as apostles of Our Lady of Letters, to offer yourselves as crusaders to fight and do battle for the truth, to champion the cause of the Blessed Christ, to pray daily to the Holy Spirit for Wisdom and Fortitude to carry high the torch, so that you in your turn may pass it, still flaming, to those who will follow in the Apostolate of Catholic Writing.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Father Kienberger's publications include *Tabernacle Talks*, 1927, R. A. Mayer, Chicago; *At Mass*, 1927, R. A. Mayer; *Benediction from Solitude*, 1926, Macmillan; *The Way of the Blessed Christ*, 1942, Longmans.





**REVEREND VIRGILIUS H.  
KRULL, C.P.P.S.**

*Religious Writer*

MY PARENTS, Nicholas Krull and Thecla Miners-Krull, lived in Lorup, Hanover, where I was born January 12, 1874, and where I received my early education, such as elementary and supplementary studies. After that, I emigrated to Dayton, Ohio, and made preparatory studies for college entry. In 1891, I entered St. Francis College, Cincinnati, Ohio. During the summer vacation, the Fathers of the Community of the Precious Blood attracted my attention to the religious life. The following year I entered St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Indiana. There I received the A.B. degree. Then I was sent to St. Charles College, Carthage, Ohio, where I was ordained priest on December 17, 1902.

The professors at St. Joseph's College and at St. Charles Seminary instilled in the students a love for books and a desire to write. Even then they encouraged me to write. As the librarian at the college and later on at the seminary, I had an opportunity of acquainting myself with the works of great writers. The Society of the Precious Blood gave me these opportunities. After

my ordination, I was appointed editor of the *Messenger of the Precious Blood*. Later on, I was appointed Missionary, in which capacity I traveled and gave missions for eighteen consecutive years. It was during this period that most of my books were edited and published.

Gratitude compelled me to write *A Biography of the Blessed Virgin Mary*. In 1898, I had lost my eyesight and was totally blind in one eye. For several months I was under the care of Dr. Harnish of Chicago, who suggested an ocean trip. Following his and my parents' suggestion, I went across, came back to Lorup and visited my pious pastor. He advised me strongly to make another novena to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The pastor, Father Bernard Froelke, prayed for me in Mass. After the last day of the novena, I could see. This happened before I entered upon my seminary studies at Carthagen. The following poem set my sentiment into rhyme:

My future lot was cast in gloom  
As blindness seemed to be my doom.  
I looked for help, I found none other  
Than Thee, O Mary, dearest Mother.

O dearest Mother, I proclaim  
With grateful heart Thy world-wide fame.  
And I profess with ev'ry breath  
That I do love Thee unto death.

My heart with love for Thee imbued  
Shall sing in deepest gratitude.  
Thy glory's praise, a lover's token  
Until my eyes in death are broken.

Beyond the grave, beyond the sky  
My soul shall praise and magnify  
With better grace, with purer love  
Thee, Mother dear, in heav'n above.

My booklet, *The Blessed Virgin Mary*, was written in gratitude from the many favors received from Our Lady. It was based upon information culled from the Bible, from patristic literature, from ancient tradition, from the decrees of the Church, and from history and observation.

It found favor with the editors of Catholic papers and with thousands of Catholics and hundreds of Protestants. More than sixteen thousand copies were read in this country. It breathes filial love towards our heavenly Mother, the Mother of God. In several parishes, this booklet is used as a manual for May devotion.

In my missions and lecture courses, I found that the people, in general, are eager to know more about the Divinity of Christ. Furthermore, it had dawned upon me that the written word lasts longer than the merely spoken word. Since I had used the Holy Bible for my daily meditation book, I decided to make use of that Biblical knowledge in writing *A Prophetic Biography of Jesus Christ*. This book also found favor with the people. Both Catholic and Protestant editors commented favorably upon it. The book gives the story of Jesus Christ as it was written hundreds of years before His birth. It describes the signs and the time and place of His birth, the conditions of the world, the hidden life of Jesus, His public life, and His death. It points to Jesus as the teacher of the world Who speaks in parables, Who shows mercy, Who leads as the Good Shepherd, Who performs miracles, Who suffers personal abuse, Who dies for us, Who rises gloriously, Who establishes His Church upon earth, Who ascends into heaven from thence He will come again to judge the living and the dead. Jewish converts find delight in reading this book.

It was during a mission conducted for Catholics and non-Catholics in Garret, Indiana, where a question box was used extensively, that people sought information on the establishment and varying doctrine of Christians in this country. Quite a few of them thanked me for the information I gave them and asked me to put the lecture into book form. The request was simple, but the work was extensive. I felt convinced that I would have to consult some of these denominations for reliable information. After I had made a definite plan on which to build up this book, and had gathered authentic information, I wrote and published it. My method appealed to the public and the historic information was received in the same spirit in which it was written. *Christian Denominations* is my most popular work. About

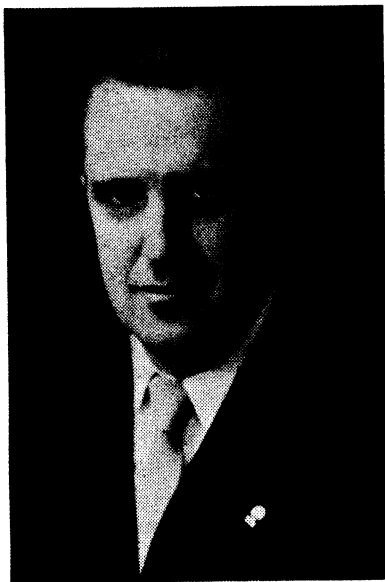
forty thousand copies have been read by the present generation. It is extensively used by priests in their convert classes. Many high schools use it as a textbook, while many others use it as a reference work.

In September, 1922, the Provincial of the Society of the Precious Blood, with the consent of the Ordinary, appointed me pastor of SS. Peter and Paul Parish, Ottawa, Ohio, where I opened a school a few weeks after my arrival. The Ohio State Department of Education gave me a life High School Certificate and, after I had finished my law course, a Chicago law school granted me the degree LL.B. As superintendent of SS. Peter and Paul School, I served the State of Ohio for eight years on the Advisory Committee of the Ohio State Scholarship Tests.

In 1941, the text of the New Testament was revised. I found it expedient to adopt that revision in the most recent edition of my books. Also, I embodied in them the most recent available statistics.

If you, kind reader, feel able and inclined to add some original books to Catholic literature, I advise you to do so. It gives you a grand opportunity to arouse noble thoughts for generations to come.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Father Krull's books, *A Prophetic Biography of Jesus Christ*, *Christian Denominations*, and *A Biography of the Blessed Virgin Mary*, are available from the Messenger Press, Carthagena, Ohio.



**WILLIAM MATHIAS  
LAMERS**

*Dramatist and Writer for  
Children*

BORN DECEMBER 23, 1900, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Spent his childhood in a quiet family circle consisting of an excellent father who was the ultimate of regularity and kindness, a mother who might have succeeded in dozens of things because she had drive and intelligence and a great capacity for social relationships, and a good sister who was two years older than he was. Attended kindergarten and the first five grades at a public school largely populated by meek-eyed children of German and Scandinavian descent, at which place he felt at home; and thence to an Irish parochial school where by temperament and training—and descent—he was slightly out of place. Sang in a boys' choir, collected stamps, painted somewhat, played tag football (well) and baseball (poorly). To Marquette Academy for four years, much grinding at the classics and some academic honors. Thence to Marquette University where his nose gradually emerged from the Greek Grammar. Boy debater, orator, journalist.

In 1922 began to teach while engaged in graduate work at Marquette University. First classes learned little, but—he trusts

—were unforgettably amused. In 1929 a Ph.D. in Educational Psychology and a new job as Director of the Marquette University School of Speech, and a wife. Thereafter much administration and teaching activity, meanwhile making many speeches, assisting in the organization of the C.Y.O. for the Milwaukee Archdiocese, becoming Executive Secretary of the Catholic Dramatic Movement, etc., etc. In February 1941 left Marquette to become Assistant Superintendent of the Milwaukee Public Schools. Loves his work, and wonders why, when many people have jobs they don't like, Providence has blessed him for twenty years with jobs he likes.

Always he had faith in his ability to write what people would want to read. Composed verse early and was stimulated by good teachers to produce much juvenilia most of which he burned a few years ago but still blushes to remember. Began his first juvenile novel at the age of 22 and hammered it out at varying intervals for the next five years finally sending the resultant very messy manuscript to a publisher who accepted it. One critic pointed out that it was patched together. The author knew that much in advance of the criticisms. Thereafter wrote two juvenile novels for another publisher. The second being composed in the course of twenty afternoons and evenings while teaching summer school in the mornings. Has a vague intention of beginning a long series some day, taking his characters from the cradle to the grave and then into the second and possibly even the third generation. Also some vague intentions of writing an historical novel dealing with certain distinguished Milwaukee families whose identities he will carefully conceal to avoid libel suits.

Wrote and had published 15 plays, being impelled to begin because he was searching for a vehicle for a genial group of amateur actors whom he was directing. Sundry literary efforts of varying quality; is probably proudest of *Some Purple Patches*. This dramatic effort lasted for about 10 years and then was tabled for what reason he cannot imagine. Collaborated on a speech textbook which job proved an excellent discipline, a generous education, and a huge chore; and momentarily served

to dry up whatever small literary effervescence was present before and after.

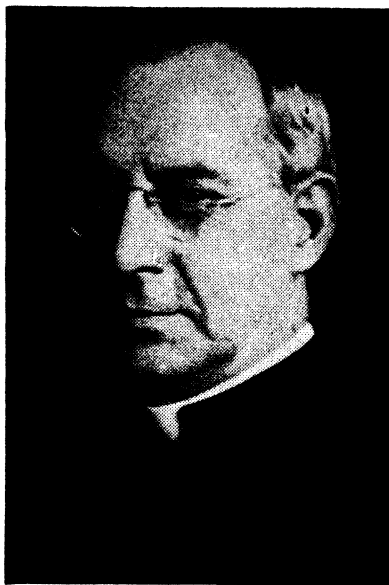
Has written many other things largely either to keep the pot boiling or the career moving.

To those who would aspire to authorship he has the following advice to give: Editors do not publish manuscripts that exist only in the unseen recesses of their prospective authors' brains. Rejection slips are the foundation material for a great many literary careers. A rejection slip is less a judgment on a person's ability to write than on a person's knowledge of the literary market. In literature, as in so many other phases of living, the wise remark of the ancient Greek that "the greatest enemy of the good is not the bad but the perfect" is most applicable. Most young authors wait for the perfect moment of inspiration, the perfect theme, the perfect treatment, and perfection in writing materials before they write. That means that they never write. It is a good idea in writing not to write the perfect first sentence first. First sentences are always too important, too difficult. If the young writer has inhibitions and writes the unimportant fourth or fifth sentence and then continues, sometime during the process when his psychological drive is up and his inhibitions are levelled he will write that important first sentence with ease. Moreover to expect perfection in the initial draft of anything is nonsense. When asked why he did not turn to the pen to eke out a meager salary, a university professor once remarked, "My shame ten years from now of what I might write today prevents me." Incidentally, the ten years previous to that remark had been sterile of any literary effort and the ten years subsequent to the remark have likewise been sterile. Newman somewhere suggests that we do today's imperfect and trust that through it tomorrow's imperfect may be less so. Perfection being a direction and an ideal rather than a realizable quality.

Dr. Lamers' stories for young readers include: *Bill and His Friends*, 1934, Bruce; *Joe McGuire, Freshman*, 1932, Bruce; and *Ned Haskins*, 1932, Benziger. The Catholic Dramatic issued many of his plays including: *Bethlehem*, *Christ Crucified*, *Everyman*, *Oh Uncle*, *Prince of Darkness*, and *Tarcisus*. The last work was adapted from Cardinal Wiseman's novel *Fabiola*.

**REVEREND FRANCIS P.  
LeBUFFE, S.J.**

*Religious Writer*



AS A YOUNG JESUIT I literally hated writing—barring the dry-as-dust learned stuff—and “swore a mighty oath” that I would never put pen to paper except to compose learned tomes. I actually was the worst English scholar in my class though I reveled in Latin and Greek. I blame my attitude on two things: first, a native inclination to the “scientific” approach to all subjects. This was abetted by the German philological treatment of the classics which was prevalent at the turn of the century when I was taught the classics. So it was for “roots” that I dug whether I studied Shakespeare or Aeschylus or Horace. Secondly, rhetoric and the art of writing were taught in the most formalistic way: schemes and plans and outlines and schemata, until one could not see the speech or the article behind the preparatory scaffolding. One was quite exhausted, too, after building the scaffolding. Moreover, it was always a long composition, or a long essay, or a long sermon one had to write. The end result was that I determined to have nothing to do with such painful processes of life.



Then, when as a Jesuit Scholastic I returned from my period of teaching to take up my theological studies, things began to happen. First, I picked up *Nova et Vetera* of the unfortunate Father Tyrrell, with its short, pithy, thought-filled half-page jottings. Shortly after, the great Eucharistic writer Father Matthew Russell died; and to this day I remember vividly the way the question burst on my mind as I walked down the corridor of the Seminary: "Who's going to take up his pen?" (At the moment there was no least personal slant to that question.) But the unhorsing blow to my militant non-authorship came thus. Good Father Maas, S.J., the Scripture scholar and constant writer was then Rector of the Seminary and as such gave us monthly conferences. In one of these—during the year 1911, I believe it was—he digressed to say a few words exhorting us to become writers. Suddenly with rising tones so that the last word was almost shrieked: "If you want to write, take your pen in hand and write, write, write." It was as though some one struck shackles and fetters and chains off my mind. I looked at him amazed. "There's the solution!" And I went to my room—and began to write.

That is where Father Russell came back into the picture, for I then began *My Changeless Friend*. I wanted to write about Our Lord and above all in a way to make Him loved. Why? Of course, there were general reasons, but I had a purely personal one. I had been brought up in a French environment in Charleston, South Carolina, and that environment was heavily saturated with a Jansenistic view of God. I can truthfully say that my mother and father were unusually holy and brought up children up to know and love God. But back of it all was a strain of fear, of dread, which sometimes wrought havoc in souls most devoted to Him. So when the way was cleared for writing, I determined to do my part to teach men the *love* of Christ and, above all, its changelessness. This determination was furthered when I suffered a complete physical collapse shortly after my ordination in 1915, and was invalided out of active service for three years. Long periods in hospitals—one of them thirteen months—let me see human nature "in the raw" and let me peer deep into human hearts. Rome and Palestine had been held out

to me by Superiors for higher studies in Sacred Scripture; all that was swept off the boards, and I hit the bottom of life about as hard as a man could hit it. Then I really knew what God meant to a soul in distress and I knew that I must try to bring Him to every soul I could reach. That is the story back of *My Changeless Friend* of which, up to 1943, twenty-seven volumes have been published, one a year for twenty-seven years. Sickness proved to be one of the greatest blessings God has ever given me. "Shade of His hand outstretched caressingly."

During my long illness I literally lived with Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," hiding it under my pillow in the hospital, with the nurses' connivance, when I was forbidden to read. Long hours of thinking and re-thinking led to jotting down and thus "The Interpretation" grew until when health returned there was little to do except throw the whole together and publish it.

In the meantime, I had been appointed Regent of the Fordham University School of Law and Lecturer in Jurisprudence, the philosophy of law. There was not a single textbook available which gave the sound rational and American approach. This was a challenge, as well as a need to be filled. So, in 1920-1921, within the space of thirteen weeks, I wrote the thirteen chapters of *Pure Jurisprudence*. Later, in 1938, with the collaboration of Mr. James V. Hayes, LL.B., my friend and former pupil, I revised the work completely for the third edition under the new and simpler title, *Jurisprudence*.

The early '20's were days of great activity for me and one spell of good hard work was the fight I took on against the evolutionists. Bryan and the Scopes Trial in Tennessee had thrown the gauntlet down. Spurred on by my fellow-Jesuits at Fordham, I entered the fray with "Human Evolution and Science," and stayed in the ring for about twelve years, following up the original article-pamphlet with many articles in *America*, all of which were gathered into pamphlet form under various titles. It was a good fight while it lasted, and there was a lot of hard work in it, but much fun, too, because, you know, the name of one of my grandmothers was Larkin. The evolution fight is off now "for the duration," because we are much more concerned

now over where mankind is going than whence he may have come.

Of course there were articles on this and on that and on the other thing, to which incentive was always present because from 1926 to 1938 I was on the staff of *America*. Moreover, from 1925 to 1939, I was Managing Editor of *Thought*, and while I did no writing myself for the learned quarterly, I was in a position to aid older writers and to encourage younger ones. This was especially true in matters of Science, since I held the post also of Associate Editor for Science from 1933 to 1937.

The story of my last "batch" of books, *Let Us Pray* Series (5 books) and *As It is Written* Series (3 books) is simply and quickly told. It has been my lot to travel much each year since 1929 in the interests first of *America* and, later on, of the Sodality of Our Lady. Most of my prayers were said on trains—and trains are not particularly conducive to meditation. So, on a trip from New York to Miami, Tampa, West Palm Beach, Chattanooga and Chicago in early 1930, I wrote my meditations on the Anima Christi in the word-by-word manner of St. Ignatius' Second Method of Prayer. When I got back to New York I had all the notes, looked at them, and saw no reason for not inflicting them on a harmless public. It "took." And so the seven others were written under the impulse of that initial success and also because of the need I found of simplifying meditation for young people. Year after year in the Sodality's Summer School of Catholic Action it has been my privilege to give a course on Mental Prayer. Thousands of high school students have taken the course and have shown themselves avid for mental prayer. This spurred on the writing of these booklets and also called for a monthly contribution of a three-minute meditation to *The Queen's Work*, and other similar monthly contributions to various Catholic papers throughout the world. These have been gathered into the pamphlets entitled *Pondering in Our Hearts*.

As for experiences in my writing career, I think the deadliest experience for every writer is the void into which his book or article seems to go. Unless one becomes "famous," one hardly ever hears a word about what one has written. Reviewers—yes,

they say something; but that's their job. Only one who has gone through the early years of writing "in and for a void" knows how much a line or two or a word or two of "I liked your article" means. It takes a lot of will-power to write for the void. It's real thoughtfulness and real Catholic cooperation—and part of the communion (sharing) of the saints—to write and tell an author that you really liked what he wrote and were helped thereby.

Advice to the younger generation? "If you want to write, take your pen in hand and write, write, write." I have always thought that all that is required to be a writer (or speaker) is to have a burning idea that you want to tell people about—and tell them. You may fumble and stumble at first, but you'll get there. As a deaf priest celebrating Mass said of the preacher at that Mass: "I didn't hear a word he said—but he certainly meant it." And earnestness counts, and wins too.

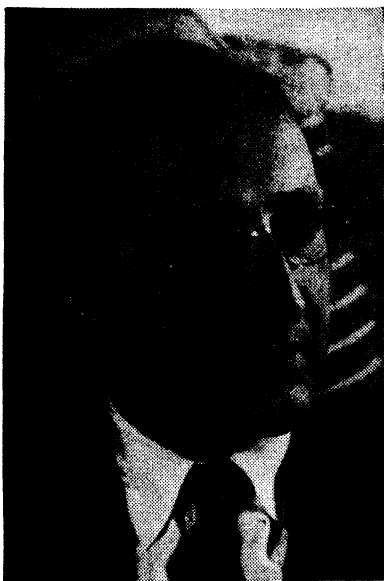
Again, write *short* articles. Americans do not want and do not read long disquisitions. Just look at the popularity of the tabloids and the picture magazines.

Write *to* people and *not at* them. There is all the difference in the world.

Finally, seek advice and criticism. Have a friend or friends who will read what you have written and give you frank criticism. I count it one of the most important factors of my writing career that from the first days of my attempts at writing, I had Jesuit companions to whom I went for criticism *and whose criticisms I took*.

One final thought: the motive of zeal. We all would like to help others, and to help as many as possible. If I write for a magazine such as *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* with its 300,000 circulation, I can count on about 1,200,000 readers. If I write for *Our Sunday Visitor* with its 500,000 circulation, I reach 2,000,000 readers. Isn't it a great thing to reach so many souls for God? And I am reaching them for God even though I am using only the lighter forms of literature.

So—"if you want to write, take your pen in hand and write, write, write!"



**PRINCE HUBERTUS  
LOEWENSTEIN**

**I WAS BORN ON SUNDAY, October 14, 1906, at Schoenwoerth Castle near Kufstein in Tirol, as the youngest of five children. Loewenstein is the senior branch of the House of Wittelsbach, which ruled in Bavaria till 1918. The first Count of Loewenstein was Ludwig of Bavaria (1476–1524), son of Frederick the Victorious, Count of Palatine and Elector of the Rhine. Loewenstein, situated in present day Wuerttemberg, was a Grafschaft (sovereign earldom) of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation. The grandson of Ludwig of Bavaria, Ludwig II of Loewenstein, chancellor of the Holy Roman Empire (1530–1611), married the heiress of the sovereign earldom Wertheim on the Main, of Rochefort, Herbimont, Neufchatel, and a number of other earldoms and dominations in present day Belgium. He is the common ancestor of the two branches of the House: my own, Loewenstein-Wertheim-Freudenberg, and the junior branch, Loewenstein-Wertheim-Rosenberg.**

**Freudenberg on the Main was acquired by my great-grand-**

father in 1803. In 1806, with the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire, both branches were mediatized, that is, they lost their sovereignty, maintaining, however, the personal rights of sovereignty, like equality with the still ruling Houses, etc. In 1812, the Kings of Bavaria and Wuerttemberg, bestowed upon my family the title of Prince, applying to all the members of legitimate descent. In 1825, the Diet of the German Confederation recognized the title Serene Highness.

The branch to which I belong was mainly Protestant. However, my grandfather, Leopold, a Knight of Malta, became a Catholic, and so did my grandmother. Hence, all their children (of whom two died as Mesdames of the Sacred Heart) and grandchildren were born Catholic. Since then, a number of my Protestant cousins have become Catholics, one of them becoming a member of the Franciscan Order.

My father, Maximilian Karl Friedrich, had retired from the German Army at the time of my birth. He volunteered when the first World War came, and fought on the Russian, the Rumanian, and the Western fronts. He was wounded, and was made a Knight of the Iron Cross. After the war he took up his old passion for classic literature and history. He translated Julius Caesar's works anew and prefaced them with a history of the Roman army. The work has won general recognition. He also published a number of poetical works and historical novels. Thus I have heard about writing (and all the problems it involves,—particularly as far as publishers are concerned) practically all my life.

My mother, Constance Valerie Sophie, is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Pirbright, P.C., Secretary to the Board of Trade, and Under-Secretary of the Colonies in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. A number of works written by my grandfather—on England's policy in the Far East, and on the history of Austria-Hungary—still possess a certain timely interest.

I received my first instructions from French governesses and private tutors. Later I attended the gymnasia in Bamberg and Munich, and the Realgymnasia in Gmunden (Upper Austria)

and Klagenfurt (Carinthia). In 1924 I enrolled at the University of Munich to study law and political science. I continued my studies at the Universities of Hamburg, Geneva, and Berlin, where I passed the Referendarexamen at the Kammergericht (the Supreme Court of Prussia), in November 1928.

I wrote my Doctor's thesis for Professor Albrecht Mendelsohn Bartholdy, at Hamburg University, on "A Comparison between Fascist and Democratic Constitutional Law." The work was written partly at the University of Florence and partly at German libraries. I received the degree J.U.D. (Doctor of both Civil and Canon Law) at Hamburg University, February 12, 1931.

From 1930 on, I was politically active to support the German Republic against Nazism and Communism. In July of that year, my first article was published in the *Vossische Zeitung* in Berlin, one of the leading democratic papers. It was called "The Third Reich," and predicted another world war, should Hitler ever come to power. Prior to that article, only short sketches of mine had been published. I had also written a number of poems (the first, when I was six years old) and various plays. They have never been published, and that's all to the good!

My first article in the *Vossische Zeitung* was followed by many more in that paper and later in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and in many papers and magazines all over Germany. In those years it was important to fight Nazism by strengthening the moral and political forces of the Republic by appropriate measures. Hence, a number of my articles dealt with the integration of youth into a democracy, with the ideas for an extension of constitutional democracy, agricultural and social questions.

I joined the Catholic Centre Party in that same year, and became a member of the non-partisan defense league of the Republic, the Reichsbanner Black-Red-Gold. I became a founder and leader of the Republican Youth Movement in Berlin and was elected leader of the Republican Students, which had chapters at all German universities. Also I was active in the Catholic Youth Movement, without ever holding the office of leadership; neither did I ever become a leader in the Centre Party. I should

like to emphasize these facts, since American newspapers have insisted upon calling me "leader of the Centre Party." I greatly disapproved with the later policy of that party, which I recognized as harmful to religion and to political life at the same time.

I married at Palermo on April 4, 1929, Helga Maria v.d. Schuylenburg. My wife has shared all the dangers and experiences of these years, therefore I should really include much more of her biography in this sketch!

Some months after Hitler had come into power, and terror stalked the streets of unconquered Berlin, we left for Austria,—with the idea of returning eight weeks later, when the terror would have abated. That is nearly ten years ago now!

During a drive through the old battlefields of France, in 1933, the idea for my first book was born. It was published under the title *The Tragedy of a Nation: Germany 1918–1934*, by Faber & Faber in London, and Macmillan in New York. It described the rise and fall of the German Republic and pointed at the danger of the approaching second world war. Before the book was even published, I began writing a second, published also in 1934 by Faber & Faber. It was called *After Hitler's Fall. Germany's Coming Reich*. It contains a detailed future German Constitution, based upon the Christian heritage and duties of Germany, and points towards an entirely novel social, political and international order. Because of this book, the Hitler government expatriated and expropriated me in November 1934.

I also began writing for English magazines, like the *Nineteenth Century Review*, the *Contemporary Review*, and others. I also wrote for a number of Austrian, Swiss and German papers in Czechoslovakia.

During my first visit to America, in 1935, the idea of an autobiography was born. The book was published by Faber & Faber and in Boston by Houghton Mifflin in 1938, under the title *Conquest of the Past*. It ends at the German border,—across which exile began at the end of April 1933.

I have been writing for a number of American magazines and papers over the years: for the *Atlantic Monthly*, on problems of



world Christianity in regard to social and political questions; for the *Saturday Review of Literature*, the *Commonweal*, and for scientific journals, like the *American Scholar*, and the *Social Science Quarterly*. In the latter, in 1942, I published an essay, "Outlines of an Equitable Peace," and another entitled "Germany's Coming Reich."

In 1941, I outlined in the *American Mercury* a concrete plan for setting up a German Exiles' Government on the soil of the former colony of German East Africa, to hasten the defeat of Hitler and to ensure to the German people its legitimate rights among free nations. Lately, I have also begun writing short stories.

In 1937, after my return from the Spanish battlefields, I published a booklet called *A Catholic in Republican Spain*.

My fifth book was published by Doubleday Doran in 1942. It was titled *On Borrowed Peace*,—an autobiography from the moment our exile began to late summer of 1942. The book also contains a condensed program of German and international reconstruction. The English publishers are Faber & Faber.

Meanwhile, I have made a contract with the Columbia University Press for a new book. It will be a history of Germany; a readable one, I hope. It will show the two main trends and their contest for supremacy in German history: the nationalistic and the universal-Christian. The book is scheduled for 1943 publication.

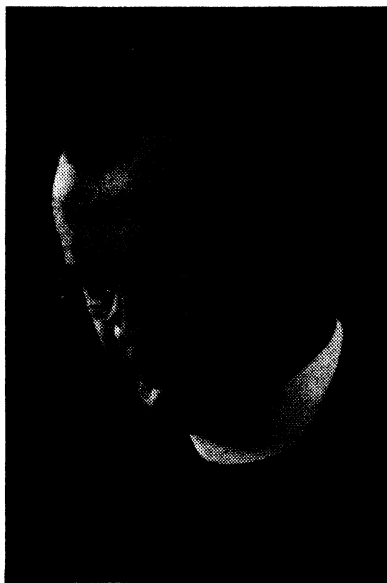
Since 1937, I have held a visiting professorship with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. In this capacity I have been teaching history, government, political philosophy, and international relations at many colleges and universities in the United States and Canada.

When the war broke out, in 1939, we were in Europe, and to Europe we will return when the war is over, in order to help to the best of our abilities in its reconstruction. My permanent home, as far as I can call anything permanent, in this country is at Newfoundland, New Jersey. It is an old colonial house—the oldest we could find. We now have two daughters, the older

one, Maria Elisabeth, born in New York, in November, 1939, the younger, Konstanza Maria, born 4th of July, 1942.

The more the years pass by, the more clearly I see that only an integral return to the basic principles of Christianity, in education, public and private morals, social and intellectual life, can save the world from an almost complete collapse. In the same spirit, the coming peace must be prepared, if a third World War is to be avoided. To fight for a just peace has become one of the main duties of my life, as I can now conceive them.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our author's full name is Hubertus Friedrich Maria, Prinz zu Loewenstein-Wertheim-Freudenberg, Graf von Loewenstein-Scharffeneck. His books include *After Hitler's Fall*, 1934, Faber, *Conquest of the Past*, 1938, Houghton; *Tragedy of a Nation* Germany, 1918-1934; *On Borrowed Peace*, 1942, Doubleday; *Europe and the Germans*, 1943, Columbia University Press.



**REVEREND RAPHAEL C.  
McCARTHY, S.J.**

*Psychologist*

EARLY IN MY STUDIES as a Jesuit I became impressed by the havoc which mental illness was working in the lives of so many of our people. I was astounded, as anyone must be who reads the statistics which are available, to learn that one out of every twenty-six of our population eventually becomes victim of some kind of mental abnormality. I was intrigued, also, by the measures which were being taken to prevent and forestall much of this human waste, and thus preclude the untold misery which mental aberrations can effect.

On the whole, the work being done in the field of prevention of mental diseases at that time was laudable. There were, however, some things to be desired from the Catholic point of view. First, as is often the case in new fields, numbers of pseudo-psychologists, without proper qualifications or training, intruded themselves upon the field, and their activities seriously impaired the work of those whose ideas and ideals were soundly based. Secondly, there was a dearth of Catholic writing on the subject of mental health—which meant all too often that Catholics,

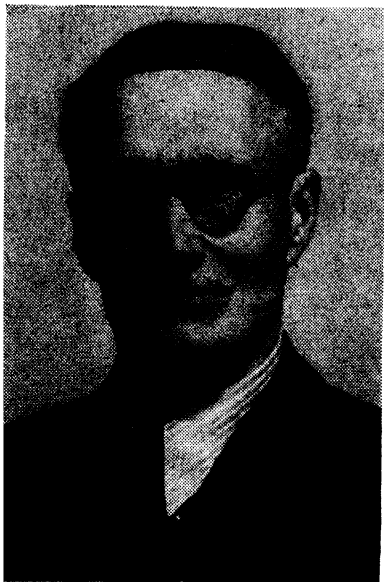
anxious to take advantage of the good results which were being achieved, were exposed to teachings and practices inimical to their Catholic faith.

I was happy when, after my ordination, my superiors assigned me to specialize in the field of psychology. As a preparation for such specialization I took fundamental courses in medicine at the St. Louis University Medical School, and then went to King's College of the University of London for the doctorate in psychology. Following that, I taught some years in the Department of Psychology of St. Louis University and, while there, wrote *Safeguarding Mental Health*, and, *Training the Adolescent*. The aim of these two books was to present a sane, Catholic popularization of the principles and practices which make for sound mental health. They were not meant to be textbooks, but books to which the ordinary layman might turn for guidance and help in his mental difficulties.

The fact that my humble efforts were well received should be an incentive to other Catholic psychologists to publish in this field. There is still great need for a rational philosophical background in the treatment of mental ills if our people are to avoid the pitfalls set for them by those whose psychology is based on false theories and premises with which we as Catholics cannot be in agreement.

The student of philosophy or medicine envisaging a career might well consider the care of the mentally sick. I mentioned above that the number of mental patients is enormous. It will be increased by the strains of the war. Compared with this number, the number of medical men exclusively engaged in the treatment of mental patients is negligible. With the general public fast coming to see mental disease in its true light, and to look upon mental ailments much as they now regard diseases of the body, the student specializing in this field can be assured of plenty of work—work which will be both remunerative and highly satisfying.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Father McCarthy became President of Marquette University in November, 1936. His books include *Measurement of Conation*, 1926, Loyola University Press, *Training the Adolescent*, 1934, Bruce, *Safeguarding Mental Health*, 1937, Bruce.



## FRANCIS McCULLAGH

### *Current History*

BORN IN OMAGH, County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1874, I was educated in Omagh and Derry, and began journalistic work in Glasgow, Scotland, and Bradford, England. Going to the Far East, I became editor of *The Ceylon Catholic Messenger*, Colombo, and afterwards of *The Siam Free Press*, Bangkok, at a time when Siam lay under the menace of a French invasion from Indo-China. Such an invasion would inevitably cause a war between France and England. Consequently, when I went to Bangkok as sub-editor of *The Siam Free Press*, I found myself for the first time in the center of great events. My chief was not only a local editor but also the Bangkok correspondent of the *New York Herald* (Paris), so that when the King of Siam suddenly expelled him from the country on the ground that his cables to the *Herald* endangered the stability of the throne and the independence of the country, his sub-editor succeeded automatically to both jobs. But the danger was averted by an agreement which authorized France to "rectify" her frontier with Siam and to grab Morocco while at the same time permitting England to grab Egypt.

As I had now acquired a thirst for warlike adventure, I went to

Tokyo, where the prospects of a Russo-Japanese war looked bright. Working on a Japanese newspaper in Tokyo for four years, I acquired the conviction that a clash with Russia could come in less than six months. I wrote to that effect to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, offering to represent him in Port Arthur, and while awaiting a reply, studied the Russian language under the direction of Father Sergius, a Russian monk who was acting as Chaplain to the Russian Embassy. I also wrote to the editor of the *Novi Krai*, a semi-official newspaper published by the Russians in Port Arthur, asking if there were any vacancies on his staff. The Russian editor, a Colonel Artemiev, answered hopefully, whereupon I sailed for Port Arthur, and was at once engaged by the Colonel. Meanwhile there was no news from Mr. Bennett. But one day a Russian acquaintance casually told me that in looking through a pile of undelivered cables at the telegraph office (undelivered because of insufficient addresses), he had noticed one addressed "McCullagh Port Arthur." To the cable office I went at once, and to my joy found that it was a cable dispatched several months previously by Mr. Bennett, accepting the terms proposed and adding that a large sum of money for preliminary expenses had been sent to the Russo-Chinese Bank.

Before the time limit of six months had expired, there were unmistakable signs of war, and one day I went to Chifu, on the other side of the Gulf of Pechili, in order to charter a steamer in which to follow the naval operations. I went in a little English steamer called the *Columbia*, which made the round trip every week between the two ports. But as I failed to get what I wanted, owing to the reluctance of English shipping magnates to let their vessels enter the war zone, I returned to Port Arthur immediately in the same vessel. However, I was not destined to set foot in Port Arthur again, for it was now closed to foreign shipping, and, in order to prevent the English officers of the *Columbia* from bringing valuable information back to their Japanese allies in Chifu, a three days' quarantine was imposed on the vessel, and her captain was strictly enjoined to remain anchored in the outer roads, in the middle of the Russian fleet. But during the night, the Japanese attacked that fleet without

any declaration of war, exactly as they attacked the American fleet forty years later at Pearl Harbor. And thus I found myself in the middle of the fray. What more could a correspondent want? Much more,—access to a free cable. But such access was denied me, for all communication with the shore (several miles distant) was prevented, and in order to render impossible a break-away to Chifu, an armed guard of Russian soldiers was placed aboard. But those soldiers were simple, kindly souls who were almost frightened out of their wits when the Japanese shells began to burst in the water close by. And so I had no difficulty in steering them into the dining saloon, where I provided them with a good breakfast and so much vodka that they failed to observe the disappearance of their rifles and the departure of the *Columbia* for Chifu. That Chinese port was, it hardly need be said, an international settlement like Shanghai, ruled by foreign consuls and provided with a foreign cable office, where no such thing as censorship existed.

To make this long story short, when I reached Chifu that night, I was the only person in that port who knew that war had broken out. For the tough but kindly skipper of the *Columbia* had landed me surreptitiously in the ship's boat and did not bring the *Columbia* into port until his passenger had sent off his cable. That cable was naturally ahead of all other detailed accounts of the Japanese attack on Port Arthur which appeared in the European and American press; for the war correspondents in Port Arthur were not allowed to send anything at all, and Admiral Alexiev, the Viceroy of the Far East, sent only a laconic message running to less than fifty words.

This "beat" made my name as a correspondent and insured me journalistic employment for the rest of my active life. I represented the *Herald* with the Russian army till after the defeat at Mukden, when I and a retreating rearguard fell into the hands of the victorious Japanese. I was brought to Japan as a prisoner of war, but was released at the request of the American Ambassador in Tokyo just in time to accompany Count Witte and the Peace Delegation to Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Then I returned to Russia, at that time seething with revolution. I spent in all, ten years in Russia; but not continuously, for I

attended two Balkan wars, two Turkish revolutions, and one Portuguese revolution, was in Agadir when the Kaiser despatched a warship to that Moroccan port, was in Tripoli when the Italians occupied that African city, and traveled in every part of the world. I visited every country in Europe and Asia, excepting Afghanistan and Persia, every republic in the two Americas saving the Central American republics and two unimportant ones to the south, and went as a guest aboard a U. S. warship to Honolulu, Australia, New Zealand, and some of the Pacific Isles which are now (1943) in the war zone. Most of these journeys took place after the first World War.

During that war, I started out as a correspondent in Russia. But after discovering that it was impossible under the new conditions for a correspondent to tell an impartial story, I joined the British army and served as an officer at Gallipoli, Macedonia, and Russia. In Russia, I was a member of the Military Mission sent by the British Government to organize a White Russian Army in Siberia and eventually replace Lenin by Admiral Kolchak. But this attempt ended in overwhelming defeat. And along with a number of other British officers, I was captured by the Red Army at Krasnoyarsk in Siberia. These experiences I described in *A Prisoner of the Reds* (1921). This was my fifth book, my first being *With the Cossacks* (1906), an account of my adventures in the Russo-Japanese war; my second, *The Fall of Abd-ul-Hamid* (1910), dealt with the overthrow of the Sultan of Turkey; my third, *Italy's War for a Desert* (1912), told of the Italian seizure of Tripoli; and my fourth, *Tales from Turkey*, was a collection of humorous stories told in cafes throughout Turkey. This book was written in collaboration with Mr. Alan Ramsay of Constantinople.

While living in Japan, I had translated from the French manuscript of the Reverend Father Steichen an historical work called *The Christian Daimyo*, which was published during the Russo-Japanese war.

After my release from Bolshevik captivity (May, 1920), I reported at the War Office which retired me from the army with the permanent rank of Captain and the right to wear uniforms "on appropriate occasions of a military nature." I had already



received from the King of Serbia the Cross of the Royal Order of St. Sava and the rank of Knight.

In 1922, I returned to Moscow as the correspondent of *The New York Herald*, but was quickly expelled because of my cables on the Cieplak trial. Those cables I afterwards collected together and made the nucleus of a large book called *The Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity*. This work has been translated into Polish, German, and probably other languages. *Red Mexico* (1928) embodies the results of a journey through Mexico during the sanguinary regime of Plutarco Calles.

I am asked how I became a writer. My reply is that from early boyhood I had a taste for writing and a natural facility with my pen which generally secured me top place in all essay compositions at school. At the age of fifteen, I had already contributed poetry and prose to Irish newspapers. But as I was never paid for them and failed to secure a place on the staff of any Irish newspaper, I went to Scotland where I quickly secured journalistic employment.

Nearly all my books were based on collections of my newspaper articles. A war occurred. I was in it, and while it was still a matter of keen public interest, I had no difficulty as a rule in getting a publisher to accept a book from me on the subject. This, I admit, is a bad system. It leads to hasty work, and means the incorporation in a book of newspaper articles written at top speed and full of unverified statements and rash judgments. Careful revision is out of the question, because the publisher fears that if there is delay, the reading public may lose interest in the particular attraction of the moment and turn to something else. Every time I brought a war book to a publisher he said: "What a pity you didn't bring it earlier, while the fighting was still going on!"

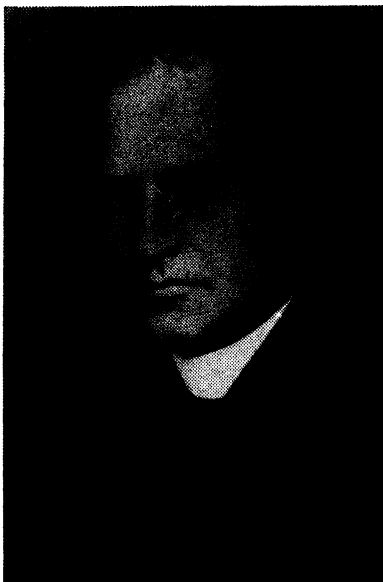
But of course the author is not blameless in this matter, especially if he is a *débutant* author. He is so keen on getting into print that he overlooks the question of careful workmanship and artistic finish.

I am not sure, therefore, that any of my books, save *The Bolshevik Persecution*, can be really called a book. None of them

stands in the same class as a purely literary production which derives no assistance from contemporary events, and stands on its own merits. I have, therefore, a great respect for poets and even for those novelists who, like Jane Austen, disdain to take advantage of any passing craze. I exempt, of course, from censure, authors who, having studied a foreign country all their lives, publish a book about it when it suddenly comes into the spotlight.

I had the advantage of present-day journalists of having done most of my reporting for readers who were more or less impartial, so that I could afford to be impartial myself. American readers regarded the Russo-Japanese war, for example, as they would regard Hamlet or Macbeth: it amused them, and had no bearing on their lives. Even the average Russian was less interested in the war than he was in the Revolution which was brewing at home. I was, consequently, able to write so objectively from the Russian side that the Japanese War Office had my book, *With the Cossacks*, translated for use in their military and naval academies. I am pretty certain that they took unpardonable liberties with it, so as to make the young Japanese believe that they were invincible; but that is another story. In the present war, however, the war-correspondent must be a bloodthirsty propagandist, for whom the enemy is inhuman, a fiend, sin incarnate, evil undiluted. I must admit, however, that I did and do see one enemy who is all those things. That enemy is Bolshevism, against which the last Pope launched an anathema of unprecedented violence; and it gave me great pleasure to hear a few months ago that in a book of sermons by the late Bishop Toth, which Herder recently published, that outstanding figure of the Church in Hungary did me the honor of quoting from my book, *The Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity*.

To the aspiring young Catholic writer I would say that, in my opinion, Catholic writers occupy a vitally important position in this Commonwealth, not only those Catholic writers who work for the public at large but also those whose readers belong to the household of the Faith.



REVEREND JAMES A.  
MAGNER

I HAVE NEVER THOUGHT of myself as a professional writer, although the impulse is there. Some ink must be in the blood. My first literary endeavors were in local contests sponsored by commercial, cultural, and patriotic organizations, later, in the college papers and magazines. I should give credit to a number of teachers and mentors who, during this and later periods, whether by advice or example, stirred my literary ambition. I might mention, for example, Father James J. Daly, S.J., at Campion College, and Bishop Francis C. Kelley, and Father Claude Pernin, S.J., among others. *The Catholic World*, which has been generous to many budding authors, accepted my first serious "article" for publication in May, 1926, on "Blessed Robert Bellarmine, S.J.—Controversialist." This was during my student days at St. Mary's Seminary, Mundelein, when I wrote a number of things which I reserved for publication until a later date.

Imagination was highly agitated by the wonders of Europe during my two years of study in Rome, after ordination to the

priesthood at Mundelein in 1926. Upon my return, I published a number of articles on my observations. One of these, a story on the Holy Land, was accepted by *The Extension Magazine*. This led to my acquaintance with Mr. S. A. Baldus, veteran managing editor of this publication, who took me under his wing and who has remained, not only a source of sound advice, but a constant, true friend. Thereafter, I assumed direction of "The Question Box," and "Marriage Questions" of this magazine, for a period of five years, while contributing to this and other Catholic periodicals, including *America*, *Commonweal*, *The Ecclesiastical Review*, *The Sign*, and *Ave Maria*. The last publication was always a standby in our home, and I have felt proud to be counted in its family of more or less regular contributors. Since 1941, I have been editing *The Catholic University Bulletin*, and contributing editor on Latin American affairs of *The Shield*, the organ of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade.

In 1931, Father Frederic Siedenburg, S.J., urged me to visit Mexico. I had already been in Spain and become intrigued with the Spanish culture and some of the questions which it posed. The Mexican journey, in company with a group and at a time that augured none too well for the Catholic Church, stimulated my desire to do some work in this field, particularly since it had been almost totally neglected by Catholic writers. Subsequent trips, made possible by my vacations as a teacher in the Quigley Preparatory Seminary of Chicago, opened up new vistas in this country and in South America, as well as beyond. The personal inspiration of many Mexican friends encouraged my desire to write a history of the country, in addition to magazine articles. The result of five years' work, *Men of Mexico*, was published in 1942. I had already turned out a small volume, *This Catholic Religion*, in 1930, and an analysis of Catholic principles in the light of American ideals, *For God and Democracy*, in 1940.

I have never regarded my writing as an art, but simply as a vehicle for the expression of ideas and the conveying of information. A study of the mechanics of the language and a recogni-

tion of style are of the utmost importance, but a study of one's own mind, and of the world around, seems to be the stuff of which the printed page is made. I have been advised that one should write nothing for publication until he is forty and that, even then, it is a dangerous thing to do. It has always seemed to me, however, that, unless a person writes before he reaches the crest of life, he is not likely to do much of it afterwards. To some extent, writing is a purge of the soul; it means a disciplining of the mind; and it should be the more or less spontaneous fruit of accumulated and well ordered materials. From this standpoint, there is not a great deal of difference between good conversation, good speaking, and good writing. One has to prepare for all three; and we must take the risks.

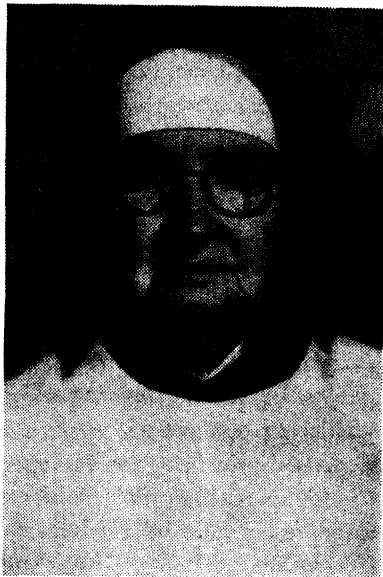
The development of Catholic writers, I think, will follow from attitudes and mental habits that are engendered in our schools and in our parish life. It is a pity that what is called "holy indifference" so often begets mental inertia. As a teacher of English and literature for several years, I constantly strove to develop an alertness to facts and a creative impulse to coordinate and express them—with what success, I cannot say. Through organization and encouragement, I have tried to stimulate the same alertness to what Catholic thought really is and the same ambition to share in its expression. The results have varied; but I must admit a certain thrill of satisfaction when a stranger tells me that he or she has read something that I have written or has heard of my endeavors in behalf of Catholic culture. To be listed as one of the workers is a real distinction.

**EDITOR'S NOTE** We repeat Father Magner's note at the conclusion of the above chapter: "For a biographical sketch, see *The American Catholic Who's Who, 1942-1943*." His published books include: *This Catholic Religion*, Author, 1930; *For God and Democracy*, Macmillan, 1940; *Men of Mexico*, Bruce, 1942.

**SISTER MARY PAULA,  
S.N.D. DE N.**

*(Mary Elizabeth Rich)*

***Educational Writer***



ONE BRIGHT SEPTEMBER MORNING a motherless little girl, tightly clasping a big brother's hand, skipped along a famous street on Beacon Hill, Boston, Massachusetts, to begin a scholastic career that, seemingly, is not yet quite finished since she is still writing for others who must travel the same way. I have called the street *famous* because it was "discovered" by Oliver Wendell Holmes on one of his rambling walks. I loved it more than he did, and knew its history better, since I walked its length daily to the Primary School at the corner of Pinckney and Anderson Streets and later, half its length to the Bowdoin Grammar School, now a Library. That street heard my laughter and saw my tears. To describe it, however, I must use the poet's words that I delightedly came across when reading *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. The poet says: "I do not deny the attraction of walking. I have bored this ancient city through and through in my daily travels, until I know it as an old inhabitant of Cheshire knows his cheese. Why, it was I who, in the course of these rambles, discovered that remarkable avenue called Myrtle Street, stretch-

ing in one long line from east of the Reservoir to a precipitous and rudely-paved cliff which looks down on the grim abode of Science (the old Harvard Medical), and beyond it to the far hills, a promenade so delicious in its repose, so cheerfully varied with its glimpses down the northern slope into busy Cambridge Street, with its iron river of the horse-railroad, and wheeled barges gliding backward and forward over it,—so delightfully closing at its western extremity in sunny courts and passages where I know peace, and beauty, and virtue, and serene old age must be perpetual tenants,—so alluring to all who desire to take their daily stroll, in the words of Dr. Watts,—‘Alike unknowing and unknown.’—that nothing but a sense of duty would have prompted me to reveal its existence.”

When I first read that paragraph in *The Autocrat* I laughed heartily and said: “Dr. Holmes must have taken that walk on a Sunday morning, for the street rang with merry laughter on school days especially when, on sleds made of hard snow, the girls of the grammar school coasted down Russell Street during the long noon hour.” We were ready and willing to begin the afternoon session, which invariably began at two o’clock with mental arithmetic conducted for fifteen minutes by the genial Master, Mr. Brown. Mental arithmetic and grammar had fifteen minutes each daily. I am still grateful for these drills which pride fastened well in my mind when I was asked to “Stand Fire” in grammar at the graduation exercises. I have never taught in a grade, but I can still recall our drills in grammar and arithmetic. Intelligent drill pays—not so, mere parrot work! To my own teachers, both Catholic and non-Catholic, I owe the success of my pupils who are now doing excellent work in various places. May they imitate me, in at least one thing, by asking Our Lady to teach for them.

Grateful for the many educational advantages offered by my Superiors—often at a sacrifice—before I had received an A.M. degree, and with sympathy for many who lacked only the *letters*, and must now teach and study also, I began to send articles to magazines. Just as I was considering the feasibility of putting

my ideas into book form, the Summit opened a Notre Dame Normal School that was inspected and duly approved. When, in 1928, the Teachers College of Cincinnati provided for the training of Sisters, we closed our Normal School, I for one, was sorry. I had enjoyed teaching Methods, Educational Psychology, and Art Appreciation to novices and young professed Sisters. As critic teacher I profited by what I saw and heard in both public and parochial schools. It was a delightful experience for me as well as for the novices. Some of the students had been in a Catholic grade school, I had not. A few of my experiences as a high school pupil may be interesting and helpful.

On the appointed day in September, my dearest classmate and I buoyantly crossed the playground of my childhood—Boston Common—and wended our way to the Girls High School on East Newton Street. Time and space oblige me to confine my descriptions to some periods of a day the memory of which lapse of years has not effaced. Within two hours, unrealized by me at the time, the foundations of my teaching methods were firmly laid. Learning, for once at least, did not make "a bloody entrance."

On the blackboard of the French room the following lines were neatly and legibly written. These the teacher quietly asked us to copy. For me—and probably for others—two copies were made; one on the paper, and one on my brain. The latter has never been effaced. Here are the words that have saved some beginners much time and many tears.

Bonne nuit! Bonne nuit!  
Loin de nous le jour s'en fuit;  
Mais, comme un flambeau celeste,  
La bonte de Dieu nous reste.  
Elle nous garde et nous suit.  
Bonne nuit! Bonne nuit!

The teacher told us the purpose of the words, and we gladly submitted to a thorough drilling. We had thereafter no trouble with reading in French.

At the literature period we were asked to read silently, from



our *Sketch Books*, the first paragraph of "The Voyage." I could not start at once because I was caught by the personality of the teacher. She was, I thought—and still think—an ideal English teacher. She was a Titian blonde, dressed in soft black. Her voice was what Shakespeare thought "an excellent thing in woman." This teacher made a few remarks about the author and the subject of the selection we were about to read; then said: "Try to write from memory the first paragraph if you think you can do as well as Irving did." I failed, but I had learned more than one lesson for life.

Now a word about my last day at the public high school. The first year had passed pleasantly, and I was well into the second year, perfectly contented, when what I call a miracle happened. One morning I approached a home-room teacher, who had always seemed very friendly, and said: "Miss Blank, I am leaving school today." "Leaving school, dear, but why? Are you not happy?" "Quite happy," I replied, "but I am going to an Academy taught by Sisters of Notre Dame on Berkeley Street." "A Catholic Academy? Are you a Roman Catholic?" gasped my lovely teacher. My eyes were opened. My pride was hurt; and though I knew I was far from being a model Catholic, I lifted my head proudly and answered, "Yes, Miss Blank, I am." "Oh well, dear, that accounts for it. Goodbye, I hope you'll be happy." said Miss Blank as she walked away. I gathered my books, and left public-school life forever. I call this episode a miracle because from that day my thoughts were engaged with the mysteries of human nature rather than with the beauties of physical nature. I wonder if the swans and flowers of the Public Garden, and the trees and Frog Pond of the Common, missed me!

My future life was shaped by what had occurred most unexpectedly the Sunday before. I met a Catholic Sister for the first time in my peaceful life and, *mirabile dictu*, I sat before her as a pupil two days later. How it happened would make another story. That teacher was Sister Mary Josephine, principal of Notre Dame Academy, then on Berkeley Street, Boston. The Superior was Sister Marie de St. Denis. It was of the latter that

Archbishop Williams was thinking when he said to a group of priests dining with him one feast day: "Gentlemen, if you want to see Humility, go down to the Berkeley Street convent, ring the door bell and ask to speak to the Superior." It is hard for me to resist the temptation to add to this encomium. Only God knows what that Superior did for me, before and after she took me to the novitiate, then at Roxbury. But I must proceed! My first day in a Catholic school was a nightmare. All was so new to me—the perfect silence in classroom and corridors (the girls wore slippers to preserve the polished floors); the clicking of a wooden signal; the half hour prayer; the catechetical instruction; all was so different. If I could only return to the Public High School the next day! "But that is impossible," I said to myself, "I will slip out, and say nothing. Father will tell me what to do." Alas! Sister Mary Josephine called me into the library and said sweetly: "Well, dear, how do you like school?" I could not answer. I cried for some time, and then said: "Oh, everyone has been kind, but I cannot stay here." At length Sister got me to promise to try one more day. I tried not one, but many days, and found the Sisters and girls charming. The tempter had been exorcised. I became so much "at home" that I was thrilled as well as astonished when, having told Sister Mary Josephine that, after graduation, I hoped to be a foreign correspondent since I wanted to write and to travel, Sister said, "Did you ever think that you would like to be a Sister?" "I am not good enough nor learned enough," I replied. The following year (without my Father's permission) I went to Cincinnati and prepared to take the habit of a Sister of Notre Dame. I made the customary retreat with other postulants; but His Grace, Archbishop Elder, could not come to give us his permission to enter the Novitiate until the day before the one set for the ceremony. A few days previous, I had received from Archbishop Williams a note with this formidable line: "I have great respect for the Fourth Commandment, and in my opinion it is your duty to return home." Archbishop Elder saw this line; and Sister Superior Louise showed him the letter she had received from His Grace of Boston. With tears in

his eyes the saintly prelate said to me: "I am very sorry, my dear child, but I really could not let you take the habit now." "I know you couldn't," I replied, "but I will never ask to go home. You must decide." "Do nothing until you hear from me," said the Archbishop. I obeyed; and a month later, Sister Superior Louise received this line from him: "I authorize you to give Mary Elizabeth Rich the habit." Four years later, my Father came to see me, after having been assured by a Mason friend of his that I was really well and happy. My Mother's Catholic friend who tried for two years to get me out of the convent, worked just as hard to get my Father a convert, into Heaven; so I forgave her. My brothers, and my brother George's kind wife, generously gave my old Father the comforts and care that I could never have given him. He was not neglected.

In the designs of the Good God, I was to experience the truth of the adage: "After the storm cometh a great calm." Fifty years in the classroom passed swiftly and peacefully. I cannot recall one disagreeable day. In the beginning, classes were small and one teacher unconsciously impressed her personality upon those capable of being impressed, and a pupil had a chance to win applause in at least one or two of the many subjects taught by a Sister in a high school department. The high school teachers knew at least a little of each subject taught. They could dovetail their knowledge and make their lessons interesting to every pupil. The teaching profession was in high repute, and the teaching Orders received many subjects. The first of my graduates to enter Notre Dame was our late Superior, Sister Josephine Mary, the only sister of the famous architect, Mr. Charles Maginnis. Under Sister Josephine Mary a community became book-lovers; and our libraries—and those of many pupils—grew apace.

Although personally almost unknown outside my convent walls, God has graciously permitted me to have a share in the training of some of America's most influential women. I was graduate teacher for twelve years at the Berkeley Street Academy; for six years at Notre Dame Academy, Lowell, with the responsi-

bility of a Mistress of Boarders thrown in for good measure there, and for another at West Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia. I had the sad privilege of assisting at the closing of my Alma Mater and the removal of the community to The Fenway, Boston. A member of the first graduating class there, Sister Therese Marguerite, is now the brave Sister Superior of our house in Rome. Sister Helen Madeleine, one of my Roxbury graduates with more courage and ability than I had, pushed the opening of Emmanuel College and is still its efficient Dean. The Dean of Women at the Boston Teachers College was one of her classmates. Would that I deserved, and that all prospective teachers might deserve, the compliment paid me some years ago by this brilliant woman. In reply to my query: "Why do you and your classmates always address me as 'Teacher' when you write? I was your teacher for only one year," she said: "You not only taught, you made us want to learn." This was the effect of the old method. The teachers knew "a little of everything and not too much of anything."

Were a young, would-be author to ask me to suggest a few helpful books, my immediate reply would be: "There are but two 'musts'—a complete Bible and a large English Dictionary. I emphasize large because a book that gives but one meaning for all words is useless beyond the lower grades. The Bible is the greatest book ever written. Pagan scholars are more familiar with it than are many Catholics who think they do not need it. Few realize the beauty and sublimity of its literature, nor its world history. I advise you to have few books, but know them well. Try to build up your own and other libraries; but beware of mental indigestion, and of subtle poisons. Consult "Books on Trial" and "Best Sellers." The old Greek motto, *Nothing too much* is a precious one.

Another pet theory of mine is the value of "Reading Aloud." Notice that I use capitals. This method of self-improvement I used frequently when my brothers and their friends were entertaining(?) my poor, self-sacrificing Father with a band concert. I went out of hearing distance and read aloud for an imaginary

audience several passages from the few classics we had. Some of these classics happening to have yellow paper covers, and such queer names as *Guy Mannering* and *Peveril of The Peak*, I self-righteously burned thinking they were the dime novels I had heard my Father forbidding the boys to bring into our house. When I began to frequent the old Boston Public Library, I learned not to judge a book by its cover, and that deer and trees and ponds are not the only things that give one pleasure. A cultured voice is a gift of God that He wants us to improve for the sake of others. Volumes could be written on the advantages of a cultured human voice.

In the hope of being useful to other teachers and students, and of fastening good ideas in my own mind I wrote articles for magazines occasionally, but my first book was *The Story of Blessed Julie*. The first part, "How Little Julie Became a Child of God," had been written by Sister Fidelis (Dolle) in whose English work I, when a teacher at Notre Dame Academy, Sixth Street, Cincinnati, could never find a flaw. Quite likely, I was then too young to recognize flaws! When Sister Fidelis died, our Provincial Superior, Sister Agnes of the Cross, asked me if I could finish the book that Sister had begun. Believing that a Superior's wish is almost equivalent to a command, I replied: "I can at least try." God was good to let my Superior's will, not my own, send me into the literary field. I decided that I would help young Sisters of Notre Dame to fulfill their obligation to acquaint their pupils with the main facts in the life of our Blessed Foundress and—at the same time—explain the Sacraments as I imagine Blessed Julie would have done. Each Sacrament must have its own clearly printed beautifully illustrated booklet. Make the pupils want to keep theirs and to show them to public school children. This will instill an apostolic spirit. "A consummation devoutly to be wished!"

*High Lights in Philosophy* or, preferably, *Everyday Philosophy*, illustrates my method while teaching in the Notre Dame Normal School. It may not have been exactly scientific, but it evidently pleased the students and the State Inspector. The lat-

ter was particularly pleased with a home-made chart consisting of covers of *The Literary Digest*. Each giving the novices a reminder of some philosophical truth, induced the kindly Inspector to take part in the discussion. This method reminded me of home. My Father did not pretend to teach philosophy, but he often said, "I don't want any of my boys to be lacking in gumption!" This he would say when a heedless one forgot and turned the knob of a door away from the hinges, or pushed a window out instead of up to close it.

In 1935 *The Virgin Mother* was published and seemed to win favor at once. For this I praise God. It was my thank-offering for the only Mother I ever knew, and I wanted others to help in honoring and loving her. I take this, my only opportunity to thank the religious and other devout readers for their zeal in making this book known in schools and societies. May the Virgin Mother watch over them all and their dear ones! A volume would not suffice to tell all she has done for me and mine.

*Presenting the Angels* has been pronounced my most scholarly work. It certainly had cost more time and effort than any of my other books even though I had received for this one some helpful suggestions from Reverend F. X. Lasance, the devoted former chaplain of Our Lady's Summit, such as: a) drop the last six lines, b) as to quotations from the Bible, I would put all references to the same in footnotes, c) at the end of the book I would add *Misal* and *Raccolta* Prayers, d) I would add just one more chapter, viz. *The Angels in Art*. Why did I attempt to write *Presenting the Angels*? In the first place I wanted to honor in a special manner God the Father who seemed to me to have less attention paid to Him than have the other Persons of the Blessed Trinity (Remember that I am not a theologian). I like to think that God the Father prefers to have His Divine Son receive special notice rather than Himself. Many noble earthly parents are like Him. The War is proving this.

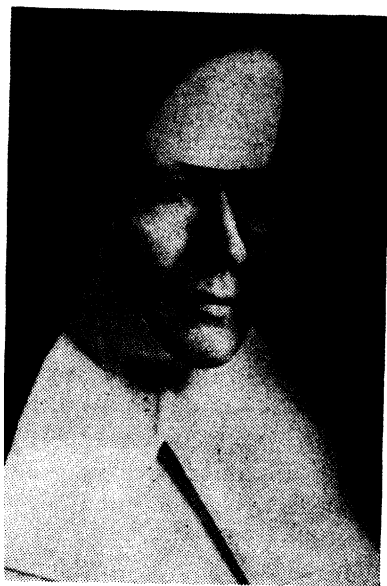
*Bethlehem Nights* was of course, written to honor the dear Little King, His Blessed Mother and His Faithful Guardian, to warm my own cold heart; and to spread as far as possible the true,

consoling spirit of Christmas. I prayed that at least in the homes of my relatives and pupils it would replace some worldly amusements and bring union and true joy to family groups. I wonder how many have thought of giving *Bethlehem Nights*, or a similar book, to a friend or a library at Christmas time!

EDITOR'S NOTE Sister Mary Paula is a contributor to *America*, *Catholic School Journal*, and other magazines. Her booklets, published by Bachmeyer-Lutner Co., are *How Little Julie Made Her First Communion* (1930), *How Little Julie Used Her Confirmation Gifts* (1930), *How Blessed Julie Followed Her Vocation* (1931), *How Blessed Julie Met Her Good God* (1931), *The Story of Frances Blin de Bourdon* (1936); and, published by the Sisters of Notre Dame, *An Apostolic Order: Notre Dame de Namur* (1939). Her books include *The Story of Blessed Julie*, 1929, Ad-Vantage Press; *Highlights in Philosophy*, 1930, Ad-Vantage Press; *The Virgin Mother*, 1935, Benziger Brothers; *Presenting the Angels*, 1936, Benziger Brothers; *Bethlehem Nights*, 1938, Devin-Adair Co.

## SISTER MIRIAM, R.S.M.

*Poet and Essayist*



WITH GOLDEN BRAIDS flying in the wind, Margaret Miriam Gallagher, the eldest daughter of Donegal parents, used to say that half of her exuberant joy in living came from her Irish blood, the other half from her tireless love of reading. At present she attributes it rather to an all-embracing love of people, chiefly of friends, earthly and heavenly.

Born among the Blue Ridge Mountains of Pennsylvania, daughter of a successful hotelkeeper and his dynamic wife, whose every spare moment was dedicated to consoling neighbors in distress, she recalls little of her early years beyond the desire to be a nun. This grace of vocation she prayed for at her First Holy Communion at nine, and the same year chose for confirmation the name she was later to bear.

Among the unforgettable experiences of school days in Hazleton, besides promotion in the middle of the term, were the study of Brooks' *Mental Arithmetic*, as effective surely in its results as any stiff course in logic; the learning of grammar, chiefly by parsing, without a text; and the memorizing, word for word, of



the entire history of the Civil War. She still recalls with amusement the Battle of the Merrimac and Monitor, beginning: "About noon, March eighth, the long-dreaded Merrimac, convoyed by a fleet of small vessels steamed into Hampton Roads!"

As public speaking was also strongly encouraged, she found herself, one Decoration Day, the only girl on the extemporized elevation in the cemetery with priests and war veterans reading Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Even more embarrassing was a sudden summons to deliver for Bishop John Lancaster Spalding of Illinois, then a member of the National Labor Board of Arbitration in Pennsylvania, a speech previously given. Though his courtesy called the essay a good speech, she knew even then that it was a poor jumble of his own thoughts gathered in recess periods forfeited to read his *Things of the Mind and Other Essays*, for the title of the oration, given on the porch of the presbytery, was an ambitious one: "Why We Should be Educated!"

Perhaps it was this incident that gave her courage to mail to the *Ave Maria* from St. Gabriel's High School, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy from Buffalo, what purported to be a short story. To which of the editorial drawers—later labeled by Father John Cavanaugh, associate-editor: heaven, purgatory, and hell—her manuscript was consigned, she has never had the least doubt. It deserved perdition. This attempt at writing was forgotten in the thrill of being offered, four months before graduation, a teaching position in the public school.

A month after her seventeenth birthday, she forfeited this position to follow what seemed an imperative call. She entered the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, whose motherhouse is now that of the Religious Sisters of Mercy, Washington, D. C.

Hardly out of the novitiate, she renewed her attempts at writing by editing two volumes of analecta from the non-fiction of Canon P. A. Sheehan of Ireland. The canon, delighted with a purple leather-bound copy which reached him on a bed of suffering in Cork wrote gratefully: "You have clothed me in purple and fine linen and I am abashed at my own splendor," adding:

"It is Americans who have popularized all my books and saved them from extinction."

It was while teaching in Iowa and studying at Creighton University in Omaha, some years later, that she had the privilege of hearing Father Francis Reilly lecture on poetry. Though he had at first voiced displeasure at an ambition that initially aspired to Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," he finally urged the analyses of ten poems, later accepted by the *Catholic School Journal*. These won kind comment from several poets, from Brother Leo and from Thomas O'Hagan of Canada, who because of his interest in them and in *Mercyon*, the first high school magazine to include translations of Francis Jammes and other French poets, surprised her with a visit on his way back from Norway, and requested a future review of his collected poems. Among the poems in the studies made at Creighton was Odell Shepard's poem, "A Nun," recently reprinted in James M. Hayes' anthology, *In Praise Of Nuns*. Professor Shepard's courteous reception of the analysis—"You have told me things about the poem which I did not know," he wrote—led to a correspondence resulting eventually in a preface for Sister Miriam's volume of poetry.

It was in Iowa also that she registered for a course in English Composition at Iowa University, and in return for the final paper on "A Few Aspects of Sympathy," published in the *Queen's Work*, received more than the cost of the entire course. She was disappointed when the university, stating that she needed no more courses in technique, refused her further lessons. Although Professor J. Hubert Scott had told her that she was a poet whether she had ever written in verse or not, she did not test the truth of this assurance until she had returned East and was studying magazine journalism.

One evening while she was consciously trying to manufacture a quatrain, one presented itself to her mind, fully groomed, polished *ad unguem*, as one poet says every brief lyric should be. Mailed at once with a hastily devised pen-name that has ever since chased her through the *Reader's Guide*, it seriously altered her evaluation of money: five dollars came to mean relatively the price of two sentences! When for a graduate dissertation at

Notre Dame, under the direction of George N. Shuster, now President of Hunter College, she chose what seemed an unmarketable subject. "Richard Le Gallienne: Painter of Shadows," magazine editors surprised her with a check for sixty-five dollars!

In odd moments snatched from teaching high school, from study during two sabbatical years at the Catholic University, and from a professorship at College Misericordia, Dallas, Pennsylvania, Sister Miriam wrote the poems collected as *Woven of the Sky* (Macmillan, 1940). No one was more surprised than the author at the generosity of the critics toward this first book. A Benedictine called it "celestial singing"; a journalist wrote: "Beauty shines in every line and sings in every word"; a Southern priest wrote enthusiastically about the poem "O Be This Needed Light."

But Sister Miriam has no illusions about her brief, almost monosyllabic verses which she feels certain anyone with a Donegal heart and mind could have done as easily. Her students have, she says, often given her proof of this by affording her the true teacher's coveted reward: that of surpassing their teacher in work she had helped them bring to fruition.

The great tragedy of the young today, Sister Miriam would say as a teacher, is their unawareness, chiefly their ready forfeiture of the soul's inheritance: union with God, possible even here, even now. They refuse to "taste and see"; prefer the emptiness of the world to divine inebriation; are too timid or too indolent to shout "the praises of God" by sacrifices as selfless as those of Dorothy Day. She recalls that she herself was no less guilty for thirty years she merely read, not momentarily lived, the *Imitation of Christ*.

This realization of the astounding and shocking gap between the theory and practice of our Catholic students—manifested not in lukewarmness so much as in complacent mediocrity—led doubtless to the founding of the *Thinker's Digest*, now in its fourth year and nationally known, since its subscriptions reach over forty states, Canada, South America, Great Britain, and Australia. Its ideals are those of the militant George Bernanos: honor and sainthood. It is the hope of Sister Miriam, her assist-

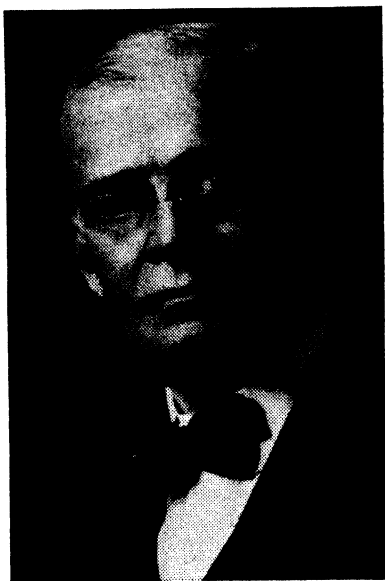
ant, Miss Beatrice Hope Zedler of Milwaukee, and the editors that this miniature national quarterly of spiritual reading may stimulate many to a nobler and more perfect life.

If Sister Miriam could, by mere advice, influence young writers, she would, of course, insist on the acquisition of a flawless technique, possibly by a reading and re-reading of the classics, especially Greek plays, Latin poetry, and Shakespeare. It has been said discerningly that a poet is great in proportion to his familiarity with Shakespeare.

As of more importance, she would accentuate the need to widen, deepen, heighten the content of their writings by the conviction, lovingly arrived at by a modern contemplative, that:

*What one is, interiorly, face to face with God, unknown to anyone, is of vital consequence to the whole human race; that every mute uplifting of the heart raises the whole world nearer to God. From every soul that is at rest in the divine embrace, radiates a spiritual vitality which reaches from end to end of the universe, a source of grace even to the least worthy of it, even to those who know nothing of whence or how it comes.*

Sister Miriam's counsel to aspiring writers? That is emphatically it!



JOHN MOODY

I SUPPOSE IT IS TRUE that every author has a particular story to tell regarding the road he or she traveled to reach the point where they felt they had acquired—or other people felt they possessed—some special facility in writing readable English. In my own case, I have always thought that my inclination for trying to express myself lucidly was, to some degree at least, an inherited trait. My own father, while never a writer for publication, was always ready with pen or pencil and wrote beautiful English. Well do I recall that, when we children were very young, he often amused and entertained us, not by telling stories, but by writing them. Many an evening, with his half dozen growing children around him, and with pad and pencil on his knee, he was wont to write for us most exciting little tales of childhood adventure, and rhymes galore; all being quite original and the product of his own imagination.

But this was not the only thing which influenced my writing bent. My mother was a person of unusual good taste in literature, and she saw to it that her children were brought up, not on

the shallow froth for the young which is so prevalent nowadays, but on what were known as "the classics," and particularly "the classical romances." We children were early introduced to Walter Scott's historical novels, from which we soon plunged into Thackeray and Dickens, the Bronte sisters, and, a little later, Anthony Trollope and George Eliot. Nor was our early education confined to fiction. We read Washington Irving and liked him; his books on Spain were a joy and his *Life of Mahomet* opened for me pages of history that had been a closed book. We even read Addison's essays and lots of John Ruskin; these books, mother urged, would teach us how to express ourselves in perfect English, if we ever aspired to be writers. Macaulay's *Essays* were recommended for the same reason. I read and reread the latter in my days of literary adolescence with ever increasing delight; though it was not the subject matter which intrigued me; it was the "style."

And so you see, I really had a good background from which to start out on a writing career. But as fate would have it, I did not develop into a "regular writer" as I approached my majority, although many opportunities for expressing myself opened before me. Born far back in 1868 as one of many children of struggling parents, it was necessary for me to omit college and go to work for a living at fifteen. And so it was that I was shunted into a commercial career when very young, a career far removed from the literary life. But I carried with me an inherent yearning for writing; and all through the years when growing up, many an evening and many a holiday were spent in trying to write romances and studying writers like Washington Irving and Joseph Addison for a good literary "style."

Even now I can feel the thrill of the joy that was mine when my first story was accepted by a magazine. I was then fifteen. It appeared in *The Boy's World*, a well known monthly, and I received three dollars for it! Nothing that I have since achieved in the writing line has given me the thrill I got from the sale of that story. It inspired me with restless literary ambition. Almost immediately I wrote another, making it very sensational and putting a murder in it. For that I was paid five dollars.

Then I wrote a third, more sensational still, with two murders, and promptly sold it for eight dollars. The more gruesome the story, the higher the pay, it seemed. As I had been reading much of Edgar Allan Poe, gruesome tales seemed the proper thing. And so I wrote a fourth, this time a deep mystery entwined around three murders and a suicide. But that was evidently too much for the editors. It was rejected by three of them. I was so discouraged that I abandoned sensational fiction then and there. Not that my literary bent was destroyed; indeed an event immediately occurred which made me more "literary-minded" than ever.

In those days there existed a country-wide organization of boys and girls of from fourteen to twenty, which was called The National Amateur Press Association. It was made up of aspiring young writers or literary hopefuls who, like myself, had missed out on college careers, but felt the itch for expression on the printed page. Most of them published little papers or magazines of from four to sixteen pages, containing their own literary masterpieces. The circulation of these small papers (often printed on small job presses by the editors themselves) consisted mainly of exchanges with one another. There were over three hundred of them and they were circulated in a little world of their own.

This unique organization came to my notice through reading an article in *St. Nicholas*, a children's magazine then published by Scribner. Almost at once I joined and brought out a magazine of my own. It was only four pages and cost me but four dollars per issue to have printed by an amateur printer. I wrote the entire contents each month, including editorials, essays, fiction, poems and jokes. It circulated among the other three hundred editors in exchange for three hundred other magazines of similar type, and I found myself suddenly living in a purely "intellectual" world. Some of the little papers were filled with inanities; but others were more pretentious and embraced attempts at real literature, with discussions of every topic under the sun, including religion, philosophy, the sciences, history and literary criticism. We all took ourselves and our talents very seriously!

That was, after all, the real beginning of my writing career.

For several years I was very active in this field, despite the fact that my working days were filled with labor in the commercial field, where I earned my bread and butter. But all the while I was growing older; and the time came when I felt too mature to stay longer with this group of children, and I attempted a brief venture in the regular journalistic field. But this was unsuccessful; and as I ended my twenty first year, I found myself in Wall Street, having been persuaded by my elders that a banking career was the thing for me. There I have stayed until this day.

Still, entering the financial world was never for me an abandonment of my literary tastes. I early began to write financial and economic literature for the banking house with which I was connected, and when, after another ten years, I went into business for myself, it was not as a banker, but as a publisher and writer on economic and financial subjects. As I now glance back across the forty-odd years which have since ensued, I clearly see that its "literary" side was its real side. Circumstances, no doubt, brought this about. The first complete book I ever wrote—aside from mere statistical compilations—was *The Truth About the Trusts*, published in the year 1904. It was a description and review of the wide-spread industrial monopolies of those days, and had a large circulation throughout the entire country. For years thereafter politicians and economists quoted it frequently, and it found its way into many schools and colleges.

After that I wrote several other books of a more or less technical nature on economics and finance; and in 1912 or 1913 two books of a more popular kind which we brought out by the Yale University Press. One was called *The Railroad Builders*, being a running description of the rise and growth of the great American railway systems, from the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio railway in 1828. The other was called *The Masters of Capital*; it contained in popular form the stories of prominent captains of finance and industry, including great figures like Commodore Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Daniel Drew, J. Pierpont Morgan, and so on. These two books later ran into numerous editions, and I believe, are still selling.

However, I came in time to realize that this angle of my "writ-



ing career" was but incidental to other activities, and had no permanent significance for me except as a long period of training for something more worthwhile. It was in the year 1931, after having lived all my life as a Protestant, and in a more or less pagan environment, that I became a Catholic. That event, which I view as the most important of all my life, immediately had its repercussions on my lifelong "literary" inclinations. And so it was not long before the spirit moved me to write a real book. The result was *The Long Road Home*, an autobiography, which told the story, not only of my early life and business career, but of my long journey to the Catholic Church. It was inspired of course, by the joy I found in embracing the Catholic faith; but as for its literary quality—if it has any—this I know was entirely due to my early training in the reading of good English, and also to the long years of practice in writing one thing or another. But the early training given me by my parents in cultivating a taste for the classics and the best English literature, was surely the most important.

Let me emphasize the latter fact in a little more detail. When first I began to try to express myself seriously on paper, even when writing dry-as-dust economics, the influence of perfect masters of English, like Washington Irving, Joseph Addison, Charles Lamb and John Ruskin; and in fiction Thackeray outstandingly, was unquestioned and far-reaching. Later on, as I grew older, it was Carlyle and Macaulay—the first with his forceful and original, the second with his limpid sentences in the "grand style"—that influenced me most. But perhaps more than any other, at least during my middle life, it was the superb English of John Henry Newman which carried the day for me. Years before I had any thought of becoming a Catholic, or indeed was interested in the subject at all, the beautiful English of Cardinal Newman enticed me again and again.

There is indeed no truer saying than that practice makes perfect; that perseverance wins the day. The fault of most young aspiring writers is that they are too easily discouraged. They fail to progress because it is easier to be careless than careful. Well do I recall a little conversation I once had with the great in-

ventor, Thomas A. Edison, when I was a youth and he was at the zenith of his powers. I had told him I was delighted to talk with such a great genius as he. He smiled indulgently and said, "Genius? What is your idea of 'genius,' young man? You think it is a gift. No, it is not that. It is simply an infinite capacity to take pains."

That is a truism not original with Edison; many other great men have said it—and felt it. I often think of St. Thomas Aquinas, who died in his early fifties, and yet in his short life wrote those vast theological and philosophical tomes which few of us have the patience to read and study. Not only did he have no typewriter, but he was obliged to write everything by hand. What patience that must have required! And how did Sir Walter Scott produce the mass of historical romances which have so delighted the young generations? Day after day, week after week, year after year, he sat at his desk with a quill pen in his hand, writing, writing, writing, often a dozen hours at a stretch. That indeed was genius. It was genius when Newman penned his great *Apologia*, in the most perfect English of the nineteenth century, working at a high desk in a standing position, and sometimes for fourteen hours at a stretch.

"Infinite capacity for taking pains!" That is a motto which every aspiring young author should keep before his eyes. Indeed, if one has a yearning for expressing oneself by the written word, correctly and effectively, whether writing prose or poetry, fiction or essays or history; whether exploring the philosophical or scientific field, or writing more directly on the theme of religion, one must first learn, if genuine success is to come, not merely to think clearly and consistently or to develop the imagination with intelligence, but to write lucidly, yet simply; and to be willing to try and try again until something like perfection is reached.

It is said that for some authors writing comes so easily that revision and correction is never necessary; the words and sentences flow from the mind as fast as they can be written down. That may be so with some; but one is often surprised when told that a certain author struggled for months over a chapter which

is so simply and lucidly written that to the reader it seems quite perfect and must have flowed just "naturally" from the pen of the writer. That is seldom true. Writers of the best and simplest English always "take infinite pains." It is said of a well-known modern novelist, whose literary "style" is outstanding, that he rewrote one of his chapters—the one which to his readers seemed the easiest of all—no less than fifty-five times. I can well believe that; for in my poor effort, *Fast by the Road*, I re-wrote one of the chapters no less than twenty-seven times! And yet I doubt not it seems to most readers the easiest chapter of all.

I am trying to emphasize these points for aspiring young Catholic writers, for it does seem to me that much current Catholic literature is too hastily and carelessly written. That is why so much of it dies aborning. All too often we are told that there are too few successful Catholic writers, both in the fields of fiction and fact. Is it not because so few have learned that lesson which men like Cardinal Newman had early learned—the need of patience, perseverance and an "infinite capacity for taking pains?"

EDITOR'S NOTE Mr. Moody is a Knight Commander of the Papal Order of the Holy Sepulchre, and President of the Liturgical Arts Society. Macmillan published his *Long Road Home* in 1933 and his *Fast by the Road* in 1942

## MRS. GEORGE NORMAN

*Novelist*



MY FIRST ATTEMPT at writing a book was at the age of eleven, in a penny copy-book. I lost the copy-book and lost sight of Francine, its heroine, for I went to school abroad. It must have been the most charming school any girls were ever privileged to attend—the English convent at Bruges, Belgium. An old Flemish cloister, there since the times of persecution of Catholics in England in the sixteenth century. There were two Books of Honour, one English and one French, in which the best school essays were enshrined, and one felt proud and rather vain-glorious if one got in. That, I feel sure, with excellent Literature classes, really started me on “writing.”

But my home at Richmond, Surrey, was rather out of the big world, and years—one or two anyway—were to go by before I even grasped that I might write stories for the magazines—our Catholic ones. It never occurred to me to think of a book till I had been married some time and was staying in a very lovely spot overlooking the Lake of Lucerne in a hotel full of life and

what Byron called the stimulus of foreign travel. That stimulated me. We moved up to the Engadin, and there, among the great snow mountains and the magnificent gorge with the river far below, I was further fired. I wrote *Lady Fanny*, which had a considerable success. It was actually my second published book; but the first, *Sylvia in Society*—the title chosen by the publisher—was a reprint of articles which had had quite a following in the old literary *Westminster Gazette*. *Sylvia* was a little American girl, suggested by a friend's small daughter, and the articles all concerned my imaginary development of her.

I wrote about five other novels quite unconcerned with any Catholic interest or aim, before a pointing in this latter direction. An aunt of my husband's was a Carmelite at Caen, quite near Lisieux, the home of the Little Flower. She wrote one day saying she wondered I did not use my "talent" to try to do good! That seemed to me, at the time, the wildest suggestion. It will always, I suppose, be a problem for Catholic authors. Religious propaganda in fiction is said to defeat its own object. So I dismissed the Carmelite suggestion. But it *would* come back to me. So at last, I wrote *The Town on the Hill*. I was very naive, I think, and expected the Catholic press to come out with hymns of praise. I thought they would reward a turning from novels which, even if they were never anything like best-sellers, had always had an excellent press,—that, in fact, it would be quite a boon to Catholicism. . . . I was soon undeceived! *The Tablet*, then edited by Ernest Oldmeadow, came down on me like a ton of bricks. Let Catholics leave divorce alone, said the reviewer, and not bring forward the difficulties of Catholic doctrine in a Protestant country where divorce is the law of the land. It was a different point of view from mine. Anyway, *The Town on the Hill* was well received by other Catholic papers and had a success. But not with the secular press. Writing had, by then (1927), increased by leaps and bounds, and the critics had their hands full. They were not bigoted, I think, but they had not much time for specifically Catholic-minded novels; or that is how I took it, and how it has since remained with me. So my readers

became largely of the Catholic class; and we are a small, if influential, body over here in England compared with America's magnificent one-in-five. But I was quite happy to go on writing what I now liked to write, and if non-Catholics did read it and got any light on what Catholics believe and what they ought to be, and so often are, all the better. To my mind it was what we were simply obliged to do—to try to spread what we were so extraordinarily lucky as to have.

I followed *The Town on the Hill* by *Hylton's Wife* which, like most of my books, was also brought out in America by Benziger Brothers, and which had a special recognition there as people seemed to recognize a well-known American priest, then stationed in Rome, who came into the book. I think it is my own favourite, though one's ideas, and ideals, in writing change—and progress (I hope), and I think I should write *all* I have written, rather differently nowadays.

*The King's Mountain* I like because of the story of *Madeleine Semer* (by Abbé Klein, who is so well known in America), from which I took the main idea. Madame Semer died some years ago (1921), but her story became so much a part of my mental life that at last I embodied the Sinner who became a Saint in a fictional narrative of my own, developing and ending it quite differently from the real life which ends too soon, from the fiction angle, with the death of Madame Semer.

*Brigit* was the story of the religious vocation of a young girl who tried human love and found it wanting.

*Night-of-Spring* was my last novel. Going down in the Rome express from the Alpine Pass of Mt. Cenis, and looking upwards, I saw a little house perched among goats and olive trees—just a glimpse, but once more I was fired. I must write a story of the Italian family, simple and Catholic who, I imagined, owned it. They, too, developed as any writer's people must—the father, who had been a waiter in Turin in his youth, wins the big prize in the national lottery and can fulfil his life's dream. They go to London (of all places!) "through the tunnel" (of Mt. Cenis) and start a restaurant, as so many of their compatriots start them

in Soho, that foreign quarter of London, in its very centre just behind Piccadilly Circus, where every house, to me at least, has the appeal of the far-off and the unknown. My simple family grows rich, and then poor again in comparison, and goes back gratefully to the goats and the olive trees and the church on the eminence at San Fiore. I am not sure that is the way to write—the following of one's wandering imagination; but I am afraid I never wrote fiction in any other way.

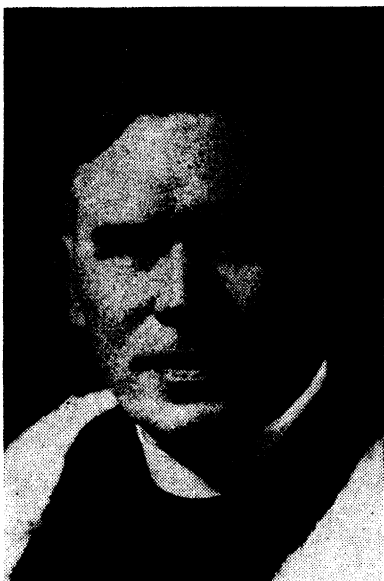
The only "serious" book, as distinguished from fiction, I have yet published, though I have written another, is *God's Jester*. It is still selling well in America. For it is the life and adventures of a Mexican martyr well known to Americans. I came to write it because Father Martindale, the great writer and preacher, who would have liked to do it, had given up for more urgent work any writing requiring research. He contrives to make Time as relative as modern science says it is; but even he can not create it. So he turned over to me a mass of papers which, with much correspondence with people who had known Father Pro, the martyr, much reading and work including the learning of sufficient Spanish for my purpose, I made the book. I had Père Dragon's *Le Père Pro*, of which I made unblushing use, as I acknowledge in a post-script in my book, but apart from that, it almost wrote itself. Mexico, its principal setting, is so "glamorous," Father Pro's life there under a persecution so fierce as to have recalled that of the first Christians under the Roman emperors, had as many adventures as an Edgar Wallace story, he himself was so gay, so amusing,—and so holy. He was a poet, a swashbuckler, and a martyr, in our own time, at the doors of America, so to speak,—no wonder Americans love him!

As I said, times are changing, and have changed since I gave up fiction (for article writing, chiefly on the modern intellectual revival in France and its writers). I fancy that my "propaganda" writing, in as far as it was that, was too apparent, and that young writers of today, however zealous for the Church and the return to Christianity of our time, would do better to write with more guile than I did. The underlying principles are what count in

the sincere, wholesome, uplifting and not dragging-down, books the world needs; and that young Catholic Americans will, one has no doubt, produce. They are "one-in-five" of the great American nation. They have a great opportunity.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. George Norman is the pen name of Mrs. Melesina Mackenzie Blount, who now lives in Northam, North Devonshire, England. Her better known books, all published by Benziger Brothers, are *Bright* (1930), *God's Jester* (1930), *Hylton's Wife* (1929), *The Town on the Hill* (1927). Hurst, in London, published *King's Mountain* (1931) and *Night of Spring* (1933). With her sister, Margaret Mackenzie, she wrote the three-act play, *Young Visitors*, based on the novel with that title by Daisy Ashford. It was published (1936) by French.





REVEREND JOHN A.  
O'BRIEN

AS I LOOK BACK to the influences which awakened in me a love of literature and aided me in establishing a sense of companionship with great authors, I find my mother occupying the first place. A school teacher for many years, mother found a delight in reading and in quoting choice pieces of literature. Poetry particularly appealed to her, and a retentive memory aided her in making many of the poems her permanent possession.

She established the custom of family reading. Among my earliest memories is that of father reading aloud after the supper table was cleared, while mother sewed and the children listened. This was my first introduction, while still a child in the grades, to *Ben Hur*, then in the heyday of its popularity.

Born of a devout mother, Elizabeth T. Powers, and of John F. O'Brien, a devoted father, on January 20, 1893, in Peoria, Illinois, I attended St. Patrick's School, conducted by those great educators, the School Sisters of Notre Dame. My high school education was under the Brothers of Mary at Spalding Institute, where by the dint of unflagging labor I edged out by the nar-

rowest of margins my two more gifted rivals, Earl Ruhaak and Louis Meyers, for the valedictory. The Brothers were excellent teachers and quickened the interest of their pupils in the reading of great books.

As a youngster of seventeen, I travelled a thousand miles to study the classics under the Jesuits at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts, where Latin and Greek were emphasized so much that I found myself studying even English out of a Latin text, Kleutgen's *Ars Dicendi et Scribendi*. Perched in a room high in O'Kane Hall, overlooking one of the largest textile mills in New England, I spent my leisure hours in the reading of anthologies of prose and poetry. It was the best antidote I could find for the nostalgia that bit deeply into the heart of a lonesome boy who was spending in far off New England his first year away from home.

I had already sent my application to Notre Dame when Father John P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., the youthful President of St. Viator's College, called with my pastor, Bishop P. J. O'Reilly, and told us of the splendid educational facilities built up at Bourbonnais. Thither I went that fall to study philosophy. There I came under the influence of Father William J. Bergin, C.S.V., whose exposition of the *philosophia perennis* held us all enthralled. It was the beginning of a friendship which was destined to exercise a deep influence upon my life. A great student of Orestes Brownson, Father Bergin was a profound thinker and an inspiring teacher. He was later to become my associate at the Newman Foundation at the University of Illinois, and many of the problems treated in my writings were threshed out with him.

Tied with Timothy Rowan upon graduation for honors in philosophy, I was lucky to win the toss for the coveted Philosophy Medal. During my senior year, I founded intercollegiate debating at St. Viator's and was fortunate enough to lead our first team to victory over Notre Dame University in their own Washington Hall. In those days, Notre Dame's reputation in forensic oratory was scarcely second to her fame on the gridiron; so the victory was celebrated with a holiday and with much jubilation on our campus. I was a second stringer on the football

team that went over to Notre Dame to do battle with a powerful Irish squad that included Rockne, Dorais, Erchenlaub, Pliska, Philbrook, and Dimmick. The score? I would prefer not to be too specific, other than to say that their victory in football was much more overwhelming than was ours in debate.

After five years of study with the Clerics of St. Viator, I achieved my first great goal, the holy priesthood. Ordained by Bishop Dunne in St. Mary's Cathedral, in Peoria, I celebrated my first Holy Mass at St. Patrick's Church, on June 18, 1916. It was among the happiest days of my life.

After a year in post-graduate work at the Catholic University of America under Drs. Pace, Shields, and Kerby, I was appointed to the chaplaincy of the Catholic students at the University of Illinois. It was a post established in response to the petition of students and with the financial support of the State Council of the Knights of Columbus. As the Catholic student body in those early days was less than three hundred, I was able to complete my studies for the doctorate, being the first priest to receive a Ph.D. degree from the University of Illinois. For twenty-two years I ministered to the social, cultural and spiritual needs of the student body, erecting for them a Newman Foundation comprising Church, Social Centre and Residence Halls accommodating some 325 men students.

It was an intensely busy ministry, and I found myself working till midnight—sometimes doing my writing after the clock had struck twelve and the telephone had ceased to ring. The thousands of Catholic students whom I came to know and to love, responded generously to the opportunities opened up for their religious growth and welfare, and made their pastor feel proud of them. More than 300 converts were received into the Church and some 500 additional non-Catholics received systematic instruction in the Faith, which in God's good time will bear its rich measure of fruit.

Up to the time of writing my doctor's dissertation, I had published articles in college journals and in a couple professional magazines. The work of organizing all my findings on methods of developing habits of rapid, silent reading and of presenting

them in book form proved enormously helpful to me in my subsequent literary efforts and was perhaps chiefly instrumental in launching me upon the writer's sea. My dissertation was published by Macmillan under the title *Silent Reading*, and for a technical study had a surprisingly large sale among the teaching profession. This was followed a few years later by a more general study which was written upon request, and was called *Reading: Its Psychology and Pedagogy*.

My findings as to methods of speeding up the reading rate as well as improving the comprehension, attracted wide attention and brought me an invitation to set them forth in an entire chapter of *The Yearbook for the Scientific Study of Education*. This was followed by an invitation to embody them in a series of Readers, resulting in the *Cathedral Readers*. The series rapidly became the most widely used readers in the Catholic schools of America—their sales reaching several million, thus establishing a new record in this field.

My interest in convert work led me to invite leaders in this field to detail their methods, which I published in the symposium, *The White Harvest*. In it, I endeavored to work out a carefully integrated technique to guide priests in the twofold task of reaching prospective converts and of instructing them. It was the first systematic effort to make the experience of the leaders in this field available for every fisher of souls, and aroused wide interest among priests and seminarians. It has gone through four editions, and is widely used as a text in seminaries. Since its publication, the average number of converts per priest in America has doubled, and I think that this pioneering study has been under God's Providence no small factor in that growth.

Many of the religious difficulties of the students centered around the problem of evolution, causing me to read extensively and to study intensively on this subject. The results of some twenty years of study and research I published in *Evolution and Religion*. It received wide acclaim from scientists and philosophers, of such varied schools of thought as William Ernest Hocking, Henry Fairfield Osborn, Robert Andrews Millikan,

Edwin Grant Conklin, as well as from reviewers in Catholic journals. It embodies probably the hardest work and the most rigorous thinking I have done. But, alas and alack! It has achieved but a disappointingly meagre sale—perhaps because of the limited number who have the background in philosophy and in science, as well as interest in the problem, to read it and to understand it.

Believing that there was a need for a volume which presented the teachings and the credentials of the Catholic Faith, not only in the light of the Bible, but also in the light of modern thought and science, I undertook the preparation of such a work. After more than fifteen years of writing, *The Faith of Millions* appeared. Its success was as instantaneous as it was phenomenal. It swept the country like wildfire, being a consistent best seller among religious books each year since its appearance in 1938. In 1942, its sale had passed the 130,000 mark and translations of it have appeared in French and Spanish, with preparations under way for its publication in German, Polish and Hungarian.

The severe depression, beginning in 1929, rendered more acute than ever the problem of birth control. Seeking to afford guidance and relief for hard pressed parents, and to show the harmony of Christian ethics with the findings of gynecological science, I wrote *Natural Birth Control*. This treatment of a delicate and difficult theme is not for indiscriminate sale, but is made available by our Sunday Visitor Press only for those who have a legitimate need for the book.

The lectures in the philosophy of religion which I had occasion to give for some twenty years in the Newman Foundation caused me to write *Religion in a Changing World*. Believing too that there was a great paucity of Catholics in the fields of science, literature and eminent scholarship, I sought to remedy that condition, at least in part, by bringing out a symposium, *Catholics and Scholarship*. In it various scholars speak with refreshing candor upon the methods that will bring more of our talented coreligionists to the mountain peaks of creative scholarship. Aspiring writers can find no more helpful pointers than

those given by Reverends Daniel A. Lord, S.J., Francis X. Talbot, S.J., and Monsignor Matthew Smith in that book.

In 1939 I was privileged to end my labours at Illinois with a year of European travel and research at Oxford University and then to join the faculty of Notre Dame University. While at Oxford I wrote *Thunder from the Left*, a story of Communism in action. It embodies the results of research work in Spain shortly after the close of the Civil war.

I endeavored to bring out the opportunities and problems of the priestly ministry arising from the rapidly changing conditions of modern social life in *The Priesthood in a Changing World*. The entire edition was quickly exhausted and St. Anthony's Guild has just brought out a new and revised edition. *My Pathways to Happiness* and *The Church and Marriage*, have been made available for study clubs and the general trade by Our Sunday Visitor.

Of all my books, the one which I am probably the fondest is the smallest of all—*The Power of Love*. In it I try to echo the most important and the most insistent note in all the teachings of Christ, namely, the law of a universal love which washes away fear and embraces even one's enemies. It is the essence of Christianity and the unfailing mark of the disciple of Christ.

Of the seventy pamphlets I've written, *Character Formation and God; Can We Find Him?*—both written since my coming to Notre Dame—have received perhaps the widest acclaim. In the first five months the one on God, which Fr. Gillis, C.S.P., reviewed so generously, has gone through four printings and promises to reach new heights for a pamphlet of a scholarly character.

There are two utterances emphasizing the far-reaching influence of the written word, which have held me for long hours at a time to my lonely, unglamorous writing-desk when invitations for oral addresses might have lured me away. The first I read when but a student in college on the window of Brentano's Book Store in Chicago:

*Verba orata volant, verba scripta manent.*

The second is the lines of Lord Byron:

Words are things, and small drops of ink,  
Which, falling like dew upon a thought,  
Makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

All my writing has been done to meet keenly felt needs and in answer to problems challenging the insight and intelligence of our day. All my publications, whether in large books or in slender pamphlets, I have sent out with the humble prayer that they might serve amidst the confusions of our age as little lighthouses in the great sea of time.

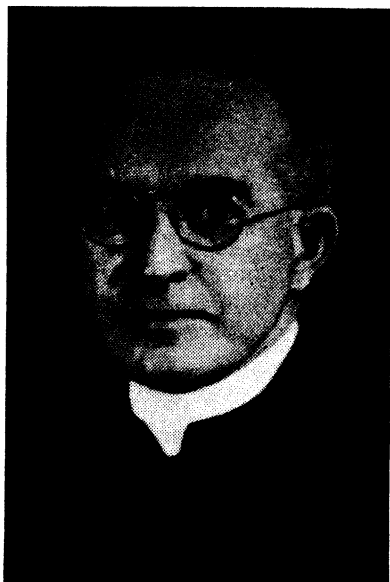
What suggestions would I make to aspiring young writers? They would be these: Be sure you have something worthwhile to say and then say it in the clearest way. I think of style not as something to be cultivated independently of the thought one is expressing, but as a quality and by-product of the thought itself. Let the emphasis be upon the effort to express the thought accurately and clearly. I agree with Carlyle when he said: "If a book come from the heart it will contrive to reach other hearts. . . . All art and authorcraft are of small account to that." The second suggestion: There is no royal road to the art of good writing. There is only the hard way of persistent effort and of a perseverance that never flags.

EDITOR'S NOTE Father O'Brien's books include *The Church and Marriage*, 1934, Courtney Co., Fort Wayne; *Evolution and Religion*, 1932, Appleton; *The Faith of Millions*, 1938, Our Sunday Visitor Press; *The Power of Love*, 1938, Paulist Press; *The Priesthood in a Changing World*, 1936, Kenedy.

**REVEREND CHARLES L.  
O'DONNELL, C.S.C.  
(1884-1934)**

*Poet*

*By Rev. Charles M. Carey,  
C.S.C.*



THE O'DONNELL CLAN, according to the best Irish legends, partook in no small measure of the atmosphere of that stormy but picturesque seacoast county which nourished it. For all their steadfastness in the Faith these Irish people paid dearly; but the little fire that escaped their persecutors became a world-wide conflagration. And it was from these heroic ancestors that Charles L. O'Donnell descended, thoroughly Irish and thoroughly Catholic. Both his father and his mother possessed the same surname before marriage, and both were natives of Donegal. With much good reason, was their offspring to write later of their birthplace:

There was my father born, and there  
My mother's cheeks were red,  
And blessed with sacred rite and prayer  
Sleep all my kindred dead.

The story of this gallant ancestry stirred the poet deeply. The visions of his own forebearers slinking along hedgerows late at night, or tramping over the bogs early in the morning, to attend Mass in hovels, in caves, and on mountainsides, imbued him



with a deep sense of responsibility for the preservation of the Faith, and contributed in no small measure to his priestly zeal, prompting him to say when speaking of the obligation to hear Sunday Mass:

"With these great traditions behind us—is it possible that ease, luxury, pride, and social ambition in this day and generation, can bribe out of our heart what persecution and starvation and death would not take out of theirs?"

His mother, Mary O'Donnell, was born and reared in the little village of Killybegs. Up the road, a distance of "seven Irish miles," came his father from Ardara. Struck by both the spirit and the necessity of emigration, they arrived in America, looked Westward with the hardier souls, and settled in Greenfield, Indiana. It was there, on November 15, 1884, that their youngest son, Charles Leo, was born.

From all external appearances, neither the parents nor the children were remarkable for any particular reason. Travel excursions were few and undertaken only at rare intervals. Life about the child was simple and regular, combining high Catholic thought with the hardy mode of a settler's existence in the rich but rugged soil of Indiana. For all the miles that separated these exiles from their quaint villages in dream-lit Donegal, it made little difference when evening came and they had gathered about the family hearth. It was in this uneventful atmosphere that Charles O'Donnell passed the first years of his life. His only claim to renown was, very likely, the fact that he had for his neighbor the celebrated Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, and that he often went wading in the famous Brandywine creek which ran through his father's property. The child was not particularly handsome in appearance, nor unusually attractive in manner. Rather, he was pleasant and possessed of a modest reserve. He took part in all the games of his companions and just as often went fishing in the neighboring stream. It was not until he moved with his family to Kokomo, that he began his education at the parish school under the guidance of the good Sisters of St. Joseph. They found him keen and intelligent. Even then

he gave promise of fine personal qualities, and a natural leaning to piety—so much so that the old pastor, whom Charles frequently accompanied on trips through the neighboring countryside, read the young boy's heart, spoke to him of the priesthood, and encouraged him to enter the religious family of Holy Cross. And so it was that in the fall of 1899, at the age of fourteen, that Charles O'Donnell walked into his new home and his new life at Notre Dame.

Life in the Seminary was pleasant, though arduous. The superior, Father John Cavanaugh, was a holy priest, an excellent preacher, a charming personality, and therefore very much of a model for the young minds to study and to imitate. The preparatory years slipped by rapidly, revealing a boy who made rapid intellectual progress, who was interested in every phase of life about him, who was adept at handball, a sturdy fullback on the football team, and an excellent hiker on long jaunts through the neighboring countryside. His year of novitiate found him eager and zealous to advance in the art of Christian perfection. His collegiate years produced an excellent debater, the honor student of his class, and the first faint glimmerings of the poet who divided his lyrical excellence between flights into genuine poetical atmosphere and the wholesome but questionable practice of composing doggerels and limericks in Logic classes.

After graduating from Notre Dame, he devoted the next four years of his life to Theology at Holy Cross College, in Washington, D. C., and to an intensive study of English at the Catholic University there. In 1910 he was ordained priest, and likewise received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy with a thesis based on the prose works of Francis Thompson. Later in the same year, he pursued a graduate course at Harvard. By this time his name had become a familiar one to the editors of the better magazines of the day. And on his return to Notre Dame as Professor of English, he continued his writing and published his first volume, *The Dead Musician*, in 1916. The book was distinctive, and told the literary watchers on the hilltop that a new star had risen in the firmament of Catholic literature. Here was the

strong, clear voice of an authentic poet who lifted his songs and his notes to the highest reaches, yet remained delicately reticent withal.

Then came the war years, and Father O'Donnell volunteered as a Chaplain, was assigned to the Rainbow Division, and worked side by side with Father Francis P. Duffy of the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth" during some of the bitterest engagements in which American troops took part. Later, he was sent to Italy with a detachment of Americans destined for the Austrian front. On his return to the States after the Armistice, he once more settled down to the life of the campus at Notre Dame, both as Professor of English and as Prefect of Religion.

Father O'Donnell was, in the opinion of those whom he taught, a remarkable English professor. Boisterous prep students remember him as a man of dignity whom it was sacrilegious to annoy and fatal to affront. Better still, they remember him for his humor which was quick and subtle and rich, and for the singular magic which he employed in unfolding the story of literature to them. No one ever left his class without a respect, if not an enthusiasm, for poetry. To hear him read from "The Ballad of the White Horse" was unforgettably thrilling.

In appearance, he was a man of medium height and a robust constitution. Though gifted with heavy bushy hair, his forehead gradually loomed high and intellectual. The nose was well chiseled though not conspicuous, the lines of his face were ascetic yet florid. His eyes loomed cavernous and penetrating; his thin lips were taut with discipline. About him there was a reserve that it would not do to overstep; it was obvious, however, that he was a man of culture—a culture easily expressed in his command of idiom and mastery of the language. Intonation, cadence, the modulation of a beautiful voice and diction; and withal, a simplicity that is characteristic of great men. He rarely laughed aloud, yet he was a great mimic and an extremely comical storyteller.

In 1920 he was elected Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross. In 1926 he became Assistant Superior General, and in 1928 was appointed President of the University of Notre Dame.

In all these executive positions he revealed a rare capacity for discernment and leadership. He nevertheless continued to write at the rare intervals of leisure snatched from his busy life. Thus in 1922 appeared *Cloister* which, from the literary point of view, revealed confidence, and gave assurance that his genuine fire had flamed into masterful craftsmanship. In 1928 came *A Rime of the Rood* which assuredly fixed his star in the sky and revealed him as the leading Catholic poet of our day. It likewise proved his thesis that poetry is a sacred thing, for herein Father O'Donnell dealt with life in its most sacred aspects and aspirations, employing all the power, force, and charm of the consummate artist who is sensitive to the magic of phrasing, tenderness of feeling, and exquisite shadings in color and form. The volume accorded him a first place in modern English verse—so distinctly that even the London critics waxed enthusiastic. *The Times Literary Supplement* (London) noted:

"There is a long array of new names, these days, a monotony of mediocre work, and a weary echo of the talk of clever young people in America. But in the poetry of Charles O'Donnell, we strike work of a very different order."

The *Green Quarterly* (London) admitted

"It is genuine poetry of a deeply spiritual and devotional character—a rare quality which does not often come our way."

In the estimate of the critics, here was a man who had the poet's insight and vision, who also had the human touch which will make people return to him again and again after a first reading. This distinction was due in no small measure to the fact that he wrote and sang in perfect taste of sacred things, and was one of the small band of modern poets who delicately and entrancingly find the essence of supreme song in Christ's life on earth. James Rorty, writing in the *Nation*, confessed:

"It is a little startling for me, as a non-Catholic, to be obliged to admit that one of the few books of beauty and power I have read in recent years is the poetry of this Catholic mystic."

Father O'Donnell's concept of poetry is one of significant thought linked with a severely disciplined craftsmanship. His use of monosyllabics is amazing, revealing as it does a certain

intellectual humility as well as a thorough mastery of his art. The central source of his inspired singing is, of course, the Incarnation, the tremendous belief that God became Man and is Man, and that in Christ a Man is God. Again and again he comes back to that theme, not as a matter for preachment, but as the essence of supreme song. He was the poet of the Incarnation in our day.

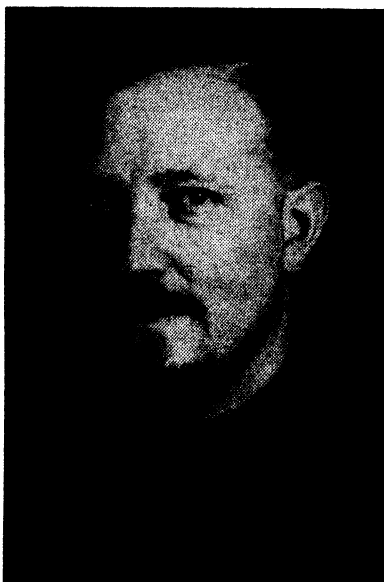
Father O'Donnell died in 1934, at the age of forty-nine, just as he completed his term as President of the University of Notre Dame. He is buried in the little Community Cemetery there where he lived and labored for so many years. A simple iron cross marks his grave in the little plot surrounded by the oaks of which he once wrote:

“ . . . When I go elsewhere—  
An unreturning journey—I would leave  
Some whisper of a song in these old oaks,  
A footfall lingering till some distant summer  
Another singer down these paths may stray—  
And may remember that I passed this way ”

EDITOR'S NOTE: Father Carey, who wrote this chapter expressly for *The Book of Catholic Authors*, is a nephew of the poet, a new edition of whose works he has prepared for publication: *The Collected Poems of Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C.*, 1942, The University Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

**REVEREND THEODORE  
ROEMER, O.F.M.CAP.**

*Historian*



WRITING FOR PUBLICATION was a late development in my span of life, which passed the half-century mark several years ago. The new turn was made in 1930, when I matriculated at the Catholic University of America in Dr. Guilday's course of American Church History. The purpose in taking this course was not so much to prepare for writing as to obtain a better foundation for the history I was to teach at St. Lawrence College, Mount Calvary, Wisconsin. In the course of the years this minor seminary had acquired an enviable reputation for the thorough preparation it gave to young aspirants of the priesthood among the secular and religious clergy; but the changing times demanded a greater intensification of preparation for those deputed to teach in its halls. Since I had been on the teaching staff for eleven years and there was reasonable expectation that I would be retained for some time to come, the plea for an opportunity to widen my field of knowledge found a favorable hearing with my superiors. They realized that my previous training had not been

directed to teaching. It had been the ordinary preparation for the priesthood.

Having been born at Appleton, Wisconsin, I first attended St. Joseph's School of that city together with about six hundred other pupils. The School Sisters of Notre Dame were my teachers in the first six grades; Mr. Engelbert Schueller conducted the classes for us boys in the seventh and eighth grades. Both the sisters and the lay-teacher imparted a very thorough training in the elementary subjects. The Capuchin Fathers in charge of the parish came to the school regularly for the religious instructions.

During the last year in school I joined a group of six boys, to whom the pastor of the parish, Father Lawrence Henn, O.F.M. Cap., was trying to impart the rudiments of Latin in preparation for the priesthood. Five of this group eventually reached their goal. Together we entered St. Lawrence College, Mount Calvary, Wisconsin, conducted by the Capuchin Fathers, to continue our studies. At the end of the course the others went to major seminaries; I took the religious habit in the Capuchin novitiate at Detroit.

Upon the completion of the year of novitiate and the pronouncement of the vows, I attended in succession the courses of philosophy and theology at Holy Cross Friary and St. Francis Friary in Milwaukee. During the theological studies Father Benno Aichinger, O.F.M.Cap., our director, continually impressed upon us the necessity of putting our thoughts upon paper concerning the subject-matter of the classes and other topics which would be useful in later life. It was an eminently practical method of developing ease in expression. He also afforded us the opportunity and the satisfaction of having short articles printed in a small periodical that was then published for the Colored Catholics in Milwaukee. On special occasions we composed poems, dissertations and speeches to be delivered at gatherings of the community.

Following ordination to the priesthood by the Most Reverend Sebastian G. Messmer in 1913, I was put into the practical ministry for two years and was then sent to St. Lawrence College as a teacher. Much was presupposed in the teachers of those days

and much was required of them, but we seemed quite successful in the branches assigned to us because we put our whole souls into the work.

As already stated, the opportunity for more intensive preparation came in 1930. During the first year at the Catholic University of America my principal interest lay in the field of American Church History, although I was also attracted by the classes in American history by Dr. Stock, in education by Dr. George Johnson, in anthropology by Dr. Cooper. In his seminar, Dr. Guilday pointed out the wealth of material concerning American Church History contained in the *Berichte* of the Leopoldinen-Stiftung, of which an almost complete set had been obtained by him for the Mullen Memorial Library of the university. My knowledge of German now came in good stead. Many a time I looked back in gratitude to my parents who, although they spoke English fluently, had commonly used the German language at home. My mother had been born in this country, my father had been here since he was an infant of a few months. Except for the use of German in their homes, English had been their means of communication from their early years. Yet they used German within the household without minimizing the importance of English. In consequence of this knowledge of the German language, my research was most profitable and resulted in the M.A. dissertation, *The Leopoldine Foundation and the Church in the United States (1829-1839)*. It was published by the United States Catholic Historical Society of New York as part of *Monograph Series XIII*. This preliminary work on one of the mission societies whetted my appetite for a more thorough understanding of all the mission societies that had given generous alms to the growing Church in the United States and had left these monuments of charity recorded in their publications.

Upon the advice of Dr. Guilday, my superiors permitted me to spend the second year of graduate study at the Catholic University of Louvain, Belgium. Brushing up the knowledge of French acquired in high school, I was able to follow quite intelligently the classes of such competent instructors as Dr. De Meyer, Dr. Van der Essen, Viscount Terlinden, Dr. Van Cauwen-



burgh and Dr. Lefevre. In the course of the year an opportunity afforded itself of visiting various places in Belgium, England, Ireland, France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany, and becoming better acquainted with the background of European history. More important was my visit to the archives of the Ludwig-Missionsverein in Munich, where I spent more than a month noting and extracting every letter sent to this society by bishops, priests, religious and laymen of the United States. There were about 2,300 such letters extending over a period of eighty years. Upon return to the Catholic University of America in the following year, this material, together with the letters contained in the *Annalen* of the society and preserved in the library of the university, formed the basis of my doctoral dissertation, *The Ludwig-Missionsverein and the Church in the United States (1838-1918)*. It was published as volume xvi of *The Catholic University of America Studies in American Church History*, and was reprinted as volume xii of *Franciscan Studies*.

With the resumption of duties at St. Lawrence College, I had ample opportunity to utilize my newly acquired knowledge in the classroom. Although little spare time remained, I was able, during the next three years, to collate, translate and edit with notes the letters that had been sent by the early superiors of the Calvary Capuchin Province of St. Joseph to the mission societies at Munich and Vienna. This matter appeared as *Pioneer Capuchin Letters* in the year 1936, and comprised volume xvi of *Franciscan Studies*. During this same period I also wrote twenty-two articles for the *Seraphic Chronicle* under the general caption "With European Capuchins." In them I sketched my impressions and experiences during the visits to the Capuchin friaries in various countries of Europe. Two articles of missionary import were published in German periodicals. The work of the mission societies was developed for the *Commonweal* and *Salesianum*.

During the next three years, 1936-1939, little opportunity offered itself for literary activity because I was kept very busy as guardian of the friary at Mount Calvary and as one of the four councillors of the Father Provincial, in addition to the work in the classroom. When relieved of these positions, my attention

was attracted to a more pretentious work. It had occurred to me in the course of my studies that little was definitely known by the general Catholic public in the United States concerning the large amounts of alms that had been sent to this country by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Ludwig-Missionsverein and the Leopoldinen-Stiftung. The sources were available. Consequently I set about collating this material. In the midst of this occupation I was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage, which kept me confined to the hospital for almost five months and recuperating for a much longer period. In fact, the stroke had been so serious that the doctors ascribed the recovery solely to the incessant prayers of others. In time I was able to get back to the interrupted book, which was published by the B. Herder Book Company in 1942, as *Ten Decades of Alms*.

While in the hospital under the watchful care of the sisters, it occurred to me that the generous work of our sisters is too little appreciated. In the spirit of gratitude I set about collecting material on the work done by the sisters and brothers in the schools and other institutions conducted by the Capuchin Fathers of the Calvary Province of St. Joseph and on the history of their communities. This material was published in articles that appeared over a period of almost two years in the *Cowl*. Time was also available to continue articles on the mission societies for the *Salesianum* and the *Catholic Historical Review*.

The Franciscan Educational Conference, which was founded in 1919 and comprises members of the three branches of the First Franciscan Order, the Friars Minor, the Friars Minor Conventual and the Friars Minor Capuchin, has also claimed much of my attention since the return from the university. During most of this time I have been a member of its executive board as the representative of my province. On three occasions I read papers at the annual meetings. They were published in the annual reports of the society. Since the beginning of 1941 these reports and the *Franciscan Studies*, which had been published at irregular intervals with one topic in each volume, were merged in a new quarterly periodical, also called *Franciscan Studies*. During the past two years I have been one of its associate editors.

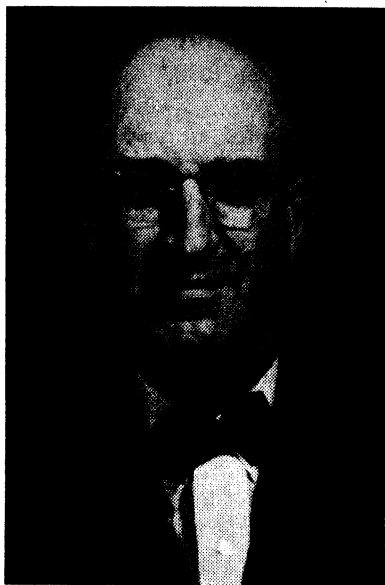
The American Catholic Historical Association has called me into the ranks of its officials by electing me second vice-president for the year 1942.

These few observations will show that my literary efforts were influenced by an interest in American Church History, particularly as set forth in the mission idea and the Franciscan ideal. They have been based upon the large amount of material collected over a period of years with painstaking research. In the days to come I hope, if God spares me, to make even better use of this material in order to illumine a few more of the still unexplored corners in the history of the Church in the United States.

EDITOR'S NOTE Father Roemer's *Leopoldine Foundation and the Church in the United States* (1829-1839) was published by the United States Catholic Historical Society in 1933; his *Ludwig-missionsverein and the Church in the United States* (1838-1918) comprises volume twelve of Franciscan Studies, while his translation of *Pioneer Capuchin Letters* comprises volume sixteen of the same series, Herder published his *Ten Decades of Alms* in 1942.

## COURTENAY SAVAGE

*Playwright*



MOST YOUNG MEN of twenty have a general idea of the profession they would like to follow. Few embark on a career at that age, largely because there is no necessity for them to do so.

My case was different. A business career was being planned for me, yet I knew that I wanted to write. My father was a member of a publishing firm; I had been brought up in a world of books and writers. My only interest all through school had been in literature, history and languages. Composition had been easy. I wrote a poem when I was ten which my parents felt I had copied. I can't remember it, but it must have had some quality to have made them question me as to whether or not it was my own work.

I loved the theatre; saw as many plays as possible and wrote my own versions of great successes, among them "Madame Butterfly," which we performed in a neighbor's barn.

While I had this writing background, I had had no real commercial training. Still I felt that I knew the form of a story, and

can remember the confidence with which I set to work on my first writing venture.

I had been in upper Michigan, was returning to New York by way of Chicago, when I was taken ill with a heavy cold. It seemed a good opportunity for me to attempt a story; so, sitting up in bed in a hotel room, I went to work. You see, I felt that I must prove to myself that I could write, and sell, before I would make my business career a family issue. That first story didn't sell, neither did the fourth or the fifth; but by the time I got back to New York, I felt I was ready to call on editors.

A great many would-be writers insist that there is a concerted effort on the part of editors to keep newcomers out of the magazines. There is absolutely no truth in this. It has been my experience in the past thirty years that if a young writer shows any ability, the editors are very glad to offer practical encouragement. I went to the Munsey Company, met Bob Davis and Matthew White, was given practical hints as to how to rewrite on some of my stories. I made the revisions, submitted them, and was told to do additional rewriting. The story was called "His Trolley Day" and the third version sold to *Argosy* for \$20

I have been selling ever since.

Incidentally, I learned something from my first conversation with Mr. Davis that I have never forgotten, and which I can pass on as one of the most practical pieces of advice ever handed me.

Stories or articles should start by commanding the interest of the reader.

As I was told at the Munsey office so many years ago, no one would ever come into a room and say: "I saw a beautiful girl in a blue dress and as she was coming along the street there was a fellow in a grey suit with a grey hat, coming from the opposite direction. The girl was leading a bull dog, the man an airedale, and as they passed the two dogs started to fight."

What you would say as you entered the room would be: "I just saw a terrific dog fight!" and then, having commanded interest, you would explain that one dog belonged to the girl in the blue dress, the other to the man in a grey suit.

Following this formula, I have always found that stories that

had an intriguing opening paragraph appeal to editors, and I nearly always start an article with a human interest anecdote that illustrates the theme of the article.

Of course, the sale of my first few stories overcame the family's desire, and the business career was forgotten.

In the years that followed I wrote articles and stories for magazines and newspapers. I got up early in the morning, worked hard and I earned my share of rejection slips. But I also earned a living, not an attic-room living either. I tried to turn out at least 10,000 words a week.

At the end of a few years, however, I became somewhat discouraged. It seemed to me that I was not "growing." I could sell the same type story to the same type magazine, but I wasn't satisfied. I remember telling that fact to a well-known author who answered my complaint by asking my age. I told him I was 27 and then he gave me a very comforting thought. "You're young," he said, "and a writer has to experience life in order to write about it. That's why you may be able to write a better story at 60 than at 16. Live all you can, learn all you can. Know people, and I think that after you've turned 30 you'll find yourself able to give out on paper some of the experiences that you are taking in by living your twenties."

The advice was excellent and correct.

I had always been fond of the theatre. I wrote a column on dramatic criticism, for which I was not paid, in order to get free tickets to plays, but it never occurred to me to write a play of my own until, one day, a newspaper man I knew, read a short story of mine and said "That would make a good one-act play." At his suggestion, I went home and made a rough draft of the play. He helped me polish it, and it was sold to a standard vaudeville team who played it up and down the country.

It was then that I realized that dramatic writing was the form of expression I enjoyed most. With a friend, a woman novelist, I wrote a play. It was accepted and produced. It was not a success, but the critics expressed a belief that someone in the team had a feeling for the theatre. My collaborator said she never wanted to write another play, but I went on.

Again Bob Davis played an important part in my career. He phoned me and said that as long as I was interested in the theatre, he had a good plot, which he felt I could adapt. The result was "They All Want Something," which ran in this country and England, was extremely popular among stock companies and amateur groups, and sold to the movies.

Without abandoning my magazine work, I have written for the theatre ever since; sometimes successfully, sometimes finding myself with a failure on my hands.

There is one point which I think I should stress, and that is the necessity for a writer to "refuel" his imagination. I have, at times, been glad to accept regular contracts. For months I wrote magazine publicity for one of the leading motion picture companies, and at another time served as associate editor of *The Forum*. Too, a strange piece of luck made me the Vice President of a corporation owning motion picture theatres. These were all good experiences.

I have always traveled whenever possible, and the money earned from my first success in the theatre allowed me to live in Europe. I settled down in England and France, traveled slowly through Ireland, and gathered data for articles in Germany and Switzerland. In the United States, I have found the ranches, pueblos, and small towns of the southwest, particularly Northern New Mexico, to be productive of ideas.

In 1933, following the production of two plays which I had written while working in Paris, I was asked to become an executive of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The transition between writing for the theatre and writing for the radio was not particularly difficult, once I firmly established in my own mind the fact that I only had sound to deal with. But sound is active. It moves, and as a character moves he encounters sound. The writing of radio dialogue is good practice for any author. It requires clarity, also clear direct thinking. All the picturesque qualities of speech are possible, but good radio dialogue does not wander into the realms of the abstract.

I am constantly asked by young writers if there are any very special requirements on the part of Catholic editors. What they

are really asking is, "Do I have to write pietistic stories with ecclesiastical characters? Does the Catholic press demand that I write only on religious topics?"

I would say that the answer is definitely "No."

Catholic editors want stories whose philosophy is in accord with the teachings of the Church, but on the other hand, the majority of the better class magazines in this country, want good clean constructive stories.

Though, my ancestry is Catholic, I was not brought up in the Faith. However, I began selling to the Catholic press many years before I entered the Church, and I honestly think that my best short story, "The Rain Maker," which appeared in *Columbia*, could have appeared in almost any magazine. As a matter of fact, my agent sold the foreign rights to several secular publications, and it was included in a European college textbook on the American Short Story.

I have written a few short stories of late, but the two or three which have been published in Catholic magazines were not religious in theme.

Articles are somewhat different. Most Catholic publications are interested in the achievements of the institutions of the Church. However, that is not a hard and fast rule. In the last couple of months, the *Catholic Digest* has reprinted two articles of mine. One had to do with Montezuma, the New Mexico Seminary where young Mexicans are trained as priests; the other was a purely secular article on the power of words, having to do with the history of war cries and slogans.

It seems to me that the best advice to give young authors, is that they keep on writing. It is a craft at which you gain polish through long hours spent at a desk. Study the magazines for which you wish to write. Listen carefully to the radio programs to which you wish to contribute. But study and listen. Too many people forget, while reading and listening, to consider technique. I was asked to contribute a script to the Ave Maria hour. For three Sundays I sat in front of the radio, with pencil and paper, making notes as to how the script was built; the part the narrator played; music cues; how the dramatic interlude was

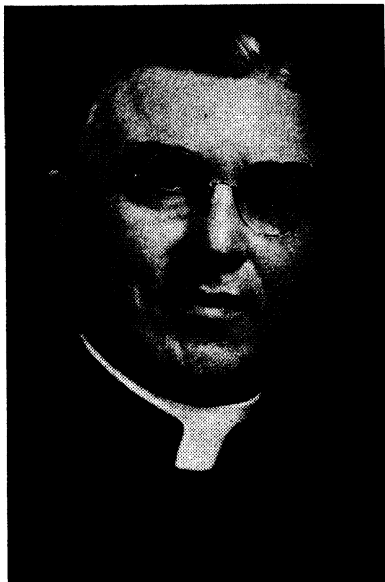


woven in; the number of characters used in the script. Then I made a rough draft and submitted it, asking advice. It was returned for my final version.

Writing is hard, lonely work. But if it's the thing you want to do most in this world, the satisfaction of a finished job is one of the greatest I can imagine.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Savage was born in New York City in 1890. His produced plays include *Don't Bother With Mother* (1925), *They All Want Something* (1926), *The Buzzard* (1928), *I'm Wise* (1929), *Virtue's Bed* (1930), *The Queen at Home* (1930), *Nellie Was a Lady* (1933), *The Little Dog Laughed* (1933), *Loose Moments* (1935), *Forever and Forever* (1937), *Safe Crossing* (1940).

**REVEREND EDGAR  
SCHMIEDELER, O.S.B.**



IT HAS BEEN REMARKED that my pen has produced over the past decade and a half an unusually large amount of material. Presumably that is true. It can be admitted without the slightest spirit of boastfulness, because it is simply accounted for in great part by the particular type of work that it has fallen to my lot to do. Perhaps the reader will be interested first of all to know something about that work, how it came to be my lot, and how the course of my life, even in a measure from childhood, gradually prepared me for it. Let us turn to this first, and then the reader will better be able to appreciate what I will add about my writings themselves.

I was born the seventh child of a large family in which eleven children—six boys and five girls—were reared to manhood and womanhood. It was on December 15, 1892, that I first saw the light of day. My parents were then living in the section of Kansas City, Kansas, known as Quindaro. They chose for me the baptismal name Louis Mary, after the Most Reverend Louis Mary Fink, O.S.B., Bishop of Leavenworth Diocese with whom

they were acquainted. The name Edgar was assumed later in life when I became a religious.

My father, John Baptist Schmiedeler, had come to the United States about a dozen years earlier from the tiny Catholic country of Luxembourg. With his wife, Margaret Mueller, also a native of Luxembourg, he had settled in Kansas City when it was a relatively small community, still little removed from its pioneer stage when it was known as Westport Landing, "jumping off place" for wagon trains heading for the Far West.

Both my father and mother had the benefit of something more than an ordinary education, the former having for some time attended an institution of higher learning in France, the latter having received her education at St. Sofie, a Sisters' Academy for Girls located in the city of Luxembourg, capital of the Grand Duchy. Both read and spoke four languages. Appreciating the value of education in their own lives, they stopped at no sacrifice to assure a good education to their children.

It was in the raw newness of the Kansas City of nearly half a century ago, then, that I spent my boyhood. There too I began my long career as a student. My elementary education was received at St. John's and Holy Name parochial schools, and several months before my thirteenth birthday I began my high school studies at St. Benedict's, a school which was to figure very considerably in all my later life. For it was my first year at St. Benedict's, a boarding school for boys conducted by the Benedictine Fathers at Atchison, Kansas, that I entered the scholasticate, the part of the institution which houses the students studying with a view to entering the Benedictine Order, and thus, at an early age, declared my intention of following the great teacher, St. Benedict.

During my first year of college studies, I was invested with the Benedictine habit or religious garb worn by the monks. I entered the novitiate of the Order after the completion of my second year of college work, at the end of which I pronounced my simple vows. Solemn vows followed three years later after I had completed the first year of theological studies at St. Vincent Graduate School of Theology, a Benedictine institution at

Latrobe, Pennsylvania, where my religious superiors had sent me in 1912 further to pursue my studies. Here I was awarded the degrees of Master of Arts and Licentiate in Theology. Ordained with my classmates before the full completion of the time allotted for the theological studies, because of the shortage of priests resulting from the demand for chaplains during the World War, I was unable to complete my work for the Doctorate in Theology, a degree toward which I had been working. Given an opportunity for further study some years later, I attended the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C., where I was awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1927. Brief periods of study were also spent at the Universities of Notre Dame and Harvard, in the Graduate School conducted in the United States Department of Agriculture.

I would like to insert here, at least parenthetically, that, in spite of all my other opportunities for study, I have been particularly grateful for my years of philosophical and theological training. My studies in these fields have time and again proved of immeasurable importance. One appreciates this more and more every day. They keep the Catholic scholar from being mislead by the manifold vagaries of the day. Their lack in the training of the secular scholar accounts for the fact that he so frequently and so easily is led astray. It may seem almost incredible, but very few scholars of the day outside the Church have a real specific philosophy of life.

Following my ordination to the priesthood, December 20, 1918, I began teaching at St. Benedict's. During the first semester of 1919, I taught the Latin and Greek languages in high school. To this teaching load there was added the following fall the classes in Dogmatic Theology offered for theological students. The year 1921 was spent in pastoral work in a large rural parish, Sts. Peter and Paul at Seneca, Kansas, after which, returning to teach, I was assigned classes in a field that had long appealed to me and to which I have intensively and extensively devoted myself since, namely, the social sciences, and particularly sociology.

I have often applied the term, the "modern humanities" to the

social sciences. Possibly the term came to me in my readings. From early school days I had been interested in these sciences, and wide reading served to whet my appetite more and more for them. Often I had to range far afield for this reading, for the sciences of sociology and economics were still very much in the formative stages, and consequently, to be an authority in either, one had in reality to become one of the founders of these sciences. Catholic social literature was very meager, particularly in such specialized branches as the sociology of the family and of rural life, two fields in which I consistently centered my interest more and more. Because of a lack of good current literature from the Catholic standpoint, I devoted considerable study to the field of social history, a study which formed a very helpful background for my subsequent years of work in the "modern humanities."

As a young student I never missed an opportunity to enlarge my knowledge of social thought. My interest of many years in cooperatives, for instance, dates back to a series of articles, describing cooperative organizations in various countries of Europe, which I came across in the old publication of Henry Ford, the *Dearborn Independent*. Public reading in the scholastic refectory during the noon meal acquainted me with such scholarly volumes as Montalambert's *The Monks of the West*—books filled with vital and interesting social history. But it was perhaps the small volume of the English Jesuit, Father Charles Plater, entitled *The Priest and Social Action*, a gift from my mother during my college days, that exerted the most far-reaching influence over me. The volume, published in 1914, described in considerable detail the social activities of the Catholic clergy in various European countries, subsequent to the publication of the great encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on the working classes (*Rerum Novarum*). I read it repeatedly. Incidentally, here again, my interest in cooperatives, and especially in the little financial cooperatives known as credit unions, was further fed.

Other preparation for my future work was afforded me at St. Vincent's Seminary where, as a theology student, I was privileged to attend special lectures on the social studies by the Reverend (later, Right Reverend Monsignor) Barry O'Toole,

professor of philosophy. During the summer of 1922, I studied at the Notre Dame University summer session, where I found particularly valuable a course based on Dr. John A. Ryan's classic volume, *Distributive Justice*, taught by the Reverend William Bolger, C.S.C. I was indebted to the courtesy and graciousness of Father Bolger also for the extensive bibliographies in various fields of the social studies which were furnished me during that summer's work.

In the fall of 1925 I was given leave of absence from my teaching duties to devote my full time as a student to the field of social studies at the Catholic University of America. At this institution I was fortunate in having among my professors such Catholic scholars as Drs. John M. Cooper, William J. Kerby, Thomas Vernor Moore, O.S.B., and John A. Ryan. My major work was done in sociology, my first minor was in economics and my second in psychology. Dr. Cooper served as my major professor, and I found that although no courses were offered at the University in my special fields of interest, the family and rural life, I could, under the direction of my major professor, delve deeper into them than ever before. I wrote my thesis for the doctorate on, *The Industrial Revolution and the Home*, a subject that necessitated considerable research in the fields of both family and rural life. I have always considered the writing of this thesis under the able direction of such an outstanding Catholic scholar as Dr. Cooper as the most valuable single experience in all my years as a student.

Upon receipt of my degree at Catholic University in June, 1927, I went to Harvard University for the current summer session. Here I took courses under professors from four different educational institutions who were on the Harvard faculty that summer. The experience was a useful one. With one of these professors, Dr. Ernest R. Groves, Director of the Institute for Social Research at the University of North Carolina, and one of the leading secular authorities on the family, I have always kept contact.

Returning to St. Benedict's, I took up my new duties as professor of sociology and chairman of the newly-established Depart-

ment of Sociology at the College. My classroom work was supplemented with a new and absorbing activity—writing. Keenly aware of the great need for a Catholic literature in the field of the new humanities, I gave every spare moment that I could to writing.

It was not the first time I had tried my hand at writing. I had served on the staff of the students' publication, *The Abbey Student*, at St. Benedict's College, and had contributed to it from time to time. I recall vividly my first article, my first story, and my first poem. The article told of the founding and early work of the Maryknoll Missioners. The story centered in a young man who got into a dreadful mess but discovered to his great relief when his alarm clock went off that it was all but a dream. The poem was the class poem the year I finished my work at St. Benedict's College. It was dedicated for the class to our Alma Mater. The fact is that even in high school I had received some encouragement to write. I recall distinctly, for instance, how much I was encouraged to do so after taking first honors in an essay contest in second year high.

I have much reason to be grateful that my professors at the Catholic University encouraged me to write. The first articles I had published in ranking Catholic publications were due to their encouragement. I recall, after reporting to a class of which I was a member, a paper I had been assigned on vocational guidance, the professor remarked that some Catholic publication might be interested in it. The thought would never have occurred to me. I sent it to the *Catholic Education Review* and it was accepted. Shortly afterward the head of the Sociology Department of the University, Dr. William K. Kerby, suggested that I write a popular digest of my thesis for the well-known priests' magazine, *The Ecclesiastical Review*. I did so; and two months later the article was in print.

My first large-scale writing project was a textbook on the family for use in courses on marriage and the family offered in Catholic colleges. The volume, *An Introductory Study of the Family*, was published in 1930 by the Century Company (now D. Appleton-Century Company). A year later a supplementary

volume, *Readings on the Family*, was published by the same company. One very heartening result of the appearance of these two volumes was the rapid growth of courses on the family in Catholic colleges and universities.

Quite a different field of activity was opened to me, however, when in the fall of 1930, the Most Reverend Thomas F. Lillis, Bishop of Kansas City, requested that I join the staff of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. The sanction of my religious superiors was immediately forthcoming, but I was unable to take up my new duties in Washington until August, 1931, because of previous teaching commitments.

Arrived at the headquarters of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, I found, much to my satisfaction, that in my work I was to enjoy a close contact with two eminent authorities in the field of the social sciences, Monsignor John A. Ryan and Father Raymond McGowan, and that my own work was to be mainly in my two chosen fields of interest, family life and rural life. As Director of the Social Action Department, Monsignor Ryan, one of my former professors at the Catholic University of America, appointed me to direct the work of the Rural Life Bureau, which had been established about a decade before, and directed me to initiate a program of action in behalf of the family. To provide a channel for the latter work the establishment of a special Family Life Section in the Social Action Department was authorized.

Most of my time and effort was devoted to this new activity, namely, that of the family. After studying the field carefully for some time I set up the following program of activities as a guide:

- 1) Encouraging the development of Catholic leaders in the field of the family, particularly through suitable courses in Catholic schools, and through study clubs for those outside the school system;
- 2) Studying and disseminating the principles of Christian Marriage, particularly as set forth in the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on *Christian Marriage*;
- 3) Promoting a parent education movement;
- 4) Fostering recreational and other home interests;
- 5) Encouraging the establishment of the Association of the Holy



Family, and through it fostering religious practices within the home; 6) Promoting on a parish basis, maternity guilds designed to aid members in caring for the expense incidental to child birth in their families; 7) Popularizing various activities in behalf of a renewed and vigorous family life through the medium of lectures, radio talks, articles, and discussion clubs.

To promote an active interest in the family program two major steps were necessary: 1) the formation of a special purpose organization or conference group consisting of the abler Catholic students of family life; the development of a popular literature on the family, both for private reading and study and for study club work. The first step was achieved in 1933 when I met at Mundelein College, Chicago, with a group of about twenty-five individuals who had shown special interest and ability in the field of the family, and organized the National Catholic Conference on Family Life. The students of family life, who form the nucleus of this Conference, have contributed to the family cause in various ways, but particularly as advisors to the Director of the Family Life Section and as contributors to a much-needed family sociological literature.

A considerable variety of literature has been developed since the establishment of the Family Life Section and the launching of the Family Conference. From the beginning I encouraged others to write in this field. But my own pen was never idle. To help the Catholic parent education movement get under way, I first of all wrote, in cooperation with Sister Rosa McDonough, Dean of St. Joseph College, Hartford, Connecticut, the volume, *Parent and Child*, a book that covers all phases of child care and training in the home. My next undertaking in this field was the complete revision of the volume, *Marriage and Parenthood: The Catholic Ideal*, originally written by Father Thomas Gerrard of England and published by the Joseph Wagner Company, New York. In 1940, the P. J. Kenedy Company published for me a popularly written volume, *The Sacred Bond*, which emphasizes particularly the religious side of family life. Meanwhile, I wrote at various intervals brochures and booklets on family topics, most of them arranged for study club purposes. Among the

dozen or so of these, perhaps the most extensively used is the commentary on Pope Pius XI's *Encyclical on Christian Marriage*. Since 1933 I have served as associate editor of the *Catholic Family Monthly*, organ of the Family Conference. To this, and to a large group of other publications, I have contributed more than a hundred articles, the majority of which deal with family life.

In spite of this activity in behalf of the family, I did not slight the rural work. In the rural, as in the family field, I think it can unhesitatingly be said that I have been the most prolific of Catholic writers in this country. The absence of a satisfactory text for rural sociology courses in Catholic colleges led me to write the volume, *A Better Rural Life*, published by the Joseph Wagner Company in 1938. I also wrote the first draft of the "Annotations" which comprise over two-thirds of the *Manifesto on Rural Life*, published in 1939 by the Bruce Company of Milwaukee for the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. In 1941 the Catholic Literary Guild published my volume, *Cooperation: A Christian Mode of Industry*. D. C. Heath and Company at present is publishing a general text on sociology for use in high schools, of which I am a co-author. The manuscript for another book, this time again on the family, is at present—the summer of 1942—nearing completion.

I have also written many articles and a number of brochures in the rural field. For the past few years I have been serving as Liaison Editor for North American Cooperation on the quarterly *Rural Sociology*, organ of the Rural Sociological Society.

While I have given much time and effort to the development of a Catholic rural life movement—I had taught, beginning in 1932, the first rural sociology course ever to be offered in an American Catholic college—I have never been sanguine about results to be expected. I am a firm believer in the values of a rural mode of living for a vital family life, and presumably no pen has more repeatedly set forth those values than mine has. But I am convinced, as I have often stated, that only a deep religious motive or an unusual social cataclysm could induce any large number of people to go back to the land, once they had

become acclimated to city life. Consequently, I have maintained that effort to strengthen the rural Church in the United States, to bring genuine results, would have to be directed along two lines: 1) convert-making, through such a medium as the so-called Motor Mission, among the vast number of unchurched rural Americans, and 2) making life in the country more generally livable so that a reasonable proportion of the young people of German extraction—the only racial group among Catholics that has at all seriously taken to the soil in this country—will remain on the land.

Since the organization of the present school of Social Sciences in 1936 at the Catholic University, I have served on its faculty. At first I only offered a course on the *Encyclical on Christian Marriage* and one on Rural Sociology. Later I added one on Cooperatives and another on Agricultural Economics. These were all new courses at the University. In 1940, I took over the course on Industrial Ethics taught for years by Dr. John A. Ryan, when age-limit requirements at the University required him to give up teaching.

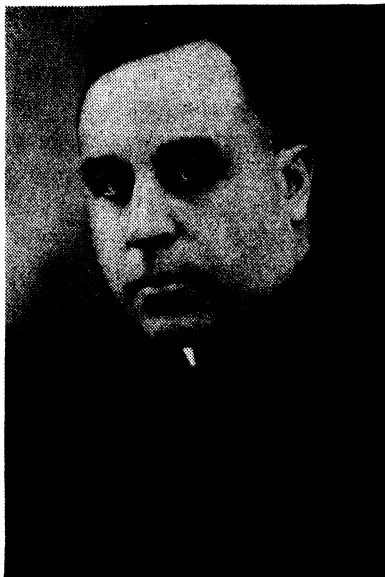
It has been impossible in this brief sketch to say anything about the detailed activities that have more or less formed the order of the day at my office in the National Catholic Welfare Conference. It must suffice to say that the Family Life Section, which I had fathered, had grown to such an extent by 1941 that it was then elevated to the rank of a Bureau. It was also at this time made a part of the Executive Department. As Director of this agency—the Family Life Bureau—I shall unquestionably have ample opportunity to make the most of the many years of study and labor I have already put into the field. In this day when the home life of our country is threatened by so many very serious evils there is perhaps no more important field of endeavor in the entire social realm.

The foregoing story will suggest that I have written a great deal. Indeed, it will be no exaggeration to say that I have written considerably more than the average person who writes for publication. And yet, I feel that I have not accomplished

as much through my own writing as I have accomplished through the encouragement I have given others to write. My work has given me many contacts with people who can write, and who needed only a little encouragement to induce them to write. I have for years, more or less as a matter of set policy, encouraged such people to write, and have even suggested to them opportunities for doing so.

One particular channel through which I have had unusual opportunity for doing this, in the case of young people, has been the story and essay contest conducted by my office each year for the National Catholic Conference in Family Life. Approximately a dozen productions of this contest get into print each year, and their authors are encouraged to try their hand further at writing. A fair number of these respond to this suggestion. Such writers generally, once they have gotten into print, are much encouraged to try again.

Perhaps the reader may care to know whether I have experienced any disappointments in connection with my writings. The answer is definitely in the negative. From time to time an article has not been accepted. Perhaps these articles were untimely. Perhaps they did not fit the particular publication to which they were sent. The latter is suggested by the fact that several articles that were returned by editors were later accepted by publications of higher standing. Possibly, too, at least one or the other article was too rapidly written. But refusals or rejections here are not disappointments, they are part of the game. Even the best trained and approved writers have to put up with them at times. They scarcely detract one iota from the intense interest that writing generates in the author.



REVEREND ISIDORE JO-  
SEPH SEMPER

DANTE LAYS DOWN the rule that an author should not write about himself. The one exception which he permits is in favor of the writer whose personal experiences will be a source of edification to the world. My only excuse for using the first person singular is a desire to encourage the readers for whom this book is primarily intended, and to whom the business of learning to write is a major activity of their curricular work.

On my twelfth birthday, which fell on January 11, 1895, a friend presented me with a copy of *The Last of the Mohicans*. This was the first book that I read with a delight akin to that described by Keats when he dived into Chapman's translation of Homer. When I had finished Cooper's masterpiece, I immediately investigated the large bookcase which stood in our American-Victorian living room, with its sets of thick tomes of fine print, bound in green, red, brown, and black. These were the "complete works" of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, and kindred authors. After I had exhausted the possibilities of this bookcase,

I invested the first money that I had earned, a dollar and a half, in a subscription to the lending library of my native city, Dubuque, Iowa. During the closing years of the nineteenth century I developed into an avid reader, with a decided preference for books of a literary cast, novels, plays, poems, popular histories and biographies. Of course, this liking for books predisposed me in favor of the English courses of high school and college, with the result that I eventually became a teacher of English literature and a writer on literary topics. In a large sense, therefore, my professional career was determined on my twelfth birthday, when I experienced the thrill of literature for the first time. My early reading, while it did not prompt me to pen a line at the time, instilled in me a profound admiration for the miracle of the printed word. Long before I began to write I was, albeit unconsciously, marshalled down the road by the books which I had read in my formative years. The statement that books come from books is true in the sense that writers are inspired and molded by the great authors of the past. Today, when I list the various agencies which indirectly conspired to create in me an urge to write, I consider the most influential of these to be my early reading.

My early reading was of a desultory nature, and mainly, as Lord Bacon puts it, "for delight." During my years in high school and college I gradually became, comparatively speaking, a critical reader; that is, I learned to evaluate my reading in terms of my own knowledge and experience. This transition was accomplished in the English classes, where I was required to hand in written assignments based on the classics which served as texts. I can recall my first attempt to achieve literary effect, the first bit of writing which I penned with great gusto. It was a class paper on Iago and Richard III, which bore the melodramatic title of "Villain versus Villain."

At the beginning of my junior year I was appointed to the staff of the *College Spokesman*, a literary quarterly published by the students of Loras College. This appointment supplied me with an added incentive for working hard at the task of mastering the art of composition. I became interested in matters of

literary technique; I began to keep a notebook and to compile a word-list; I planned every assignment carefully and strove to organize my material into a unified whole; I expended much time and labor upon the mere mechanics of writing. During my tenure as staff member I contributed a steady flow of essays, stories, verse and editorials to the college journal, and, in making these trial flights of the imagination, I gradually discovered what I could do best. My stories and verse were passable, but my most telling ventures were literary critiques and informative articles. I was convinced, therefore, when I had served my apprenticeship as an amateur journalist, that narration and description were not for me, and that if I continued to write I must specialize in the fields of exposition and argumentation.

After my graduation from Loras College in 1905, I spent three years preparing for the priesthood at the North American College in Rome. During this period my reading was mainly confined to my theological textbooks, and of course the strict seminary regime was not planned to provide leisure hours for writing. Luckily, however, I had taken with me a copy of Cardinal Newman's *The Idea of a University*, a volume which, if I may adapt a memorable saying of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, I bound for a frontlet on my brow and as a talisman on my writing wrist. As a teacher and as a writer I owe more to this book than to any other which I have read. I studied it not only for its wisdom and luminous style but also for its masterly handling of exposition and argumentation, the two forms of literary discourse which meant most to me. Newman was keenly alive to the power wielded by non-Catholic writers for purposes of propaganda, and he exhorted young Catholic writers to imitate their neighbors by harnessing their talents, large or small, in the service of the Church. I quote the passage from *The Idea of a University* to which I determined to hitch my literary cart: "Catholics must do as their neighbors; they must be content to serve their generation, to promote the interests of religion, to recommend truth, and to edify their brethren to-day, though their names are to have little weight, and their works are not to last much beyond themselves."

Since my ordination in 1908, with the exception of a sabbatical

year of absence, which I spent at the University of Oxford, I have taught in the English department of Loras College. When a student complains that he lacks a theme and has nothing to write about, I generally ask him two questions: Haven't you an occupational interest? Haven't you a hobby? I have a right to ask these questions because I have based all my writing on my professional work and on my two hobbies, which happen to be reading and travel. My classroom activities inspired three textbooks: *Newman's Idea of a University* (1929), *A Shakespeare Study Guide* (1931), and *The Fine Gold of the Old Testament* (1938). All three are working tools designed for the use of college students, and all three were written because no other treatises of the kind were available at the time of publication. The writing of textbooks is a laborious task demanding much research and a painstaking accuracy of statement, and yet it is not without its compensations for a teacher. The chief of these is the increased efficiency which springs from the mental discipline involved in exploring some little nook in your chosen field and in communicating your discoveries with clearness and exactness, and then there is always the thrill of marching into the classroom with your own text under your arm.

Most of the writing which I have done during the leisure periods when I was free to doff my academic gown has been in the interest of Catholic apologetics, and has taken the form of popular lectures and articles based on topics suggested by my reading and by my experiences in Europe. The reception of my journalistic contributions to *The Witness*, the official organ of the archdiocese of Dubuque, prompted me to submit more pretentious manuscripts to Catholic magazines of national circulation. The rejection slips were generally for pieces of a thousand words or less; the longer ones fared better. The moral was that for my best work I needed elbow room; and so I developed into a writer of articles averaging between five thousand and ten thousand words. My lectures and articles have been collected into three books: *The Return of the Prodigal and Other Essays* (1932), *So You're Going to College* (1934), and *In the Steps of Dante and Other Papers* (1941).

It may be of interest to illustrate how I have used my hobbies



to provide me with material for articles. In 1930, H. L. Mencken was riding on the crest of a wave of popularity, and his books were being quoted even by sophomores. At that time no Catholic apologist had taken up his challenge. I read his series of *Prejudices* and his other works with the aim of evaluating him both as a writer and as a theologian. I embodied the results of my research in two papers which were published in the *Catholic World*: "H. L. Mencken—Doctor Rhetoricus," and "H. L. Mencken and Catholicism." In my judgment he merited an "A" as a writer, and an "F" as a writer on Catholicism. I have often been asked what was his reaction to these articles. Through a mutual friend he sent me word that I was "a formidable antagonist, and yet a very polite one," accompanying this handsome pronouncement with an invitation to partake of his hospitality in Baltimore.

Travelogues which smack of the guide-book are a drug on the market. However, a tourist may arrive on a scene when history is in the making, and then, if he can record his impressions, there is an article in the making. It has been my good fortune to be in Naples in 1905 during the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius, to witness the birth of the Irish Free State from a ringside seat in the Dail Eireann, to be in Berlin with a million marks in my pocket when the inflation was at its height, to be in Munich when Hitler and Ludendorff were preparing their abortive *Putsch*, and to be in Paris during the disorders of 1936, which presaged the present plight of France. All these events furnished me with pegs on which to hang articles.

To students who read this sketch, I say, *De te fabula*—"The story concerns you." If you wish to write, you must have something to say, and you must be able to say it correctly and clearly. The something to say demands that you read widely, that you read some books (the tools of your trade) intensively, that you observe, and that you think. Above all, unless you are genuinely interested in your subject and willing to make it your own by mental labor, you will not write anything worth reading. You should be interested in your work and your hobbies, and hence for you they are subjects made to order. To be able to write

with correctness and clearness demands a knowledge of the technique of composition, which you can acquire in your English classes by study and practice. Choose some great master of style as your model of expression, and be on terms of loving familiarity with his works. Contribute to your school paper and take advantage of every opportunity to write.

There is no royal road to authorship, but there is a road paved with sweat and sacrifice. Learning to write is a slow growth, depending on the development on one's faculties by the discipline of hard study and systematic exercises. The point is, however, that this growth can be achieved, that every student in high school can learn to write with some degree of facility—one of the normal things which G. K. Chesterton requires that the normal person ought to do.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Loras College conferred the honorary degree of Litt.D. upon Father Semper in 1938. His books include *Fine Gold of the Old Testament*, 1938, Loras College Press; *The Return of the Prodigal, and Other Essays*, 1932, O'Toole; *Shakespeare Study Guide*, 1931, Appleton; *So You're Going to College*, 1934, Hardie Publishing Co., Dubuque; *In the Steps of Dante, and Other Papers*, 1941, Loras College Press



HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND

THERE ARE SEVERAL good reasons why I might have declined the invitation to contribute to this series. There is one good reason why I should accept the invitation, namely, that it enables me to acknowledge publicly the extent to which I am indebted to Providence.

Those of my readers who have reached a mature age without losing a sense of proportion, can recall, in all probability from their own lives, examples of the beneficent intervention of Providence, either in the form of frustrating their desire at the time or of directing them along a path of which existence they were not previously aware. It would be moral cowardice on my part, if I did not reveal that in the month of December, 1930, I saw no prospect of giving my six children an education as good as that which my father, by great self-sacrifice, had given me.

Yet, on October 26, 1934, or in less than four years, the following story was starred in one of our national weeklies, *The Sunday Express*. Here it is:

BOOK REJECTED BY PUBLISHERS MAKES A MAN'S FORTUNE  
IN A FEW MONTHS

ROMANCE OF A BEST SELLER  
WINNER THAT NOBODY WANTED

This is the true story, told for the first time, of one of the most extraordinary book romances of recent years.

It is the story of a man whose only previous books were technical ones. He was persuaded to write his memoirs, and did so with infinite labour. His manuscript was refused by publisher after publisher. Finally, when he had almost abandoned hope, it was accepted and published.

From the first week it became a best seller. For nearly two years it remained a world best seller. Today it is still selling more copies than were sold in the first week of publication.

Wherever books are discussed, you hear talk of it. It has transformed the life of its lucky author, bringing him both fame and fortune.

This romantic best seller is *The Arches of the Years*, a volume of reminiscences by a fifty-year-old physician.

Although an expensively priced book, thirteen editions were sold in its original form. In 1942, a cheap edition—the fourteenth edition—was issued at five shillings. In its first week, 8,355 copies of this edition were sold.

Since *The Story of San Michele*, no book of reminiscences has sold anything like so well as *The Arches of the Years*. Yet I had never written a line of general literature before I wrote this book.

The book was originated by Mr. Frank C. Betts, my literary agent. In December, 1930, I called on Mr. Betts and discussed with him the writing of various articles for popular newspapers. In the course of the conversation, I recounted one or two experiences in my life.

"You must write a book," said the agent.

"I have written only textbooks," replied Dr. Sutherland.

"Nevertheless you can write a best seller," insisted Mr. Betts.

Very patiently I went to work, and in November, 1931, the whole of the typescript was ready. Before then, there had been

times when I had set it aside in despair. Somehow or other it would not go. There were other times when I wrote from 10:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M., without hesitating for a word.

"This," said the agent finally, "is a winner. I guarantee it will sell ten editions."

But strangely enough, when he came to place it, not a publisher would accept it.

The curious thing was that the manuscript was shown to two editors of national newspapers. Each said it was a splendid book.

Mr. John Gordon, editor of *The Sunday Express*, said that there were passages in it as good as anything he had ever read. In particular, he referred to a description to the bell-ringing in Seville.

That was real encouragement, because he had picked out the piece of descriptive writing that had given me more trouble than anything else in the book.

Still, publisher after publisher refused it. The manuscript was sent to America. No one would look at it. It crossed and recrossed the Atlantic four times. The leading agents declared it was a book without interest to Americans. The publishers returned it politely.

"They are wrong," said my agent, when I despaired that I had wasted ten months of my life. "I do not care what they say. This book is a winner!"

Without his faith and courage, the book would never have been written or published. He was certain it would succeed. He declared that newspapermen were better judges of public taste than were publishers' readers.

But in March, 1932, the manuscript was sent to and accepted by Geoffrey Bles. One year later, after some cutting, it was published.

It was an immediate success. For weeks it sold 500 copies a week; then the sales slowly moved down to 250 copies, at which figure it remained for months.

Such was the story of *The Arches of the Years* up to the Fall of 1934. To bring the story up to date, it is necessary to add that

this book is now in its thirtieth English edition; and has been translated into Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, German, Polish, and Czechoslovakian. *Arches of the Years* was followed by *A Time to Keep*, *In My Path*, *Lapland Journey*, *Hebridean Journey*, and *Southward Journey*. Not one of them a failure! *Southward Journey* was published on March 25, 1942, and was launched by a two-column review on the leader page of the *London Daily Mail*, and written by the Editor. All these books bear witness to the Providence of God.

The title of the article in the *Sunday Express*, suggested that *Arches of the Years* "Makes a Man's Fortune in a Few Months." As everything is relative, and in order that my readers may not lose their sense of proportion, I shall now reveal what I made out of *Arches of the Years* up to the present time, that is to say, within a period of ten years. After paying my literary agent a commission of ten per cent, my royalties amount to £3,010/15/9, on the sales of the British edition. After paying a commission of five per cent to the literary agent and a commission of ten per cent to Messrs. Geoffrey Bles, the British publishers, my royalties amount to \$4,487.69 on the sales of the American edition. The English serial rights were sold to *News of the World* for £300. Out of that, the literary agent had a commission of twenty per cent and Geoffrey Bles a commission of twenty-five per cent, which left £165 for the author.

Incidentally, my accounts reveal that the life of a book is much longer in Britain than in the United States. For example, American royalties had fallen from approximately \$4,000 in 1934 to \$9.00 in 1941; whereas British royalties over the same period have fallen from approximately £800 to £80.

Two years ago I was present at a Conference of Catholic Writers, held in Wellington, New Zealand. One of the questions they discussed was how Catholic writers might be organized for purposes of propaganda. My contribution to that discussion was not very helpful, because I maintained that Catholic writers could not be successfully organized for the purposes of propaganda. Catholicism implies a way of living and a way of thinking. This last is, or ought to be, a complete philosophy of life, which is,

therefore, inherent in every Catholic writer in the measure that he holds the Faith. When the gift of writing has been added to the gift of Faith, the result may be a masterpiece like Hilaire Belloc's *Path to Rome*. So far as my own books are concerned, I learnt of their propaganda value from a non-Catholic reviewer. Late one night in the Café Royal, he spoke as follows:

"It never made any difference to me, but I don't mind telling you that two of the best known reviewers in London told me that they would have been much kinder to you if there had been less Catholic propaganda in your books. They were quite kind, but they would have been kinder."

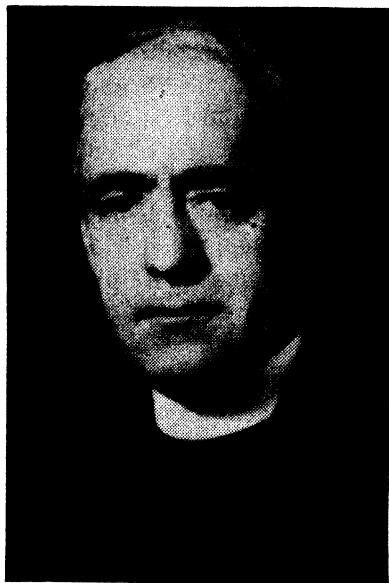
"Propaganda!" I exclaimed. "There's no propaganda in my books."

"You're a liar," said the reviewer. "Your books are full of propaganda, and it's the worst kind of propaganda, because it's concealed. And you know that as well as I do."

Now if that friendly reviewer had said "best" instead of "worst," I would have agreed with him.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Halliday Gibson Sutherland, M.D., was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1882, and was educated in medicine at the Universities of Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Dublin. In 1915, he discovered the aetiology of cerebro-spinal fever. He became a Catholic in 1919. London is now his place of residence. An authority on tuberculosis, he is the author of three standard works on the subject, and writes for the medical press of Britain and America. His books for the general reader include *Arches of the Years*, 1933, Bles; *Hebridean Journey*, 1939, Bles; *Lapland Journey*, 1938, Bles; *The Laws of Life*, 1936, Sheed, *A Time to Keep*, 1934, Morrow; *Southward Journey*, 1942, Bles, *Control of Life*, 1942, Burns, Oates.

**REVEREND FRANCIS X.  
TALBOT, S.J.**



BEING EDITOR-IN-CHIEF of a national Catholic weekly is regarded as being in a position of honor and prestige. Such a regard troubles me very little, except when it becomes embarrassing through a too fervid manifestation of admiration on the part of people who happen to cross my path. It always makes me feel tiny and humble when, as happens upon being introduced, the very deeply impressed person will ask: "*The Father Talbot?*"

Being Editor-in-Chief of a Catholic journal of opinion is, in reality, a position of grave responsibility, in which one faces ever-new problems and lives in perpetual worry. However, one becomes inured to these. Being chronic and expected, they do not hurt too much. But they do prevent one from leading a mellow, care-free life.

The great advantage in holding the position of Editor is that of being able to wield influence, according to one's own capability, for the honor and glory of God, and for the strengthening and the spread of Catholicism, and for the welfare and perpetuation of our democratic United States.



Through what may be regarded as a special Providence of God, I have been continued, despite my deficiencies, as Editor-in-Chief for six years. Reluctantly, I accepted the appointment. Rejoicingly would I relinquish the charge. In retrospect, it was far more pleasant to be the mere Literary Editor from 1923 till 1936. In the future, it will be decidedly refreshing to be relieved of the concerns about a chaotic contemporary world and to have the time and the mental freedom to write all the articles and stories and books that I have planned.

The purpose of this chapter in this series, it has been explained to me, is that of exposing, to those who care to read it, my development and attempted achievements as a writer. There is little to say, and yet much that might be said, about this phase of me. Whatever is said, is simply held up to the gaze of the reader, for whatever help it may be.

There is little to be recorded about my early years in the parish school, except that I was a steady and indiscriminating reader. Dime novels, secured second-hand preferably, were a fascination to me and a horror to my good mother. Good books, however, were also reading, and therefore diligently sought by me at the dusty parish library and at the public library. And so, my first approach to writing was through reading, effected despite the irritating demands of studying my lessons and the urge to go out and play with the crowd.

In high-school, my menu for reading was improved, and my appetite was whetted. Before I had finished the four years in three, under most competent direction I had traveled through the wonders of Fennimore Cooper and Washington Irving, Stevenson, Dickens and Walter Scott, and had lived in their worlds and thrilled to their adventures. Thereafter, in college (St. Joseph's in my native Philadelphia) and later, I was a confirmed reading-addict. This was a further approach to a career in writing, and a most essential one for becoming a good writer. My own attempts at composition, however, gave little reason for pride; they were as flat as the ordinary boy's writing, and not at all promising.

After entering the Society of Jesus in 1906, I had the blessing

of inspiring teachers and the chance of a most favorable environment. Father William T. Tallon had exquisite taste and imparted to me whatever appreciation of fine literature I could grasp, in English, Latin and Greek. The following year, I passed into the class of one of the greatest practical teachers of literature and authorship of our day, Father Francis P. Donnelly. After these two years of wonderfully balanced education under two masters, I had deep set in me the ambition to write, and the conviction that they thought I could develop into a writer. That was the third natural step in my pilgrim's progress. I continued to read much, but I began conscientiously to practice style in writing by the imitation method taught by Father Donnelly.

The environment was provided when I was appointed to teach at Loyola School, New York. The editors of *America* were, at that time, part of the community. Father Richard H. Tierney had been my professor of Philosophy. He was now Editor-in-Chief of *America* and took an interest in my still immature attempts. Father Walter Dwight, who was one of the most charming essayists of thirty years ago, was Literary Editor and treated me as a protege. Father J. Harding Fisher was Associate Editor and taught me much in the matter of clear and incisive composition. Four years of associating with these and other Editors inducted me into magazine journalism, and marked the fourth step in my advance. By this time, I had gained confidence, but realized that I had much practicing to do before I could claim to be an author. What I had studied, I had an opportunity to teach to a most appreciative and inspiring Freshman Class at Boston College.

During the course of theology that followed, I used to distract and amuse myself by attempting various forms of creative and imaginative writing, and to help myself by trying to turn my theological studies into plain, cogent and brief treatises. I did not strive to have much published, because I knew the stuff was not worthy of publication. I was striving solely to familiarize myself with the tools of the writer, to have bouts with the thought processes, to discover what ability I might have.

The necessity and the duty of my being a writer came with my

appointment to the Staff of *America* in the summer of 1922, and the permanent assignment as Literary and Book Review Editor in 1923. For the first few years, I struggled for perfection. Many of the articles published were written and rewritten a half-dozen times. Introductory and concluding paragraphs were sometimes revised a dozen times. I had a high ideal for achieving only finished and competent pieces, and sought publication of work that appeared to my critical judgment as satisfactory. Much that I wrote in the beginning was happily destroyed.

It was most fortunate that I was forced to do a lot of so-called hack-writing. This took the form of book reviews, especially short ones that require exact condensation. It took the form, also, of writing the Chronicle, a summary of the news in this and foreign countries. Space was limited, material was unlimited, hence, one had to be clear in a few words. It took the form of editorial comments, that had to say something, and say it incisively. As a result, without realizing it at the time, I was forced by the needs of slavery-writing to develop a flexibility in expression, a variety in the modes of presentation, a kind of concentrated exposition of a topic. In its place, hack-writing is an education for one who aspires to be a distinguished writer.

Pounding the typewriter day after day, meeting the deadlines each week, one gains a facility in writing. This is an asset that is valuable to a thoughtful and conscientious author, but a weapon that produces sloppy and vapid surface writing. To be able to write rapidly in good style-forms and with thought-precision is a blessing to be sought. Ease in writing, however, should always be held under suspicion.

The first attempt with a book resulted from pressure from without. St. John's College in Philadelphia needed a seventy-fifth anniversary history. Two appointees as historians died before they could do much on the assignment. The anniversary date was approaching, and a book had to be written. Taking time off, two or three days at a time, I was able to complete sufficient research and study. The actual writing was a rush-job. The first draft, together with a very much revised manuscript of 118 closely-typed pages, was completed in about twelve days,

some of them consisting of fourteen work-hours. The book had the title *Jesuit Education in Philadelphia*, and was issued in 1927. It was a useful, but not a great, book.

Encouraged, that same year I gathered together the better Christmas poems published in *America* and edited them under the title of *The Eternal Babe*. This led to a larger collection of *America* poems, issued in 1929, with the profound and simple title *America Anthology*. Surprisingly, the book is being bought thirteen years later.

As Literary Editor, I sought confessional articles from the best-known Catholic novelists of the "twenties" and was wonderfully treated by them. Their contributions were published in 1929, in a really splendid book that has never been appreciated. Is not a volume carrying specially written articles by Agnes Repplier, Kathleen Norris, Frank Spearman, Elizabeth Jordan, James B. Connolly, Lucille Borden, Edith O'Shaughnessy, William Heyliger, Francis J. Finn, S.J., Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, Ronald Knox, C. C. Martindale, S.J., Montgomery Carmichael, Enid Dinnis, Compton Mackenzie, M. E. Francis, Isabel C. Clarke, Rene Bazin, Emile Baumann, Henry Bordeaux,—is not such a volume not a superb collection? But the great names of twenty years ago that are gathered in the symposium, *Fiction by its Makers*, are not compelling attractions today.

In the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, I was involving myself in a lot of literary activities that gulped up the valuable time I might have had for writing. However, in 1930, there emerged a book that had to be written, a short biography of *Richard Henry Tierney*, my former professor and my Editor-in-Chief. It took the form of a tribute to him and a record of *America* under his editorship.

About that time, for no cause that I can remember, little dialogues on the life of Our Lord began to come to me. They came as scraps of conversation, effortless on my part and rather surprising to me. I would jot them down and then try to find a setting for them. I read the Gospels again, read a number of scriptural commentators, read lives of Christ, read up on the topography and the customs of the Holy Land, and when a quiet

day came, wrote a Nativity or a Resurrection Scene, almost as easily and glibly as I am writing this piece. I did not struggle with them nor did I feel the need of revising them. They appeared serially, from time to time as they were finished, in *America*. Later, they were collected in *Shining in Darkness*. Had not other duties intervened, they would have been followed by a series on the Passion, which I felt ready to write if I only knew where was the beginning, and another series on the Great Miracles of Our Lord. These pieces, I am inclined to think, will never be written, unless the original inspiration be returned as a gift to me.

Bits of current living became momentous to me. Little incidents of real experience burst out imaginatively and emotionally and kept me uneasy until I had written them down. Some were published in *America*, some were rejected, and some were thought, at the time, to be a bit too bold, coming from me. These human interest sketches always appeared to me to be unpredictable curiosities. For weeks, I could turn them out without hesitation. For other weeks, I would go completely dry in inspiration. Whatever their worth, they were never published in book form, and never presented for presentation. Sometime, when the battle of the active life dies down to serene repose, I may dust them off and see what they are worth.

Another series of writing that I plotted as the core of a book on the freedom of the creative artist in treating morals and immorals was left as a loose series. They do furnish the basis, I think, of a lengthy and comprehensive treatise that I shall never write.

Still another series took the form of essays on writing and the writer. These required a lot of thought and research, and fascinated me. Some of the essays were published, and about two-thirds of a large book were about ready for publication. But a change of duty that withdrew me from the literary killed off the mentality that was required for completing the series. These, too, I hope some day to re-examine in serenity.

Over a period of some ten years, I had been pointing to a life-

work, and preparing myself for its doing. As every American boy, I was captivated by Cooper and the Indians. In high-school, I was a fellow student with Mike Solomon and Pete Terry, copper-skinned Iroquois, whose gentleness and whose rages made me a devoted follower. As a young Jesuit, I was extraordinarily devoted to the early Jesuit missionaries to the Redskins. My consuming ambition in life was to tell the story of these French missionaries to the aborigines of New France.

For years, in spare time during the winter, I consumed the volumes of the *Relations*, and built up scientifically a set of notes and references for the moment when I could do the writing. During the vacations each summer, I was permitted to make trips along the trails and live again the journeys of the pioneers of the seventeenth century. An immense amount of book-work and field-work combined to give me a mastery of my subject. I knew the type of writing I wanted to do, vivid, pulsating, emotionally charged, imaginative, accurate, clear, a simple recital of the simplicity of heroic and tragic men.

Through the generosity of my Editor-in-Chief, Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., and higher Superiors, I was given a leave of absence from editorial duties. The writing of the life of Isaac Jogues, *Saint Among Savages*, consumed about seven months of continued and unalloyed drudgery. It is the lengthiest as it is the most authoritative biography of him in any language. Published in 1935, it is now going into the sixth American edition, has been published in a French translation, and was ready for publication in an Italian version prior to Mussolini's defiance of Great Britain and the United Nations.

The second volume, a life of Jean de Brebeuf, greatest of all the missionaries, had reached the stage of copious notes and detailed outlines when the course of my life was ruled from without. Appointed Editor-in-Chief of *America*, my personal interests and ambitions were set aside. The gruelling duties of editing a national Catholic weekly, and the allied duties of writing, lecturing, campaigning, leave no time and no intellectual repose for the writing of books. The third volume, a combined story of the

other Martyred Missioners, and a fourth and a fifth dealing with the later explorers, may be written if there is a future in which I may write. The hope is elastic, the ambition is rooted.

Let no one deduce that my sentiment is one of frustration in writing all the books I planned. The Lord has provided me fully with important and interesting works to perform. If it is His Will, I shall not be denied the privilege of writing the many books of many types about which I have dreamed.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Father Talbot's books include *Jesuit Education in Philadelphia*: St. Joseph's College, 1851-1926, 1927, The College; *Richard Henry Tierney, Priest of the Society of Jesus*, 1930, America Press; *Saint Among Savages*: the life of St. Isaac Jogues, 1935, Harper; *Shining in Darkness*: Dramas of the Nativity and the Resurrection, new edition, 1942, America Press; he also edited *America Book of Verse* (1928), *Eternal Babe* (1927), and *Fiction by Its Makers* (1929), all issued by America Press; and wrote the chapter, Catholicism in America, pages 528-542 of *America Now*, 1938, Scribner.

## MARGARET TROUNCER

*Biographer and Novelist*



MARGARET TROUNCER was born in Paris near the Parc Monceau in 1906. She is the daughter of James Duncan Lahey, of Virginia, U. S. A., and of Nina de Scalon of St. Petersburg. Her grandfather was General Alexandre de Scalon; one uncle, the Baron Girard de Soucanton, was aide-de-camp to the late Tsar; her great uncle, George de Scalon, was vice-regent of Poland. On her father's side, she is the niece of Margaret Lahey of New York, who binds books for the Pierpont Morgan collection.

She had a very interesting childhood in Paris, sharing a tutor with her brother Alec, attending the services of the Greek Orthodox religion, listening to the music of the great classic composers,—both her parents are devoted to music—visiting antique shops and museums, and going often to dream in the gardens of Petit-Trianon. Her mother used to visit Versailles before she was born, and Margaret says she does not remember the time when she did not understand the spirit of the place by a kind of intuitive sympathy. Her aunt, Margaret Lahey, tells the story that when she took her niece to Versailles as a tiny girl, the child was



haunted by the thought that Queen Marie Antoinette picked roses in the garden. When Margaret was told that she had been guillotined, she said: "Did her head bleed much?" She began to live almost entirely in a world of the imagination, and her nurse had to stop the pram outside curio shops, while Margaret spun all manner of fairy tales about the fair ladies of the eighteenth century who had owned the exquisite trinkets.

In 1914, however, this charmed existence among all kinds of intellectual people was brought to an end, and the family came to live in England. Margaret sought refuge in books from the grief of exile. She went to the Derby High School, and in 1924, came up to St. Hilda's College, Oxford, where she studied for the Honours School of English Literature and Language. She took her degree of M.A. in 1931. During her time at Oxford, in the intervals of working hard, dancing, going for long country walks, she produced a Medieval Mystery play about the life of Our Lady, which drew tears from her audience. Her angels were gowned and haloed after the manner of Botticelli.

In 1926, she met Tom Trouncer, who was up at University College and the head of the Boat Club, and after a brief courtship, she became engaged to him. Their marriage was postponed for four and a half years, as neither of them had any money, and Tom was studying law.

In 1930, Margaret came into touch with the Oxford Dominicans, and partly as a result of historical discussions, became a Catholic. In 1931, she married Tom Trouncer, and they lived in a small flat in London, near Kensington gardens. She was not naturally domesticated, but she made a great effort to create a happy, beautiful home-life. During their holidays together, her husband and she used to go down the great French rivers in their portable, collapsible rubber canoe. It was travelling down the river Loire that they made excursions into Touraine and did a little historical reconstruction on the life of Louise, duchesse de la Vallière, whose charm had begun to captivate her imagination during her yearly visit to Versailles. Almost every autumn, she combined her time of historical research with a retreat at Meu-

don, under the great mystical theologian, Père Garrigou-Lagrange. There, near the home of Jacques Maritain, she met many famous Catholic Frenchmen—Stanislas Fumet, Henri Ghéon, Père Bruno. It was about that time that she acquired a passion for reading Mauriac, Claudel, Bloy, and Brémond, as well as the great Spanish mystics.

Tom and Margaret Trouncer could not live on their income, so in 1934, she started to write the life of Louis de la Vallière. She was encouraged by Shane Leslie, a firm friend of hers whom she had met at the household of Wilfred Meynell.

One day, after a meeting of the English Aquinas Society, she met T. S. Eliot. She told him she had just written a book, and he asked her to bring it along to his office, in Faber's of Russell Square. She was just expecting her first baby, so she was extremely anxious to place the book, in order to help pay expenses.

Imagine her delight when, on May 3, 1935, she heard that her book had been accepted! It was during the celebrations of the Jubilee of King George V and Queen Mary. The streets were gay with flags and banners. Margaret said she felt so rapturously happy that morning, to have created a book and to be expecting a baby, that she almost walked on air and imagined the banners had been unfurled in her honour.

The life of Louise appeared in April 1936 under the title of *Courtisan of Paradise*. It got the Book Guild Recommendation and was widely acclaimed by the reading public.

In order to distract her mind from the loss of her first child, a son, Margaret set about collecting material for her life of the marquise de Pompadour. In this, she was helped by a friend, Gilbert Barker, who shared her love of the French *dix-huitième*, gave her advice and lent her books. He since wrote a life of Watteau.

*The Pompadour* appeared in 1937, and paid for a lovely visit to Venice and Portofino in May. This book was chosen by the First Edition Club to rank among the hundred best produced books of the year and is now on exhibition in the Victoria and Albert Museum. It certainly was a beautifully bound book, with

fine illustrations. It received glowing tributes in the leading papers. *The Observer* talked of the author's scholarship, rare sense of style and delicacy of perception.

After this, four years went by, during which she was occupied and over-joyed at the arrival of a lovely daughter, Susan Angela Mary. She had no time or energy left to write.

With the outbreak of the War, in September 1939, she decided that she must use her writing to provide escape into beauty and holiness for the English-speaking people who were now facing their hour of trial. So she started writing her first novel. *Go Lovely Rose* is a story which attempted to trace in the person of Richard de Hautefontaine, the threefold development of love, beginning with human passion, ascending to a perfect human love, and finally reaching its fulfillment in the mystical love of God.

The book was written in the night hours, at the end of an arduous day spent looking after a lively and very head-strong daughter. Those who have not tried this two-fold experiment, have no idea of how difficult it is, and how it can take toll of one's nervous energy. But it is strange how artists often create their best work in the most difficult circumstances.

It was during that dark winter of waiting, 1939-40, before the horror of the fall of France and the bombing of Britain had fallen upon us: Margaret was evacuated in the depths of the country, far from London, far from her friends and her familiar surroundings. She had to live entirely in the realm of the spirit, in order to survive at all.

Her husband, who was in the Royal Air Force, Volunteer Reserve, was called up in March, 1940. He had a very serious crash in May, but, nothing daunted, went on flying almost directly he had left the hospital. He crashed again, this time fatally, in October of that year, and was buried in London.

Margaret dedicated *Go Lovely Rose* to him:

"He lavished that magnificent kindness  
Which nurtures creative art"

He said, shortly before his death, "My aim in life is that you should write a *great book*."

The book, published by Cassells, received a fine ovation. This story of a rich young Frenchman who renounced the world and became a Carthusian after losing all his earthly happiness, comforted and inspired many during the terrible months of 1941. Writing of it, Shane Leslie said: "What a splash of colour and perfume! Your fine book with its glowing philosophy, has come at the right moment." The Observer praised "the grandeur of the theme." The book went into three editions in three months. The paper shortage prevented further editions, in spite of the ever-growing demand for them.

Left a widow, with extremely limited means, and a child to care for, Margaret was obliged to think almost exclusively of writing for money, rather than for the love of creation. This is crucifying, and may in time reduce one to doing mediocre hack-work. There should be some protection for authors, to enable them to write when their Muse whispers in their ears, and not when hunger gnaws at their vitals.

She then wrote *Why So Pale* (Cassells, 1942), a novel contrasting Christian and Pagan love, set in a background of the Court of the Empress Eugenie. Her last work (1943), *The Smiling Madonna*, is a study of Christian art, marriage, and contemplation. It is the story of a Polish painter, Nicholas, who marries a Russian aristocrat, Claire, and they paint in poverty in Paris. It aims at showing how the interior life of prayer gives the most consummate happiness.

She hopes, soon, to return to French historical biography of the eighteenth century, for reconstruction of the past, even in tiny details, is her delight.

Margaret Trouper thinks that writing is a heavenly gift, a tremendous responsibility for which the recipient will have to give account. It is not just an amateur fancy one can indulge and cultivate in a dilettante manner. In the life of the artist, it can have all the impetuosity of a cataract. As well prevent the sky-lark from soaring, as prevent the born writer from writing. One must have something to say, and for that it is necessary to be avid for life, and in some sense, to have thought, suffered, read, observed much. There is no short cut.

Style? One's style should be one's guts: something integral to oneself. The force of the cataract will in time carve a way in the river bed, and the polishing of the stones will come afterwards.

She often says that she does not believe in careers for women, that a wife should devote all her energies to keeping her husband and children happy, and to making their home a centre of beauty and life for unhappy people. She still thinks so. But, if there is a spare moment over, or if necessity or vocation compel one, then one should write. Not necessarily with any edifying purpose. No, the problem of the Catholic writer resolves itself into portraying the truth as one finds it.

## HILDA VAN STOCKUM

### *Children's Books*



A YOUNG FRIEND of mine, around nine years old, when asked at school, to write about her past life, began dramatically: "I was born in the slums of Amsterdam while my heartless mother was enjoying herself in Paris." Nothing as exciting happened to me. I was born in a comfortable house in Rotterdam in 1908, with both my parents very much in attendance and suitably impressed. In fact, I have learned that they made quite a fuss over me. My father was an officer in the Royal Dutch Navy, and we moved about quite a bit. That may have been the reason I didn't go to school until I was ten years old and already knew how to read and write. I read so voraciously, in fact, that I knew all about school long before I went there, and the day that I was first told to stand in the corner was a red-letter day for me! I've tried to express this delight in my book *Pegeen*, where a little girl also goes to school late and enjoys experiencing what she had so often read about.

Another happy day was when I first discovered that I could write down my own stories. I immediately began a long tale

about two little girls called Mientje and Cateau, their adventures interrupted by sums and grammar and punctuated with inkblots. However, what worried me most was the cramp in my fingers I got from writing. Being only eight at the time, the physical effort was greater than the mental, and I remember wondering whether grownups also had to go through such agony whenever they wrote.

In the first years of my life my mother spoke English with me. Her mother was Irish and had spoken English with her. Later on, when my brothers were born and Dutch nurses came into the house, my mother stopped talking English with us and I forgot a great deal of it. But I believe the ease with which I express myself in English is due to the fact that it was my chief language as a baby.

My parents were not Catholic; I was the first in both families to come back to the Faith. The first time I felt an interest in the Catholic Church was when I was six years old. My father and mother never talked to me about religion, but they once left me to be cared for by a Catholic nurse who had pictures of Christ in her bedroom. I didn't know who He was and asked about Him; so she put me on the bed and talked to me for an hour. She was terribly shocked that I should be so ignorant, and seemed to blame my parents, so I did not love her, but the story she told impressed me. A little later, I got a children's Bible and I said I wanted to go to church. My parents, both agnostics, sent me with the servants to the village church: a whitewashed, chilly affair with nothing that would appeal to a child. There was only a black-coated man talking a long time in a peculiar voice. I decided that I had been fooled; it wasn't a church at all; and I didn't ask to go again.

But one day when I was walking with my mother, we passed a Catholic Church, and I immediately dragged my mother inside.

"This is a church!" I cried, sniffing the incense. "This is what I meant; this is where *God* is!" Mother thought it all very dangerous and unsuitable and quickly hurried me away.

Before I went to school, my father used to give me geography lessons with an orange and a candle. I remember being exceedingly troubled at the idea of becoming an angel and flapping around between all the big round worlds in a space that never ended. The way my father talked about it, I calculated that there wasn't much chance of my ever meeting another angel except once in a thousand years or so, and even when you did meet one there wouldn't be much to do but sit on one of those round worlds and have a chat. Even if you fell off it made no difference, because there wasn't anywhere to fall to. I remember being so troubled about it that I had to get out of my bed and go to my parents to be consoled. They were playing chess together and looked very cosy and comforting. They convinced me that my fears were more funny than tragic.

Of course there isn't space enough to tell all that happened in my life so far, but it seems to me the best thing will be to tell roughly what events brought me into the Church. You see, most other Catholic authors are born Catholics and have to tell how they became authors; but I was born with an ever-wagging tongue, and can more fitly describe how I became a Catholic.

When I was sixteen, we moved to Ireland, and there, of course, I came in close contact with the Catholic Church. I attended the art school in Dublin and argued about philosophy with the other students. I read Freud and Shaw and Dostoievsky and interested myself in the Montessori system of education. Presently I heard that there was a Montessori school in Waterford, and I wrote a letter to the Mother Superior of the convent which ran the school, asking if I might see it. I got a kind letter back, inviting me to come, and so one day I walked up the driveway to the convent door.

I was eighteen then. I wore a bright red dress, close cropped hair, and was gaily swinging my round straw hat by its elastic band. I never saw such merriment as when the Sisters caught sight of me. When they had laughed their fill they explained that they had expected and dreaded the arrival of an elderly, severe-looking schoolmistress, with pince-nez and notebook.



They couldn't believe their eyes when they saw me ambling up the driveway. It was a great relief to them; and they promptly proceeded to spoil me. I was a vegetarian in those days, and so they pressed lettuce and fruit on me every hour, for fear I would waste away in front of their eyes. They let me help with the housework, and in the evenings I sat in the room where the novices weren't even allowed and talked my head off to a circle of appreciative listeners. This visit made a deep impression on me. I hadn't known nuns could be so natural and so merry, and their cordiality and gifts touched my heart. When the Mother Superior gave me a badge of the Sacred Heart to wear I carried it about for a long time until it got lost.

When I was nineteen, I went back to Amsterdam to study art, and there, in a library, I found G. K. Chesterton, who has since been my guiding light among mortals. I bought all his books, and felt how the sweeping broom of his intellect was cleaning the attic of my mind.

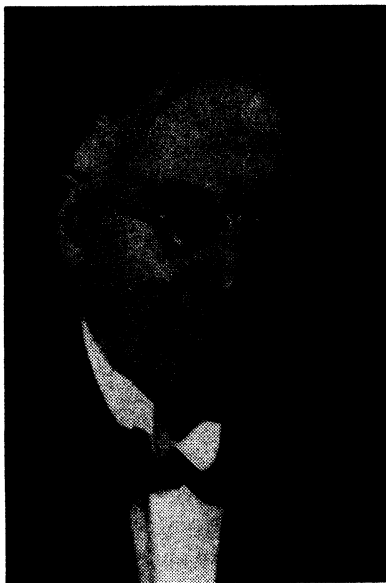
In 1931, I went back to Ireland and met my husband, who was then studying at Trinity College, Dublin, and a friend of my brother's. We married in 1932, and he went off to America, his native country, to get a position, and send for me when he had things settled. While he was gone, I came in contact with what is called "the Oxford Group," and experienced an emotional conversion. I thought I had discovered the secret of life, and made a fool of myself trying to convert fellow Christians to my own recent immature faith; but I was blissfully ignorant of that, and very happy. It was around that time that I wrote *A Day on Skates* (1934). After a while, I discovered that the Oxford Group was good as an irritant to startle you out of your own groove, but entirely unfit as a daily spiritual guide. So I searched among churches, and chose one that wouldn't be too particular about dogma, landing in the Episcopal church. But the Episcopal church has many mansions, and as I practiced religion and grew in wisdom, I wandered higher and higher until I became a bigoted Anglo-Catholic. Those were the days when I would poke my head into a church and sniff. I could tell whether it was "high" or "low."

In February, 1934, I arrived at last in New York, where my first baby was born in November of the same year. When she was three months old, my husband got a position with the government and we moved to Washington where my four next babies were born and where my widowed mother came to join us.

Meanwhile, even the Anglican church proved unsatisfactory and distressingly illogical; so finally, in 1939, the light dawned and I became a Catholic. *The Cottage at Banty Bay*, and, *Francis on the Run*, its sequel, were written in the Anglican days. They were inspired by an Irish family which I knew very well. The three later books, *Kersti and Saint Nicholas*, *Pegeen*, and, *Andries*, were all written after I entered the Church. My mother entered a year after I did and just before the Nazi invasion of Holland, which gave her the strength to bear that terrible blow.

I feel very fortunate and very happy, and I hope in some way through my books to give children a feeling for the beauty of life and its fun. And also its holiness. And the only advice I have for Catholic authors is to love God and neighbor as much as they can. For without love, nothing is ever created.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Hilda Van Stockum is, in private life, Mrs. Ervin Marlin. Her later books for younger readers, illustrated by the author, include *Kersti and Saint Nicholas*, 1940, Viking; *Pegeen*, 1941, Viking, *Andries*, 1942, Viking.



## LOUIS J. WALSH

*Story and Play Writer*

IN AN OLD INN in a narrow street in a wee town in Ulster, I first opened my baby eyes on Ireland. The date was the eleventh of September, 1880, the house was known as Walsh's Hotel, and the little town was Maghera, County Derry.

A country hotel in those days of difficult travel, before the motor had come to make every place in the country near and reduce a life, that was once varied and picturesque, to a dull uniformity, was always full of interest and rich in colour. It was usually a warm, kindly hostel, with a genial host and a motherly woman-of-the-house, and a cosy "commercial room," that glowed with a blazing turf fire, and great big feather beds, into which you plunged as in a sea, and a yard that was fragrant with the smell of hay and horse flesh and resonant with the laughter of jarveys and stable-boys. Such a place was my home, and as an imaginative child I revelled in all the varied aspects of life that it was forever manifesting: jarveys who never returned from a journey, no matter how short, without some adventure to describe or some comic or tragic story; strange guests for whom we

were always ready to create an atmosphere of mystery, if they did not bring it with them; and the commercial travellers—"drummers" as the Americans call them—who, when their letters had been written, would gather round the commercial room fire at night and, pooling their tales of joy and sorrow and wonder and casting their pearls of wit and wisdom with joyous profusion for all who cared to pick them up, provided entertainment that was never dreamt of in the philosophy of the cinema-goer.

My father had gone to California shortly after the gold rush, and had earned enough money to enable him to come back in a few years, marry the girl he loved, and start in business. He was a grand talker, and all through my boyhood he entertained the neighbors and ourselves with wonder stories of the tumultuous and colorful land that the place of his exile had been in the sixties. My mother had a fine taste in literature, and awoke in all her children—there were seven of us—a love for books that has never left us.

The eighties were a period of great political excitement in Ireland. Under the superb leadership of Parnell and Davitt, our people had thrown themselves against the mightily-entrenched and cruel land system, that had kept their country so long in misery, and they were winning the most complete of all our national victories in what has passed into history under the title of the Land War. My father was a local leader in the proscribed Land League, and around our kitchen fire would gather of nights a group of neighbors and retainers to listen to his weighty words or discuss the varying fortunes of the struggle or hear my mother read in her sweet, clear voice the speeches of the Irish champions in Parliament or in the country. Those were the days of sonorous oratory, when eloquence still flourished and speeches had not degenerated into dull essays or cheap diatribes.

But there were more than Nationalism and politics talked about round our hearthstone. The horse was a constant topic and my father's vivid accounts of his adventures and struggles in the great country of refuge, that our exiles had found in the track of the setting sun, never palled no matter how often we heard them. Old men, too, told again and again the long story

of our village and spoke of our Saint Lurach of the fifth century and the well he had blessed for his wee town and our's and of the Presbyterian patriot Watty Green, who had been hanged for his love of Ireland in 1798, as familiarly as if they had walked the cobbled streets of Maghera but yesteryear. Ireland's rights and wrongs were ever being discussed, and old and young would thrill every time my father talked about the choice bottle of wine that had been given him long ago that he kept maturing in the cellar, not to be drunk until that day on which our day-dreams would come true, the old Parliament House in College Green, Dublin, be re-opened and Ireland became once more, in the words of our ballad-singers, "a nation free and grand."

It had always been a childish dream of mine that I would one day write books and, before I learned that there were such obstacles to fine writing as stops and capital letters, I remember filling a copy-book with an account of my adventures in Africa, based probably on my mother's reading of Mungo Parke's *Travels*. My Guardian Angel, however, made a country attorney of me instead of the journalist that I had planned to be, and I am grateful to him. I got from my professional work a knowledge of life and a grip of realities that would never come to me in the unreal world of books, and the varied characters that I encountered made the life of a country law office full of interest. There were bibulous law clerks, villainous-looking process-servers, zestful litigants, the wise men that were dubbed in rural Ireland "fireside lawyers" and the surveyors who measured land and made the maps in our "title" cases, like the one of whom an admirer declared that "he could make a map of the Seven Seas of the World and never miss a rock in them and he was that clivir that wan time when he was sick he made a map of himself to show the doctor where the pain was."

I found that a solicitor sees life at its best and at its worst. If he encounters meanness, trickery, selfishness and criminality, it is also his privilege to find—sometimes in the most unexpected places—heroic generosity, sublime devotion to duty, unselfishness, patience, courage, the love that conquers death and the faith that moves mountains.

Out of all this background I dug the materials for my Ulster stories and sketches, which constitute the bulk of my work and are concerned mostly with life in our small towns. For though the Law was my profession and I worked hard at it, I could no more refrain from scribbling than a bird can from singing. At odd moments in my office or when my colleagues were playing golf or cards, I wrote the stories which make up my first book, *The Yarns of a Country Attorney*, published in 1917. It got a very favorable reception from the Press, including a long review by the late Cecil Chesterton in his great brother's paper, and it is still selling after twenty-five years. It is probably the most popular of my books, although my own estimate of their respective merits is not that of the public.

It was followed two years later by a novel of the Young Ireland movement of a hundred years ago entitled *The Next Time*. Into it I put more of my boyhood's dreams and aspirations than into any of my other books and my own children, at least, like it the best of them all. It still finds readers at home and has had a great success in Belgium where it was translated into Flemish by the patriot lawyer, Lodewijk Dosfel-Tysmans and his clever wife. The latter told me that the story had become so popular in their country that she knew a reference to its young hero to have evoked tremendous applause when it was made by a speaker at a political meeting.

Before these books were published, however, I had my first play performed in 1915. It was a comedy entitled *The Pope in Killybuck* and it leaped at once into a popularity which it never lost. After twenty-seven years' playing it is still possible to say of it, as a producer wrote me last month, "I think there is no Ulster comedy draws more crowds than *The Pope in Killybuck*. The strange thing about it is that, though it is a satire on Orange obscurantism and bigotry, I managed to write it with such good humour that it is even more popular with Protestant play-goers than with Catholic ones. Though it must have been played hundreds of times in the theatres of Belfast, it never had in its long life a bad week in any of them; and it is almost the only thing about which Orange and Green agree in that turbulent

city. I think that the chief reason for the play's popularity is that my boyhood, passed as I have described, and my legal career, taught me to see the good points in all sections of our divided Ulster people and to love them all for their common humanity. A Belfast paper has described the comedy as "one of those good things of the stage, which have the gift of perennial youth and freshness" and an English actor has written of it that "Killybuck is the *Charley's Aunt* of Ireland, but it will be still running when that ancient maiden has stopped for want of breath." The play and its characters are so familiar now to everybody in Ulster that they have passed into the common speech of the province. "You cannot run this Parliament on the lines of the *Auction in Killybuck*," a Member of Parliament shouted to a Cabinet Minister across the floor of the Belfast House of Commons, and quite recently I saw a leading article headed "Killybuck Outdone!"

Whilst I was establishing my reputation, such as it is, by these writings, my education was completed for me by my being sent to jail. I don't claim any special credit for that, because when I went to jail it was not hard to get there. It was during the Sinn Fein fight for Irish freedom, and when a foreign Power is trying to hold down a people struggling to be free, they cannot afford to be too squeamish about constitutional rights. So, though I had never handled anything more deadly than an Attorney's Bill of Costs, I found myself locked up amongst gun-men on the rather comprehensive ground that I was "suspected of acting, having acted or being about to act in a manner prejudicial to the restoration and maintenance of Order in Ireland." An unknown warrior amongst my fellow-prisoners was, however, more discerning than my jailers, because, when I was being taken out of my cell one morning for exercise, I found that the space on the identity card on the cell door intended for the description of my crime, which had hitherto been left blank, was now filled in in pencil. This is how it read: "Offence. Inflicting on an unoffending public *The Yarns of a Country Attorney*." Before the enemy had captured me I had gone "on my keeping," as the Irish phrase had it. That is to say I was hiding in glen and on mountain and in the cabins of the poor from the police

and military who were seeking me. I described my experiences in what was at the time a sort of Irish "best-seller" and which I called *On My Keeping and In Theirs*. The book got a most generous reception in England and America as well as in Ireland. Even that organ of British Conservatism, *The Observer*, whilst demurring to what it called its "holiness" and "sentimentality," described it as containing "the fairest and most good-humoured account of the whole affair" that it had seen "coming from any Sinn Fein quarter."

An Irish-American critic said: "The War of Liberation produced so many good books that one almost regrets that it is over. From none of those I have read did I get so much delight as I did from Louis J. Walsh's *On My Keeping*. The book reached me at 8 in the evening and notwithstanding my doctor's counsel to be in bed at 10, it was 2 A.M. when I turned in; and I roamed the Glens of Antrim, Derry Jail and Ballykinlar before I woke in the morning. It may seem an exaggeration but I sincerely believe that by this little book the author has written his name on the lists of Ireland's Immortals."

Besides "Killybuck" I have to my credit these plays: *The Guileless Saxon*, *The Deposit Receipt*, *The Grand Audit Night*, *Equity Follows the Law*, and *Nothing in His Life*. Of these the most frequently acted is the last-named, which a reviewer in the *Irish Independent* described in these terms. "Louis J. Walsh has written nothing better and probably nothing as good as this three-act play of life and character in the North. Though the action in part occurs as far back as 1911, and is enlivened all the way by a recurring note of comedy, the piece is really a drama of the Black and Tan War, pitched in a key of heroic tragedy. The characters without exception are excellent; so is the plot. It would be hard to beat the fine climax, where a country doctor of blatant Orange sympathies and a kindly heart finds patriotic salvation when brought up against the realities of the ill-matched struggle, and dies for Ireland with a prayer on his lips."

My other books, all of which have been popular, are two volumes of Ulster short stories, *Twilight Reveries* and *Our Own Wee Town*, a life of the Irish revolutionary leader, John Mitchel,

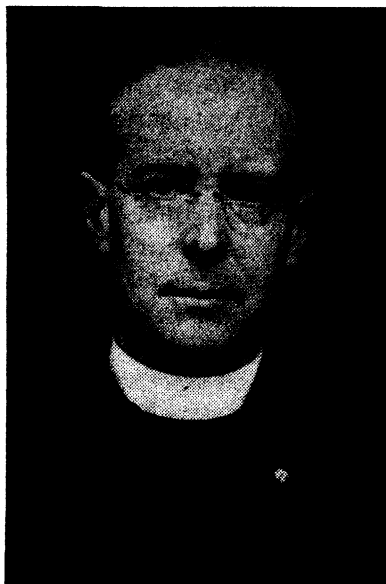


and a book of reminiscent essays on men and places entitled *Old Friends*. Of this last book an over-kindly reviewer wrote: "What is the secret of this author, who has captured the hearts of so many and divers men? It is that he holds there is nothing more beautiful or more interesting than the mind of an unspoiled boy. And Louis is a boy still—the Peter Pan of the Law Courts."

Of course, too, I have written all sorts of newspaper and magazine articles and now that "after life's fitful fever" I can sleep well on the Bench—at least when advocates are unduly long-winded—I have begun to write an autobiography. The world will, however, have to struggle on without that book till it gets sense and returns to the ways of peace. I don't wish to be competing for the limelight on its narrow stage with actors like Hitler or Roosevelt or Stalin or Mussolini. When the wide-eyed little listener, who once saw pictures in the red turf as his mother read aloud from *Kickham* or *Dickens* at the kitchen fire in Walsh's Hotel, sees his name in print on the title-page of the book which he then dreamed of writing, he wants it to have a chance of being read.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author is Judge of the Irish District Court, Letterkenny, County Donegal, Ireland. His books, all available from the Irish Industries' Depot, 780 Lexington, New York City, include *The Yarns of a Country Attorney*: Ulster stories and Sketches; *The Next Time*: a novel of '48; *Twilight Reveries*: Ulster Stories and Sketches; *The Life of John Mitchel*; *Old Friends*: Memories of Men and Places; and the plays, *The Pope of Killybuck*, *The Grand Audit Night*, *The Guileless Saxon*, *The Deposit Receipt*, *Equity Follows the Law*, and *Nothing in His Life*.

**REVEREND LEWIS WATT,  
S.J.**



SOME YEARS AGO I was asked to draw up a list of all the major articles I had by that time contributed to reviews and of any other publications which I had brought out. That list, brought down to date, is before me now, and I see that at one time or another articles over my name have appeared in the United States, Great Britain, Ireland, India, Belgium, Italy and Germany. All of them have been concerned with some aspect of what we broadly call "the social question," so that I am forcibly reminded of the foresight of a Jesuit director of studies (the late Father Michael Maher, author of a well-known text-book of psychology) who advised me, so long ago as 1911, to prepare myself for work in that field. At that time Catholics in Great Britain were being awakened to the need for developing Catholic social teaching by Father Charles Plater, S.J., one of the founders of the Catholic Social Guild and its most active promoter, and for many years now I have had the privilege of being associated with the growing activities of the Guild, which has published

much of my work, primarily with a view to helping its study-clubs throughout the country.

I see that the list I have mentioned is headed by an article in the Jesuit Irish quarterly *Studies* for July 1916. The theories about the origin of sovereignty put forward in certain modern Catholic text-books having left me dissatisfied, this article was written to show that the political views of Francis Suarez, S.J. (which I believe to be representative of the great medieval thinkers also) were much more satisfactory. I have since had the opportunity of lecturing on this subject in the University of Oxford, and am now at work on a book intended to present Suarez *politicus* to modern readers.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the other articles on the list, on such topics as the Just Price, the errors of Henry George, economic planning, the Labour Party, and the social encyclicals. However, a series of three in the monthly organ of the C.S.G. (*The Christian Democrat*) may just be mentioned because they were later expanded into a pamphlet which had a surprisingly large sale. The series dealt with the attitude of Catholics to Communism, and appeared in 1925. By that time I was giving a considerable number of lectures in various towns on Catholic social principles, and I was struck by the number of parish priests who complained that their flocks were becoming infected with Communism. Communist propaganda was then very active, and carefully slurred over the intrinsically anti-religious aspect of Marxism. To many Catholic workers it appeared as merely a ginger group of labourites. In the series mentioned the lesson was driven home that "No Catholic can be a Communist." The three articles were reprinted as a pamphlet by the C.S.G., which was rapidly sold out. Then the Catholic Truth Society asked me to write a special pamphlet on Communism for them; this was published in the following year. The first impression was exhausted in a few weeks, and I heard that very many copies had been bought by communists in order to destroy them. That the pamphlet served its purpose was shown when an important trade-union sent a representative to me to express its gratitude for the assistance the pamphlet had afforded in fighting communists

within the union. Several editions and many impressions of the pamphlet have followed, and something like 100,000 copies have been sold. In 1934, again at the request of the C.T.S., I prepared for them another pamphlet (*Communism and Religion*) of a more advanced sort, and intended to appeal to a less popular audience. This, too, has had the good fortune to meet with a favorable reception.

These two pamphlets were, of course, called forth by the needs of the moment, and the same is true of all the others I have published. Indeed, this is one of the chief advantages of the pamphlet-form, that it lends itself particularly well to the treatment of current problems. This is no new discovery; it has long been recognized, and "pamphleteers" are a well-known type in the realm of literature. Nevertheless, there is an important difference between the pamphlets published by the Catholic Social Guild and those issued as part of some political controversy. The latter are meant to serve some immediate purpose only; they are essentially ephemeral. The former are not primarily controversial, but expository, and they are intended to be of use to social students for a fairly long time. If I may take as an example my pamphlet on *The State*, this was called forth by a demand for an explanation of the principles of totalitarianism as compared with nineteenth century "Liberalism" and with the Catholic view of the State. Today, four years after it was published, it is still serving as a small text-book for study-clubs, and will probably continue to do so for some time to come.

A further advantage of the pamphlet as a vehicle for Catholic teaching on social questions in Great Britain is its cheapness. The great majority of our Catholics, especially of those interested in this teaching, are by no means well-to-do. They cannot afford to buy many books; often enough, none at all. But the pamphlet suits their purse fairly well. Moreover, it is very portable; it can be slipped into the pocket and read at odd moments, or shown to non-Catholic workers—say, at lunch time—thus serving as useful propaganda. An amusing counter-proof of this occurred with regard to the first pamphlet I ever wrote (*Elements of Economics*, 1918) now long out of print. One morning

a clerk in a certain office was jeering at a Catholic employee about the Church's backwardness in social teaching. He contrasted it with his own sect, and, after saying that he had attended, the previous evening, a lecture on economics by a Protestant clergyman, he produced from his pocket a pamphlet sold after the meeting and recommended by the lecturer. This he presented to the Catholic, sarcastically advising him to study it. The latter, much to his surprise, found it was no other than the *Elements*! The tables were turned on the critic, and the rest of the staff had a good laugh at his expense.

This incident leads me to say a word about a real difficulty which arises from the fact that our pamphlets have to be aimed at as large a section of the public as possible. They are primarily for Catholics, particularly the workers; but naturally the Catholic Social Guild wishes them to be read by non-Catholics too. Consequently, we have to take account of various levels of education. Experience has proved that language can hardly be too simple if it is to be understood by the unskilled manual worker, and this limits the range and depth of the ideas to be expressed. On the other hand, very elementary pamphlets have no chance of being read by well-educated people, the great majority of whom in this country are non-Catholics. One solution of this difficulty would be to have two different sorts of pamphlets, one sort for the well-educated, the other sort for the uneducated or half-educated. But we have not the funds for this; so one has to try to treat a subject in a way that will not be too difficult for at least the more intelligent of the workers and yet thorough enough to satisfy readers accustomed to serious literature. Of course, a well-run study-club helps to solve the difficulty by enabling those members who have had no education since they left school at the age of fourteen to profit by the assistance of better-trained minds. In this matter a priest-chairman can be of enormous help.

The same type of difficulty is encountered in relation to the social encyclicals. Constantly one hears the complaint that they are too difficult to understand. No doubt this is sometimes due to the fact that the English translation leaves something to be

desired; but more often the reason is that the encyclicals are necessarily concerned with profound moral, political and social principles, rather than with the detailed and localised applications which directly affect the lives of those who read them. I am convinced that accuracy of translation is of the first importance, and not merely from the philological point of view. When that has been secured, the next thing is to grasp what the teaching of an encyclical really is; and, as it is usually a long and rather technical document, this is not always quite so easy as might be expected. I have tried to help students in this task by publishing the booklets *A Handbook to Rerum Novarum* (1941) and *Pius XI and Social Reconstruction: an Introduction to the Encyclical Quadragesimo Anno* (1936). For what seem to me good reasons, however, I have never taken the further step of formulating detailed proposals for modifying actual economic conditions in Great Britain, proposals which (even if I were competent to make them) would cause me to be classed in one or other of the political parties. Such proposals, I feel, should come from laymen instructed in Catholic social principles and technically qualified by industrial experience, rather than from a priest.

I have given some reasons for a preference for the pamphlet (or booklet) as a vehicle for making known Catholic social teaching under present conditions in Great Britain. I have, however, published one full-length book, *Capitalism and Morality* (1929) and a shorter one called *Catholic Social Principles* (1929). At the beginning of the present war, I was planning another book to provide a synthesis of the views of Pope Pius XII on a new World Order, both before and after his election to the Papacy. Unfortunately, these plans were upset by developments in the war, which not only restricted supplies of paper for printing books but also in the spring and summer, of 1940, made the work of authorship almost impossible for me. Ultimately the projected book became a booklet, published later in that year under the title *Pope Pius XII and World Order*. I shall never forget what an effort of concentration that cost me at a time when the tragedy of France was unfolding itself and gripping the attention

of all who realized that they were living through one of the great events of history.

It only remains to add a few lines about my literary style. If I may judge from reviews of my publications, I have had some success in attaining clarity of expression, and I am grateful for that, since my task has always been one of exposition. No doubt a legal training (of which I had the benefit in my youth) is invaluable for teaching this clarity. But I have also found it very useful to ask myself, when trying to express some thought on paper, whether my words could possibly be misunderstood, and then correcting them (and their phrasing) until I felt reasonably sure they could not.

Only one thing can excuse the egotism of this autobiography—the hope that I may have said something which will encourage or otherwise assist at least one young would-be Catholic author.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Father Watt was born in West Hartlepool, England, in 1885. He got his M.A. at Oxford University, and his B.Sc.Econ at London University. He became a convert to Catholicism in 1906, qualified as a solicitor in 1907, joined the Jesuits in 1908, and was ordained in 1920. He served as chaplain at the American College, Louvain, 1920–22, and has been on the faculty of Campion Hall, Oxford, since 1923, as Professor of Moral Philosophy, from 1923–37, and of Social Economics, since 1937. He is a lecturer for the Catholic Social Guild.

**MARY FABYAN  
WINDEATT**



I WAS BORN in Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, and when I was about six years old I started taking piano lessons. I liked music quite well and when I was fifteen years old, got ready to take the Teacher's examination from the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Every summer this institution sent examiners throughout the Dominion of Canada to the principal cities and towns. Examiners from McGill University, the Trinity College of London and the Royal Academy of Music also traveled throughout the country holding tests. All year we prepared for the examiner, practicing the designated exercises and compositions assigned to the respective grades. We had written examinations, too, in harmony, counterpoint, musical history and composition, etc., and when we had passed the requirements in both theory and instrumental work, we were awarded a diploma.

I remember how happy I was, that summer when I was fifteen, when I found I had passed the Teacher's examination in piano with first class honors and henceforth could style myself an Associate of the Toronto Conservatory of Music (A.T.C.M.). That



September I left Regina to enter fourth year high school at Mount Saint Vincent, Halifax, Nova Scotia. My mother had graduated from this school some twenty-five years before. I was very happy here and at the end of the year received a Licentiate of Music degree. But the sudden illness of my father cut short any further stay in Halifax. Within a few months the family was on its way to California. I was not very anxious to say good-bye to Canada, or to my friends at school. But it had to be, and within a few months I was happily settled in the United States.

When I was living in San Diego, California, a friend of mine decided to go to New York. She had ambitions to be an actress, if not on Broadway, at least on the radio. So Ruth left sunny California, via a Greyhound bus, to seek fame and fortune in our country's largest city. I remember being quite envious of her good luck. It was the summer of 1932 and I had just finished my sophomore year at college. How long it seemed until 1934, when an A.B. degree would be mine and I, too, could go to New York! Of course I had no desire to be an actress. I would do great things in another line—advertising.

On June 15, 1934, I graduated from San Diego State College. In November of that same year I arrived in New York City to start my chosen career. At first Ruth and I lived together, in a brownstone house on West 69th St. Alas! She had never achieved her ambition to be an actress, although she had done a little singing on the radio. However, she had supported herself for two years by doing stenographic work, and New York had lost none of its charms. She was still glad she had left California.

My first months in New York were not rosy. I went here and there, trying to get a job writing advertising copy. Employment agencies—I knew them all, and they all had the same story. What advertising experience had I? Where were my local references? My samples of copy? I tried department stores, hoping to get in the advertising departments. (A copy writer I had met was making \$50.00 a week writing ads for the newspapers about her store's wares. Reading her stuff, I knew I could do just as well.) But I had no friends in the advertising world; I had never written anything much, save a few stories and poems for the

college paper. And the advertising business didn't seem to care whether I existed or not.

It was on Christmas Eve of 1934, when I had been in New York just a month, that I decided to write a novel. I had a lot of spare time and no job. Perhaps I could write a best seller and forget about the hard-boiled employment agencies. So I started out to write a very involved story of a married couple who were quite incompatible, and the life of their little son in the midst of much domestic strife. I worked for months on this story, and when I had finished it and then rewritten it twice, I took it to a literary agent who was a friend of a friend of a friend. Breathlessly I waited, for by now I had been in New York nearly a year and it was time I had something to show for the experience.

But the agent, a good soul who certainly meant to be kind, reported that the novel was terrible, that I had absolutely no talent for writing and that it would be best if I found it out right away. I was not disappointed at this report. I was just mad. I decided to submit the novel to a publishing house. The report came back in due course, and a very nice letter with it, but it seemed that novel writing was not exactly my forte. I tried another publisher. This one said: "I have never seen such good writing with so little thought behind it."

I put the novel aside sadly. It was 99,000 words long, I had written it three times, and apparently it was not worth one cent.

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September I left Regina to enter fourth year high school at Mount Saint Vincent, Halifax, Nova Scotia. My mother had graduated from this school some twenty-five years before. I was very happy here and at the end of the year received a Licentiate of Music degree. But the sudden illness of my father cut short any further stay in Halifax. Within a few months the family was on its way to California. I was not very anxious to say good-bye to Canada, or to my friends at school. But it had to be, and within a few months I was happily settled in the United States.

When I was living in San Diego, California, a friend of mine decided to go to New York. She had ambitions to be an actress, if not on Broadway, at least on the radio. So Ruth left sunny California, via a Greyhound bus, to seek fame and fortune in our country's largest city. I remember being quite envious of her good luck. It was the summer of 1932 and I had just finished my sophomore year at college. How long it seemed until 1934, when an A.B. degree would be mine and I, too, could go to New York! Of course I had no desire to be an actress. I would do great things in another line—advertising.

On June 15, 1934, I graduated from San Diego State College. In November of that same year I arrived in New York City to start my chosen career. At first Ruth and I lived together, in a brownstone house on West 69th St. Alas! She had never achieved her ambition to be an actress, although she had done a little singing on the radio. However, she had supported herself for two years by doing stenographic work, and New York had lost none of its charms. She was still glad she had left California.

My first months in New York were not rosy. I went here and there, trying to get a job writing advertising copy. Employment agencies—I knew them all, and they all had the same story. What advertising experience had I? Where were my local references? My samples of copy? I tried department stores, hoping to get in the advertising departments. (A copy writer I had met was making \$50.00 a week writing ads for the newspapers about her store's wares. Reading her stuff, I knew I could do just as well.) But I had no friends in the advertising world; I had never written anything much, save a few stories and poems for the

college paper. And the advertising business didn't seem to care whether I existed or not.

It was on Christmas Eve of 1934, when I had been in New York just a month, that I decided to write a novel. I had a lot of spare time and no job. Perhaps I could write a best seller and forget about the hard-boiled employment agencies. So I started out to write a very involved story of a married couple who were quite incompatible, and the life of their little son in the midst of much domestic strife. I worked for months on this story, and when I had finished it and then rewritten it twice, I took it to a literary agent who was a friend of a friend of a friend. Breathlessly I waited, for by now I had been in New York nearly a year and it was time I had something to show for the experience.

But the agent, a good soul who certainly meant to be kind, reported that the novel was terrible, that I had absolutely no talent for writing and that it would be best if I found it out right away. I was not disappointed at this report. I was just mad. I decided to submit the novel to a publishing house. The report came back in due course, and a very nice letter with it, but it seemed that novel writing was not exactly my forte. I tried another publisher. This one said: "I have never seen such good writing with so little thought behind it."

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of before. Among these was *The Torch*, published in New York by the Dominican Fathers.

In July of 1935 I sent *The Torch* a poem and an article. A reply came after a short interval from Reverend Edward L. Hughes, O.P., then editor. The article wasn't suited to the magazine's needs, he said, but the poem had some good points. *The Torch* would be glad to use it. And, went on the letter, perhaps I might care to call at the office some day and meet some of the Fathers on the editorial staff?

I had been in New York eight months, and this was the first time anyone had ever asked me to come and see them on business. I went over to *The Torch* that same day and shall always be grateful for the kind and sympathetic reception given me. Little did I know then that this same Dominican magazine was to light up for me much of the rocky road that characterizes Catholic journalism.

I came to know the Dominican Fathers very well. When they asked me, in the fall of 1935, if I would like to start a Children's Department in their magazine, I was properly thrilled. I didn't know anything about writing for children, but I felt I could learn. And so, in the January issue of *The Torch* for 1936, there appeared "The Children's Hour," a monthly juvenile feature which I have conducted ever since. (Incidentally, it was in *The Torch* that my first two children's books appeared as serials—*Saints in the Sky* and *Lad of Lima*.)

Continual study and effort must have improved my general work, for while *The Torch* was befriending me, other magazines were also starting to take a few of my writings. I shall always be grateful to *The Sentinial of the Blessed Sacrament*, *The Magnificat*, *The Ave Maria*, *The Little Flower Magazine*, *The Preservation of the Faith*, and *The Eikon*, to mention but a few, for taking my contributions and encouraging me in those hard early days.

With the passing of three years, I began to get work accepted by the larger Catholic journals, although rejection slips and large bulky envelopes with returned manuscripts continued to comprise much of my daily mail. But I always found it hard to go

to sleep at night with a finished manuscript in the house. As fast as material came back to me, it went out again, provided I was satisfied that it was as good as I could make it. What if the result was only a small check, instead of the large one I had aimed at in the first place? A little is always better than nothing, even that check for 80¢ which I once received for a short verse!

Since November, 1934, I have been freelancing for the Catholic Press. Never once have I stopped working, or studying the markets, or suggesting topics to editors. My only source of income is from writing—which no doubt explains much of the perseverance. And I believe now that if anyone offered me a job tomorrow in the advertising field, I'd turn it down! There are a great many thorns in the path of a Catholic journalist, but also many joys as well—the knowledge that one is engaged in a good work, and, in the case of children's literature, having a hand in the molding of a future generation.

Although my eight years in New York have been spent chiefly in writing, I used what spare time I had to obtain an M.A. degree in English from Columbia University. This was in 1940. In the the summer of 1941 I decided to find some additional spare time and in June left New York for a two month vacation in South America. Vacation is not exactly the word for this trip, for I took it primarily to gather material and local color for a children's book on Blessed Martin de Porres. For six weeks I lived in Lima, that city sanctified by St. Rose, St. Turribius, St. Francis of Solano, Blessed John Masias and Blessed Martin. For twelve fascinating days I lived in the interior of Peru, at an altitude of 12,000 feet, visiting little towns in the Andes and having one unforgettable visit to Lake Titicaca, that beautiful body of water that borders on Bolivia. Much of this material I have been able to use in *Lad of Lima*, the first book to be written for children on the great patron of interracial justice, Blessed Martin de Porres.

Occasionally a would-be Catholic writer asks me for advice. I am no authority, even after eight years in the field, but I think such a person should always make sure he has something to say before he starts in to write. Too many people begin a story,

verse or article with no real concept of what they want to get across. Secondly, a writer should tell his story in simple, not elaborate, style. Humility is a virtue that must be learned, and there is no use in trying to be anything but natural. That's only hypocrisy, and the world had enough of that long ago.

Lastly, a Catholic writer would do well to be really Catholic—in love with his religion and convinced that the Eucharistic life is the only life for him. For that matter, contemplation of God and the wonderful world He has made is a never-ending source of inspiration. The motto of the great Dominican Order, *contemplant et contemplata aliis tradere*, to contemplate, and to give to others the fruit of that contemplation, could well be taken to heart by anyone who aspires to be a really worthwhile apostle of the pen.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Windeatt is the author of *St. Dominic: Preacher of Grace* (a pamphlet), 1940, Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio; *Saints in the Sky: The Story of St. Catherine of Siena* for boys and girls, 1941, Sheed; *Sing Joyfully: a book of verse*, 1942, Catholic Literary Guild; *Lad of Lima: The Story of Blessed Martin de Porres* for boys and girls, 1943, Sheed

## FRANCES Y. YOUNG



AT THE AGE of seven, I demanded and received a violin and began lessons at the Convent in Chicago where I went to school. My devoted parents probably thought they had a genius on their hands until I played a solo at a school entertainment (?) three months later. My number was a classic composition titled "Scotch Lassie Jean," and my mother, who came of a musical family, was embarrassed beyond words at the sounds which came from her child's violin. I remember being rather smug over my performance, so much so that I continued to study and to practice with vim.

I remember another tribute to my talent. One day as I picked up my fiddle-case after school, I remarked to a school-mate that I had been practicing my music-lesson. "Oh," said she, "do you take violin and music too?" I continued to "take" violin and the supplementary branches of harmony, composition and musical history all through school, continuing afterward until I was graduated at the Chicago Musical College. During the same period, I studied voice as well, continuing during a residence in France, where I also had some violin lessons with a pupil of



Caesar Cui. And languages and drama courses were contributory factors to a musical career.

I was trained as a musician, and so I became a writer.

This may have been because, for as long as I can remember, I read. In fact, I read so much that a man warned my mother that if I continued to do it my brain would become a sieve. Deah, deah! I can't say that I read everything, because my father superintended our literature. But he had a good library, and I reread constantly. That is good training; for when one knows the story, the second reading gives an insight into character delineation and style. I did not yearn to be a writer or, indeed, a professional musician. Ambition never burned brightly in my scheme of things; perhaps because of the severity of convent retreats, with their emphasis on the futility of worldly success. At the beginning of one retreat, I was sitting at a front desk, and the Jesuit retreat-master, without any preamble, fastened his eyes on me and began. "Frances, what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" That was enough to turn any girl toward the paths of world-renunciation, but it had, I am sorry to say, only a temporary effect. The truth is, there is a little of Aesop's grasshopper in me. Things were very fine just as they were, thank you.

Of course, I always wrote—a convent education brings that on naturally. But we had one writer in the family, my sister Cecilia, who was to carry the family laurels, in my opinion. My mother's brother, the Reverend James J. McGovern, D.D., was a well-known Catholic writer and ardent in the cause of Catholic letters. But it never occurred to me then that writing would turn out to be my life-work, although I loved the tools of the trade. One of my most cherished gifts was a pencil-box, completely outfitted. The fact that there was a secret slide underneath was perhaps the chief thing that has made the memory of the box a treasure after all these years. I have always had a flair for the by-products of crime. I believe that my real talent is for burglary. But my religion prevents that exciting life, though it would undoubtedly be more remunerative than Catholic letters. Anyway, it helps out in my mystery stories, for I seldom have to worry about a plot.

And letter-writing was not a lost art with me—at least, it wasn't lost. I wrote and still write long letters to my patient friends. Perhaps, that type of writing does at least clarify ideas. But still there was no urge to contribute to the World's Great Literature, even when, at the age of twelve, I won first prize for a Christmas story in a Chicago Sunday paper. I forget which one, for it has long since passed out of existence. And why wouldn't it?

Cecilia took courses in various types of writing and, as we were close companions, I learned the technique from her. But never with a thought of adopting the profession. Once in a while, I'd borrow her typewriter and work on an article or short story, and, if they saw print—accompanied by a small check—I'd determine to try again—sometime. And return to my fiddle and my vocalizing. But the germ was planted, and soon the desire to write was to rear its ugly head.

Came a blank in my life when I had "nothing to read." We were living in St. Germain-en-Laye, a suburb of Paris. American magazines were prohibitive in price, and French was not recreational reading for me. One evening, I said wistfully to Cecilia: "I do wish I could get hold of a good story." She suggested that I write one myself—the kind I would like to read. So I did, over a period of time, and found it very interesting to work the tale out. It was a five-thousand word story, and I rewrote it several times. On our return to the U. S. A., we learned that the capital on whose interest we were living had been wiped out during the depression. So I decided that, as I had to earn money some way, I would try writing. I sent out my story and wrote another—a Catholic story this time. Within two weeks I received a check for \$65.00 for the first and, the day after, \$40.00 from the Catholic magazine. I was off on a career!

The secular magazine accepted everything I sent them, and paid me real money; and after two years went out of business. (And the connection, I hope, is not too, too obvious. Lots of other magazines for which I did *not* write failed, too!) The Catholic magazine bought one more from me, and then declared themselves over-stocked. All the time, I was trying to "crack" the Catholic markets. It seemed to me the ideal field. My success in it had been notable in that I have had very little

success. It certainly isn't a living. In the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors (of whom I am not one), I wonder how many do make a living by Catholic letters?

I have had two juvenile books published. The first was non-sectarian, *Secret of the Dark House*, and sold 5,000 copies in the first five months, and after five years is still selling. The Catholic papers gave it good reviews, and I'm grateful. The second book, *Secret of the Bookshop*, is Catholic, and hasn't sold enough copies to pay the expenses of the publisher. Yet it, too, had good reviews. They say that Catholic juveniles do not sell. I have had three juvenile serials in *Ave Maria* and two in the *Young Catholic Messenger*, which has just bought a third from me. But no publisher wants to bring them out in book form. No can sell. Why?

I get letters from children asking me to please write more books. And I know that other juvenile writers have the same experience. Catholics in general do not form libraries for their children, but let them get their reading matter at school or the public library. But when children own a book, they reread it; and if it's worth reading at all, it's worth being reread. When youngsters outgrow the books, they can be passed on to the younger members, or even kept for the next generation. For juveniles do not have a time limit. The books I read when a child are brought out in new editions today. In fact, juveniles gave me my first taste of historical fiction. I confess, occasionally I reread some of them today, to get a complete picture of the times. Perhaps that is why I can write juveniles: because I like them and because, liking children, I can understand their point of view. Not that I'm one of these playful Peter Pan pests who never grew up! I'd rather write adult fiction any day. I have an historical novel begun, and am also making research for a novelized biography of Blessed Francoise d'Ambroise. As I have always been an advocate of the lighter Catholic novel, like Henry Harlan's *Lady Paramount*, I tried my hand at a light Catholic novel. It isn't published. The publishers are interested only in the Great Catholic Novel, which must be a more serious work, of course, and concerned with grave matters. Mine could not possibly be The Great book, but, as it is concerned with average

Catholics, neither saints nor grave sinners, I thought it might fill in the slender list of Catholic books which are read primarily for entertainment. It is titled *Too Much Money*.

In the same vein, I have written and sold about 150 stories and articles to Catholic magazines. Yet I never know just what reception a new story will have. It may be the same general type as one already accepted, yet the second one comes back. Of course, most of the magazines are over-stocked: they receive hundreds of manuscripts every week. The only secular magazine I ever wrote for told me to send them another story when they accepted my first one. No Catholic magazine ever does that—at least I have never had the pleasant experience. Perhaps they take it for granted that the author will, without urging. But a little encouragement doesn't hurt.

My chief difficulty is in keeping the stories down to the short length required by almost all of them. And where is one to sell a Catholic serial? Very few Catholic magazines carry them. A few months ago, I sold an historical story—pure fiction—to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. After it was in print, I wrote another story about some of the same characters; and it has also been accepted. That is as close to a serial (except juveniles) that I have ever been able to sell to a Catholic magazine. And my satisfaction was completed by the two facts that I was allowed a decent word-length and that I received a nice check.

Catholic magazines, however, can seldom pay much. Catholic writers usually have to work at something else for a living. Yet, it should be a full time job, if we are to have enough production and good work. I often work ten hours a day and always put in a full day writing; and yet I haven't time to write everything that I want to! Of course, I do some ghosting and other fillers. Last summer, my sister and I wrote a book on—of all things!—the life of a Baptist woman missionary to Africa. We had some notes and a few letters and a fragmentary diary to go on; but as the lady was the first white woman on the Upper Congo, it really is a book of adventure. Not once did we make any concessions from our own Faith: we didn't have to. Mrs. Banks and her husband were both noble people who acted solely for the love of God, and their story should be told. The book is to be pub-

lished soon, but whether our ghostly names will appear on the cover, I don't know as yet. I'd much prefer to write Catholic fiction, but "it's a living," as the Ole Maestro says.

So why not write for the secular field for a living and for the Catholic one "for the good of the cause"? Because the two are completely separated. I have written a boy's book *Secret of the Studio*, non-sectarian, and primarily an exposition of the evils of Communism. I have just got the manuscript back (after two and a half months), with the criticism that it would not be a good idea to publish anything against the Russians at this period. Meaning the Soviets, of course. Because we approve of the Russian fighting-spirit, we must not disapprove of their ideology. And my tale certainly does disapprove!

In an article "Book, Book, Who's Got a Book?" (*America*, August 24, 1940), I tried to show that the fault for the non-support of Catholic writers rests with the people who do not buy Catholic books and magazines. In "Calling All Authors!" (*Rosary Magazine*, June 1942), I showed the need of good Catholic novels in order to make bookbuyers. We need more Catholic magazines which will carry serials and stories of more than 3,500 words. These magazines need more advertisers and larger circulation, so as to be able to pay their authors. If authors were better paid they would have more time to devote to their work, and the complaint that there are not enough interesting Catholic books would lessen.

I'm fighting to remain a Catholic author, not simply an author who is a Catholic. Better people than I take a job daytimes and write at night; but I'm not the stuff of which heroes are made. When I write I'm happy: that's the chief reason why I keep on. And, too, I'd like to think that good stories are a help in keeping up the public morale. Catholic thought has more recognition now than at any period since the Protestant Revolt. Therefore, I remain a Catholic author. But I wish I could make a living at it!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Besides her serial stories for young readers in the *Ave Maria* and the *Young Catholic Messenger*, Miss Young has these books for the juvenile reader: *Secret of the Dark House*, 1934, Cupples & Leon; *Secret of the Bookshop*, 1938, Catholic Library Service.

















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